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# THE JOURNAL

## WOFFORD COLLEGE

WOFFORD COLLEGE
SPARTANBURG

OCTOBER NUMBER
1925

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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Pan Reborn (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 4 |
| Wofford College (Sketch) | Vincent D. Padula | 5 |
| Books | Harold M. Patrick | 7 |
| A Restaurant Skit (Play) | Vincent D. Padula | 8 |
| The Heart of "Billy" (Story) | Pastal M. Camak | 13 |
| "The American Epic" (Essay) | J. A. McCain | 17 |
| Big Jim's Sperrits (Poem) | Howard Berry | 19 |
| The Neophyte (Story) | Ed Gregg | 20 |
| "The Sad Case of Marcus McSwain" (Poem) | Harold M. Patrick | 24 |
| Editorials | | 26 |

# PAN REBORN

*By* Ed Gregg

"Take away those pensive tunes, ill they fit the times—
Lively notes are better far than antiquated chimes!"
So decrees the new god Pan to the music-loving fan.
Let the air with music leap, syncopated strains!
Vibrant, quivering, laughing airs, throbbing jazz refrains;
Blazing, blinding symphonies, played on Passion's pulsing keys.

Through the rasp of static storm comes the seething sound;
Out of windows gaily lit jazz echoes rebound;
Blares the trumpet piercingly, lashing all caressingly,
To the scrape of dancers' feet, swinging madly in a whirl;
Wails the raving saxaphone in a frenzied, ranting birl;
Faster, furious grows the din till the heated fancies spin.

Mad the times! tempestuous life, like the music wild,
Craves and seeks Excitement's lure, scorns Contentment mild—
Freedom, flung to all the winds, to the God of License bends—
So decrees the new god Pan to the modern race of man.

# WOFFORD COLLEGE

*By* Vincent D. Padula

THE MAIN BUILDING, whitened by the advancing years, weather-beaten and washed by the swirling, infuriated winds of time, still stands majestically and defiantly. Its steps of stone rising to a high level remind one of the Parthenon of old. Its walls, embellished with numerous windows of all sizes and shapes, its roof protruding far beyond the front of the structure and meeting the portico with massive columns, bring to mind the colonial mansion of the "Virginian Gentleman." Rising on a crest slightly higher than the rest of the campus, the main building's weather-worn ancient walls, casting a gripping and awe-inspiring influence over the Civil War Veteran who observes it for the first time, and bringing to his mind the Civil War, its ruthlessness and horrors, will remain undisputed in their location, a life-long structure of higher learning.

Then this visitor pauses near its walls, perusing over its carved initials and dates, painfully cut there by long-gone students who dared to exhibit their artistic talents, and his time is not spent in vain. For here he finds "J. E. B.," or "S. H.," or "L. W. D." "1860," or even earlier, who have probably given their services to the cause of the South, perished, and returned to dust and eternity in some cemetery or unknown spot, marked or unmarked, remembered or forgotten; how silent and calm the atmosphere that enshrouds their last resting place—the ambitious and fiery air that once clothed them departed forever.

And the old visitor walks with firm, short steps to its walls, leans against them, and breathes in the sweet air that fired him with ambition in his youth, while his brain flutters back to the past—the happy memory of his old age.

Again he experiences the thrill that comes with that call of war—that inspiring appeal to patriotism. Again he witnesses a military parade as it marches down the main street of his locality and feels a heart-beat, tinged with pride and excitement, that transforms his aged nerves into fiery passionate bundles. As it passes, the foremost military band, led by a leader clothed in all the pomp of his office and twirling his silver-knobbed wand in pride and glory, suddenly breaks the silence and peals forth and enchants the atmosphere with inspiring martial hymns from its shining coils of brass, its fifes, and its drums. Then the local regiment marches by, the proud soldiers stepping uniformly in straight, long lines, one rank after another in military formation, with rifles held firmly against their shoulders in a slant, the bayonets flashing the bright sunlight from their shiny surfaces—all accompanied by loud comments and shouts of applause from the bystanders. The mounted regiment trots slowly past, mounted on sleek and well-curried, spirited mounts, rearing and plunging; the colors fly as they pass, accompanied by the sudden uncovering of all heads, in reverence and patriotism, of the loyal onlookers; the well-drilled naval regiment passes;

the next military band suddenly revives the air with the quick steps and exciting, rythmic jangle; the drafted men in civilian clothes march by, proud but solemn, completing the ensemble, with their fathers, mothers, wives, sweethearts, and children calling wildly as they pass, in an endeavor to cheer and spur on their loved ones; and the urchins follow in their wake, tooting horns, drumming on tins, and cheering enthusiastically.

And what true-blooded citizen, whether his country be in the right or wrong, will not suddenly take pride in his nation's gallant fighting men, as they parade past? How many sad-hearted but patriotic mothers, their bosoms filled with reverence for their flag and yearning for the safe return of their soldier-boys, lovingly and sadly witness their departure on trains toward war—that means of human destruction—that ruthless machine of slaughter?

But how many can recollect the sudden perplexed mind when their country was thrown into civil strife, a struggle between love of the nation and devotion for their revolutionary, independence-seeking region? This is the supreme test of mortal man—whether he will abide by the first laws that bound his nation together, or by the sudden, revolutionary ordinances of his struggling territory whose cause seems just in time of national turmoil.

To the veterans of American Civil War—those red-blooded sons of the new republic which rated itself as one of the world's leading nations—is due the greatest tribute, whether they fought for the Union or Confederacy. Those gallant and chivalrous men, those eager and patriotic mothers who gave their all to this civil strife, and those young sweethearts who risked their happiness by inducing their lovers to volunteer for combat—to all these belong **long unmentioned credit.** How mournful and gloomy the day when the Confederate fighters returned home, their cause hopeless and lost; how cheerful and bright the day that marked the return of the victorious Union gallants, their purpose accomplished and their cause supreme: But they were all men—real, ambitious, patriotic men, led to their destiny by a superior hand.

Ye who realize the seriousness and anguish that brands a bloody strife, pause here a moment with Wofford's veteran visitor, and silently pay tribute to the memory of these sufferers—the vanquished and victorious veterans of that conflict, who fought and bled, little realizing that their sacrifices would transform the torn, bleeding country into one of the leading and most progressive nations on the face of the earth.

The secession of the Southern States caused the profoundest astonishment to the old, firm kingdoms of Europe, for who ever thought that men allied in a bloody revolution of resentment, with that love for freedom, would eventually disagree amongst themselves and harbor enmity. How sudden and astonishing was the first word that flashed over the "Old World," that the English Republic in America had been torn by differences into two hostile regions, and was preparing for the bloodiest struggle in history. These new states had drawn the utmost respect from friendly nations for their

fearlessness of the hostile Indian tribes that bounded their western frontier and the ambitious European kingdoms that were only awaiting an opportunity to leap on their prey. How these monarchs licked their chops when the confusion compelled the incorporation of the Southern Confederacy—for each saw separate gains in this struggle.

In America it was different. The two separated regions, now preparing for a war for superiority, realized the hazards that faced them; but ventured ahead, bold and defiant. The Southern Confederacy suddenly announcing its secession, was approved by European nations; the United States determinedly and firmly resolved that such secession would be impossible. But the Confederacy, blinded of all reason and only visioning its apparently true cause, stimulated by England's encouraging hand, suddenly arose and struck the first blow by capturing Fort Sumter. Delight and inspiration seized the Southerners at this courageous attack, while bitterness and consternation seized the Northerners. The far-seers now realized that war was inevitable when President Lincoln issued his call for volunteers. The unavoidable crisis had arrived! Men flocked to the Northern recruiting stations, indignant, and with grim determination to bring their blinded brethren to reason; while in the South, aristocrats left the management of their estates to their wives, and farmers laid down their plows to their children and non-combatant relatives, to rally to their cause—inspired by General Beauregard's victory.

And the veteran visitor's dreams end here. Can he again undergo the ordeal of war? Can he again return home in his reflections, a disheartened son of the South, to find his wife dead and his ambitions crushed? No, no, he cannot! Silently, with bowed head, he pays tribute to Wofford College, the institution that has withstood the shell and hell of war, and reawakened long-forgotten memories. Then he sighs, turns, and retraces his steps, his wrinkled brows drawn into deep lines of serious meditation.

---

# "BOOKS"

*By* Harold M. Patrick

CREATURES of the mind of man stirred in its inmost depths by the voice of God.

Silent companions who freely give, and in so giving do not ask a token in return.

Friends in whose company one may spend an evening, learning, receiving, growing.

Powers that lift one from a narrow, walled-in life to a vantage point far above the world of petty thoughts and acts.

Magic travel-ways over which one may roam the lands and seas of the world.

Mystic bearers of thought, making real the life of bygone years now hidden in the haze of a dim, forgotten past.

Moulders of thought and character, governors of the lives of men, shapers of the destinies of nations.

# A RESTAURANT SKIT

(In Two Acts)

*By* VINCENT D. PADULA

CHARACTERS

**Adolphe Brilliantino,** a nut from Brazil

**May,** a gold-digger.

**June**
**Sadie** } May's confederates.
**Ruth**

**The Waiter,** a hash slinger.

## ACT I, SCENE I

[Enter May.]

May—Ladies and gentlemen! In behalf of the management, I wish to announce that— (Interrupted by voice from off stage. It can't be done; it can't be done.) [Enter Adolphe.]

May (angrily)—What do you mean by interrupting me like this?

Adolphe—I can't help it, miss. I just got in an argument with the stage-hand, and I know it can't be done.

May—What can't be done?

Adolphe—You can't tickle a mosquito under the chin with a monkey-wrench and make him laugh.

May—But that is no reason why you should have interrupted me. Couldn't you see that I was addressing the audience?

Adolphe—You was doing what?

May—I was addressing the audience. I was speaking to the folks.

Adolphe—Oh, you was addressing the "soaks."

May—No, no—folks.

Adolphe—Oh, yes; I've got one of those things.

May—One of what things?

Adolphe—What you just said.

May—What did I say?

Adolphe—I don't know.

May—You are really mentally off. I suppose you are married?

Adolphe—No, no; I'm happy.

May—I dare say you have been in love, though.

Adolphe—Oh, yes; once.

May—That is so thrilling. You must tell me about it.

Adolphe—Yes, lady, it was so thrilling. And all her folks were thrilling, too. Her father thrilled me when he threw me out of the window.

May—You must have insulted him.

Adolphe—No, I didn't. He asked me if I was capable of supporting her, and I said it wasn't necessary for both to have money.

May (forcing laugh)—Ha! ha! so you are a fortune hunter.

Adolphe—No, I'm a gold-digger.

May—You're a prospector?

Adolphe—Yes, I had a couple of prospects, but the fathers cut me out.

May—Really? I'd like to know you better; you seem so sportsman-like. I believe you have gambled for many a girl.

Adolphe—Yes, I played three queens once.

I'm a gambler. It's hereditary in my family. When my father married, he took a chance.

May—And was the marriage successful?

Adolphe—No, my father took a hand and thought he had a queen, but afterwards he found out he had the deuce. Then he proved a joker.

May—Oh, you're a fool.

Adolphe—No, I'm Spanish.

May—A real Spaniard?

Adolphe—Sometimes.

May—I suppose you are a nobleman.

Adolphe—Oh, yes; I am a personal friend of Alphonso.

May—How wonderful! I daresay you met Alphonso through a friend.

Adolphe—Yes, I was introduced to him. He's my private boot-legger.

May (in despair)—You are hopeless. I asked if you had any ancestors; if you had class.

Adolphe—Yes, yes, lady; I understand now. I have class, all right, when I'm dressed.

May—You are impossible.

Adolphe—Well, pardon me, miss. I shall leave you. You can address the "soaks."

May—What is your hurry?

Adolphe—I'm going to a restaurant to eat. I'm always late.

May—But why don't you make it your purpose to be on time? Don't you know that the early bird catches the worm?

Adolphe—What should I do with a worm?

May—Well, I think it best that you go, but I should like to see you again.

Adolphe—May I call on you?

May—Yes, call me on the phone.

Adolphe—What is your phone number?

May—I haven't a phone.

Adolphe—You want me to call you on the phone, and you haven't a phone? What do you mean?

May—You can call on me.

Adolphe—Where do you live?

May—I have a room at twelve Montrose Street.

Adolphe—You must be out of your mind; there's an empty lot at twelve Montrose Street.

May—Well, idiot, that's where I have my room. What is there over an empty lot if it isn't room?

Adolphe (rather confused)—But there must be a mistake here.

May—Yes, I notice you.

Adolphe—I'm interested now. I really mean it. My heart is visible to you.

May—You must have a pain (pane) in your chest.

Adolphe—Ah, but if you only knew how serious I speak. If you only knew the lineage of ancestors I have. Just look at my photograph. (Hands her photo.) That's myself and a mule.

May—Which one is the mule?

Adolphe—My dear, if you only knew how I'd like to serve you.

May—Let's go to a restaurant and eat.

Adolphe—But don't you think 'twould be much better if I took you home. You know, a lunch lies rather heavy on your stomach before going to bed.

May—I do not intend to take it with me. I shall eat it in the restaurant.

Adolphe (turns red; feels his pocket to make

sure last twenty-five cent piece is there)—Well, if you insist. But all I want is a cup of coffee.

May—I won't have much more than that. (Feminine voices rippling off stage; enter June, Sadie and Ruth.)

Girls (in unison)—Oh, hello, May!

May—Hello, Ruth! Hello, June! Hello, Sadie!

Chorus—Who is your friend?

May—Oh, he's an old friend of mine. And, girls, we are going to lunch. We'd love to have you with us. (To Adolphe.) Wouldn't we?

Adolphe (turns wry face)—Yes, yes.

Ruth—We are sorry, but we had lunch. I'm sure we wouldn't care for more. Would we, girls?

Chorus—No!

Adolphe (brightening)—That's right, girls. You mustn't eat two lunches in succession.

May—Oh, please, girls, do have lunch with us.

Adolphe—Don't encourage them. The young ladies wouldn't want to eat lunch again.

May—Oh, but we must encourage them. (To girls.) Please have lunch with us!

Girls—Honest, we couldn't. (Adolphe's face brightens again.)

May—You must, girls; we won't have lunch if you don't.

Adolphe—That's right, ladies, don't have lunch; you might get fat.

May—Please do.

Girls—Well— (Adolphe awaits outcome nervously.)

May—Say yes, dears.

Adolphe (piteously)—Please don't encourage them.

Chorus—Yes, we'll accept your invitation. (Adolphe's face registers a look of utter hopelessness.)

Ruth—And, by the way, May, you haven't introduced your friend yet.

May—Oh, yes, it slipped my mind. Meet Mr.—Mr.—

Adolphe—Brilliantino. Adolphe Brilliantino.

May—Yes, Mr. Adolphe Brilliantino.

Sadie—Where is he from, May?

May—He's from—from—

Adolphe—Brazil. Where the nuts come from.

May—Yes, how silly of me to forget. He's from Brazil, where the nuts come from. We better hurry, girls.

Chorus—Yes, let's hurry. We're getting hungry waiting so long. (Group around Adolphe and walk off stage.)

(Curtain)

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## ACT II, SCENE I

Curtain Rises.

**Scene**—Restaurant. Signs around walls have the following scriptures:

"Don't kick about the eggs. Our chicken is right outside and might hear you."

"If the milk is sour, don't blame us. The cow stays in the sun all day."

"Please do not take the toothpick away with you."

"Eat here and you won't eat any place else."

"The orchestra furnishes the music; please blow your soup at home."

"Pass the lump of sugar around; give everybody a chance."

"Do not hold the napkin over five minutes."

"Bring you handkerchiefs with you; do not use the table cloth."

[Enter Adolphe, May, June, Sadie and Ruth. They sit around a table. Enter waiter. Hands menu to each of party.]

Adolphe—Let's all get coffee.

May—I think I'll have a little to eat. (Looks at top of menu.) I think I'll begin with chicken.

Adolphe (nervously looks at price)—Oh, don't; here's something better. Look! a whole ham sandwich with a piece of pickle.

Ruth—I think I'll have a sirloin steak. I'm not so hungry.

Adolphe—Please don't eat.

Ruth (angrily)—You invited me, didn't you?

Adolphe—Ye-e—Yes.

Ruth—Well, I always eat when I'm invited.

Chorus—So do we.

Waiter—What is your order, sir?

Adolphe—A seidlitz powder.

Waiter—But, sir, this is a restaurant.

Adolphe—And what are you?

Waiter—I'm a waiter.

Adolphe—Well, wait then.

Ruth—Bring me Chicken a la Creole.

Adolphe—Bring her a chicken through the keyhole.

Others—We'll have the same. (Exit waiter.)

Adolphe—But, girls, this service is terrible. Let's go to some other place. (Ee-enter waiter.)

Waiter—I'm sorry, sir; we haven't what the ladies ordered.

Adolphe—What have you got?

Waiter—I've got pig's knuckles and fried kidneys.

Adolphe—Poor, poor fellow. You're in an awful condition.

Ruth—Have you a stew?

Waiter—Yes, there's one across the room. (Points to drunkard across table.)

Ruth—Do you allow intoxicated people in here?

Waiter—Not always, lady, but just keep quiet and no one will know it.

June—This is simply disgusting. (To waiter.) How's your liver?

Waiter—Don't get too personal, lady.

Sadie—Bring me a club sandwich.

May—I'll have a T-bone steak with French fried potatoes.

Ruth—And you can bring me ham and eggs.

Waiter—Anything for you, sir?

Adolphe—Bring me another glass of water. (Exit waiter. Noise sounds from other end of room. Muffled sobs, cries, oaths, and then a body is dragged to the door. Re-enter waiter.)

Waiter—Did you call me, sir?

Adolphe—What did I want to call you for? We're not playing poker. What's happened?

Waiter—That man was five cents short on his bill. But he was lucky. The manager has ordered to have the next man killed. (Exit waiter. Adolphe changes all colors in desperation. He withdraws the twenty-five cent piece and looks at it in dismay. Waiter re-enters with orders and serves

them. Then places bill of $6.40 before Adolphe.)

Adolphe—What is this?

Waiter—That is your bill, sir.

Adolphe—And what's this?

Waiter—That's the price, sir.

Adolphe—For what?

Waiter—For the meal.

Adolphe—Is this a first-class restaurant?

Waiter—Yes, but we don't mind serving you.

June—I ordered a steak, waiter, and you brought me an empty plate.

Waiter—The steak is on it.

June—Oh, pardon me, I thought it was a crack in the plate.

May—Bring me a cup of coffee, without cream.

Waiter—I'm sorry, madam; we haven't Cream. Do you want it without milk?

May—Sir, I'll have you understand I'm a lady.

Waiter—That's all right. I'll never tell anyone.

Ruth—Please change this order to a club sandwich.

Adolphe—Don't ask the waiter to do that. He's not a magician.

Ruth—Instead, bring me an order of frankfurters.

Adolphe—Bring her some baggage cars. (Waiter starts off.)

Ruth—No, no; bring me an order of pork chops instead.

Adolphe (yells to waiter)—Sidetrack the baggage cars and let the Jewish funeral come by! (Exit waiter.)

Sadie—This service is terrible. I make a motion that we should not eat.

Adolphe—That's the best thing you said in your life. (Re-enter waiter.)

Waiter—I will have all your orders ready in a few moments.

Adolphe—Sorry, waiter, but we cannot stay any longer. Take those orders all back.

Waiter—But, sir, the chicken is here now.

Adolphe—Where was she, at a theatre?

Waiter—I'm sorry, sir, that I couldn't serve you. (Party rises.) But you mustn't forget the waiter who tried so hard to please you.

Adolphe—What do you want?

Waiter—I'd appreciate a little tip, sir.

Adolphe (bends over to waiter's ear)—I'll give you a good tip. Bet on Lunch-hour in the next race. It's bound to come in; twelve to one.

(Curtain)

# THE HEART OF "BILLY"

*By* Pastal M. Camak

THE OUTSIDE WORLD had forgotten Norton. His closest friends scarcely ever thought of him. He was to them an unfortunate fellow who had received his just sentence.

The narrow cell was dark, except for a single shaft of pale moonlight which fell across the crude, hard bunk on which Norton was huddled. Presently the weary figure painfully raised up and gazed with strained eyes at the tiny entrance of the solitary ray. "I must get out; I will!" he whispered in agony to himself. The small jail-world around him was asleep. "O God, if I only could!" he murmured, and in his desperation beat his fists against the cold rock wall. At last, down the tragic young face a tear made its winding way through the stubby beard. He had given up again, baffled by the cruel walls which separated him from the only person in the world for whom he cared to live. Eventually he sank back upon the rude bunk. The shaft of light had gone, perhaps to find some other cell and mock another darksome soul. The visible darkness enveloped Norton, and the imps of night seemed to hover over his depressed being. Finally he fell into a troubled sleep to dream of Billy.

Norton was paying the price of a human weakness, while Billy, for whom he lived and of whom he dreamed, was playing the role of a folly queen, in a large theatre.

. . . . . .

The heavy curtain descended slowly, gradually cutting off the back stage setting from the view of the eager audience. At last the curtain fell with a soft swish, but the hand-clapping continued. This vast body of people wanted so much another glimpse of the leading lady. Her act was human, her interpretation and revealing of character perfect. The draperies parted, and there stood Billy statue-like in immobility. Her blue eyes, fixed on something in the back of the house, had a far-away, dreamy light in them, soft and sad. Her admirers realized that she was a dream-picture of a woman. The black hair, curled and bobbed, gave a girlish aspect to her charm. Her lips, drawn in a smile which comes by tears, revealed a flash of white, even teeth. The snow-white bridal dress she wore boasted of adorning a perfect figure. Her arms were folded across her gently heaving breast. Then those blue eyes began to swim in tears, and it seemed as if her heart went out in reality to a lover who had gone. The onlookers clapped frantically, for they knew that in this moment superb acting was being accomplished by a real character. Billy bowed gracefully, thereby bidding them good-night; then disappeared from the stage.

She made her way along the corridor and into her dressing-room. There she found flowers of all sorts, cards of approval, and requests for introductions. She admired all the flowers and glanced at the numerous cards and gave thanks to persons unknown

to herself. Presently she ran across a hastily written note requesting a dinner engagement. It bore the signature of a wealthy young man, Mr. James Goodwin Fitzgerald. After due consideration she sent him an answer, stating that she could not accept.

"Aren't you going out tonight, Billy?" one of the girls inquired of her.

"No, just can't make it."

"You know who is wanting you, don't you, kid?"

"Yes, but I'm so tired I couldn't go if I would; and then you know that sort isn't for me," she drawled as she placed a neat little blue hat over her bluish-black curls.

"I am telling you right now. If I were you I would get out of here and strut like hell on some of this fellow's money. You are a fluff of good looks all right, but you never use your head. You know well enough that this show game has to be played to the very threshold of foolish rich men's hearts."

"Simply can't make it, old dear; must go home and get a little rest?"

"Wish you would go with us; we are going to touch the earth only in high spots tonight," said Billy's visitor flippantly.

"That's the very reason I shan't attend," she replied, as she made her way to the side exit.

As she emerged from the stage door, clad in a simple dress, carrying a pair of gloves in her hand, a stranger stepped up. He removed his hat very politely and extended his hand. She looked at him for a moment, then gave him hers in good fellowship and for the sake of civility.

"Fitzgerald is my name. I presume you received my note?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am indeed sorry I can't accept," she replied firmly.

"Oh, but you can, and must. My car is waiting," he retorted rather brusquely.

"No, no; and besides, you are nearly drunk."

"Not yet; just had a little sip from my flask, and won't you have some?" he babbled as he drew it from his hip pocket.

"No—the very idea, and besides, I am going home immediately," Billy rebutted as she called a taxi.

It was obvious that he was offended at her answer. He braced up and regarded her with narrowing eyes as she walked to the edge of the curb to the waiting taxi. "You are not going to leave me like this," he muttered, and staggered toward her, clutching at her arm. She just did elude him in time to jump into the cab and slam the door in his flushed face.

The little automobile lurched off to a start and was soon speeding down the crowded street. They darted in and out between slower moving cars, breaking traffic laws as they went. The blue, green and yellow lights at a street crossing were disregarded. A woman with a baby carriage was narrowly missed, and a cop was nearly run down. On down the main, side, and back streets they sped until all apparent danger had passed and there was no fear of Fitzgerald's pursuit. At last Billy got out before her door, somewhat shaken up and excited, but safe.

She was in the act of opening the door to her two-room apartment when she heard footsteps in the hall. Pausing to listen, she

heard them stop close behind her. Upon turning around, she looked into the face of Fitzgerald.

"I came to apologize," he whispered.

"I think it is time!" she answered as she stepped into her room and began to close the door without further formality.

"Come, be decent about it, and ask me to come in," he said, placing his foot in the jamb. "We can't make a scene here in the hall."

She stared at him in fright; her mouth twitched nervously. Then with beating heart she opened the door, and clutched the key tightly in her hand, apparently keeping her composure.

"I can give you a few minutes to say what you have to tell me," Billy informed him stiffly.

"Very well, and by way of explanation, let me say I wanted you to marry me. I still do wish you would consider my proposal. I have seen much of you lately, and have decided that you would make me an excellent wife. You are just the type I need to entertain and remain always beautiful. I wanted you so, I couldn't help but be rude back there at the taxi," he whispered eagerly.

"I accept your apology as a lady would, but I cannot marry you."

"Now don't be too hasty, little one." He came very close to her and spoke with something of assurance. "Do you know I can give you anything, everything in the world you want? I can make you the happiest woman in all the world."

A pained and frightened expression came into her face. "I can't," she said soberly.

"Why in the devil can't you? What's to hinder?"

"I don't love you."

"Love!" he laughed mockingly. "I didn't ask you to love me. I asked you to marry me. You can do the loving later if you like. So I love you, what's the difference?" He was reaching for her with both hands, his fingers crooked like claws and jerking.

In a flash she had eluded him and stood before him defiant, an automatic in her hand. "Hands up!" she commanded. "Now keep them up till I get through talking. There are two good reasons why I couldn't marry you. The first is: you aren't fit. The other is none of your business. Now, will you go as orderly as you came?"

"If you will be so kind as to shake hands."

In the instinctive impulse to be civil she dropped for a moment her guard. The gun went flying upward in the air, and she was crushed in Fitzgerald's vice-like grip. She was in the act of screaming for the butler when her breath was cut short by his hand over her mouth. Then she was sure she was fainting, but in her sub-consciousness she heard a familiar voice, a voice that once had waked her heart with sweet words; but now it seemed harsh and desperate, and spoke of hell and death in no uncertain terms.

She was lying on her bed and familiar hands bathed her forehead with cold water. Then she opened her eyes in sudden consciousness.

"Pat! what in the world are you doing

here? Am I dreaming?" She threw arms about his neck, squeezed him to her bosom, weeping.

"I'm so glad. How did you get here?"

"God sent me to you tonight, love."

"Yes, but your face is bloody, Pat. What happened? Did you kill him?"

"No, but he has a broken nose, at least."

"I'm sorry about the scene, but it was not my fault."

"I know it, darling. I heard everything. At first I was afraid you would shoot him. That would never have done, except as a last resort, of course."

"I wish I had, the dog!"

"I'd have come to your rescue sooner, but I must keep my identity a secret. I am so glad I heard it all. I know you still love me and are mine for keeps—forever."

"Oh! it seems too good to be true, Pat—your being here. Honest—really, Pat, I have missed you," she managed to murmur between sobs. "You know I have been awfully lonely while you were over there in that horrible old jail."

Presently the two began to prepare supper together. A song, low and soft, floated from the small kitchen. He was singing the lead while she accompanied him with a mellow alto. Together they cooked, letting the eggs fry like bricks, and the coffee boil away.

"When did you get your pardon?" she asked happily, looking up into his face, her eyes full of joy-tears.

"Pardon nothing; I haven't one," Pat Norton replied weakly. "Billy, I ran away!"

She regarded him in bewilderment, her sensitive mouth jerking. Then from the bottom of her heart she cried, "You ran away—escaped?"

He nodded his head sadly and crushed her to him.

"Yes, I thought that after serving two years for only trying to make you happy, by taking such small loans from the bank, I had suffered enough. Don't you realize I am dying for you?" Pat said vehemently, as he smothered his face in the curls of her black hair.

She looked up into his eyes and read there the truth of his words. Then slowly, with one arm still around him, she led him to the door. With the expression of a goddess on her face, she turned to him and said:

"You—Pat—my life, hope, and joy, must go back. You must return, return and finish out your time." Her voice trembled, betraying the shattered foundations of her heart. "Go, Pat—now, before I become too weak to send you."

"But why, Billy? I can't bear it. My God! what makes you talk so?" he asked in distressing tones.

She again clung to him and whispered, "Because—for the sake of our children that are to come. They must have a good name, and that is the only way for them to get it. Their father must not be hunted by the hounds of justice."

Billy squeezed him tight, kissed his tired mouth, and said: "Now go, Pat. I will be here all alone, waiting for your return."

The door closed behind Pat Norton, and the heart of Billy was burdened with a great sadness.

# "THE AMERICAN EPIC"

*By* J. A. McCain

AMERICA is the most powerful of all the nations on the globe. Although she is the youngest of the great nations, she is the most promising. Her opinions move the world and her decisions change the courses of all nations. It is to America that the eyes of all nations are turned; it is from her that the future leaders of mankind must come. America was founded by hopes and ideals that could not fail to make her a great nation. But in spite of all this, America today has no great epic through which her aspirations, individual qualities, and genius are expressed; no great literary work that will carry down through the coming ages the story of her national spirit and ideals.

It is true that America is yet young. But Germany, in her very birth, when wild hordes of barbarians wandered through the dark forests that stood in the place of her modern empire, produced in her own peculiar genius the Nibelungenlied, her great epic. France, when yet but a short while out of the hands of the Romans, gave us the chivalrous "Song of Roland." When only in her infancy, England developed the weird tales of Beowulf and the romantic King Arthur stories. The Hindus have produced their epic out of the childhood of their nation's history. The Finnish people boast of an epic of their early civilization. Greece, that classical empire of three thousand years ago, with its holy mountains and divine deities, is alive before us today through the genius of that blind beggar poet, Homer. The Iliad and the Odyssey will remain an everlasting monument to that ancient civilization and the foundations of our modern customs are brought to life. Rome found her epic in the Aeneid and the singer of that epic is Virgil, the immortal poet. All of these national epics are but the cumulation of a group of songs and legends, tales of ancient heroes and heroism, circulating around the pioneers of a nation's birth, which has been gathered together and written down in poetic form by some genius such as Homer or Virgil, or some unknown author. But America is no longer in her childhood. Two hundred years have passed since the foundations of a great nation were laid on this continent. Yet she has no epic, no interpreter of her aspirations and national spirit.

The American epic cannot be expressed in poetical figures like the works of Homer and Virgil or the songs of the other nations of the Old World. The genius of the American people is not poetic. Poetry is the language of the imagination, while prose suggests material thoughts. The American people are materialistic, always achieving and creating in an eternal struggle with the material forces of life. When our first ancestors landed on New England shores, they found hardships confronting them—the cold, bleak New England winter, the black forests, and the treacherous Indian. These problems have been solved, but America is not yet sat-

isfied. Today we are struggling to wrench minerals from our earth and to dominate the fields of science. The character and ideals of such a nation cannot be expressed in poetry.

What more natural can a man in the position of Washington Irving produce than "Rip Van Winkle" and "Ichabod Crane"? Confronted at all times by the wild, dark forest, with its unknown dangers and lurking Indians, Irving could do none other than express these facts that weighed upon his mind in such tales of superstition. Then came Hawthorne, that American master of prose, with his writings dominated by a mood of Puritanic justice. Such works as "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of Seven Gables" fill the reader with the gloomy wages of sin. Next upon America's literary stage came Poe. By years of experiment and study he discovered a formula that gave the world America's greatest contribution to literature, the short-story. The short-story is entirely an American production and expresses in itself the spirit of the New World. It is our original contribution to the field of writing, for although Cooper was but the American Walter Scott, Longfellow the inferior of Tennyson, and Irving but the imitator of Addison, Edgar Allen Poe is indebted to no one for the creation of the short-story.

After America had secured her independence and severed all political bonds with the old world, a spirit of sectionalism sprang up that increased with the expanding territory and population. Even George Washington, in his far-sighted farewell address that marked his passing from American politics, placed much emphasis upon this growth of sectional spirit and warned strenuously against it. Even after it had found its outlet in the war between the States, this feeling threatened disastrously, and for a while the union of our nation weighed in the balance. Then like a bolt out of a clear sky came the local color short-story. This form, demonstrated by Edgar Allen Poe, has served in the hands of Bret Harte to express the spirit of the far West, by Hamlin Garland the spirit of the Middle West, by Thomas Nelson Page the spirit of the South, by Mary Wilkins Freeman the spirit of the East, and by Jack London the spirit of the North. Through these writings all sections of our nation were brought into a knowledge and sympathy with one another. Peculiarities and conditions of all parts of this country were interpreted and the sectionalistic spirit was harmonized into a single national pride.

The short-story expresses every American ideal and ambition. Our hopes and aspirations are portrayed in this new form of writing. It affords an outlet for the genius of the New World's masters of prose, and best of all it gives to the world the knowledge of that high spirit of patriotism and nationalism that burst forth in the Revolutionary War, gained strength after the conflict between the States, and finally exhibited its prowess in the heroic stand made by the Americans in the World War.

And thus, as the tales of the fall of Troy and the founding of Rome, handed down from generation to generation, were collected into great poetic epics to express the ideals of those ancient empires, so will the

fittest of the American short-stories, standing the test of time, survive as the great American epic, portraying her genius, character, hopes and aspirations.

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# BIG JIM'S SPERRITS

*By* Howard Berry

W'en uh heah de owls at ebenin'
  Jis' uh-callin' mo'nful lak:
Some uh-oo-oo-uh-oo-oo-in',
  An' de odduhs answ'ring back;
W'en uh see de shadduhs fallin',
  Tretchin' way out obe de ground,
Den uh watch de sight uh-pallin'—
  Headless sperrits dodgin' 'round.

Now uh see dat grin uh-creepin'
  'Round de co'ners ub yo' mout',
An' uh see de laugh uh-leapin',
  Not quite in, an' almost out.
You don' b'leebe dis huh uh tellin'?
  Boy, you'ze eegnunt ub de fact,
**W'en de moon iz t'ru its swellin',**
  **Headless sperrits dawg yo' track?**

Now you liss'n w'ile uh 'splain it,
  Uh hab 'nuf ub time 'fo' daa'k,
Fuh de times dat uh hab see it
  Mek de tellin' kind'uh shawt.
Uh don' lub tuh go 'bout tellin',
  'Do' it iz uh awful fact,
**W'en de moon iz t'ru its swellin',**
  **Headless sperrits dawg yo' track.**

Well, de debble wuz uh ainjul
  Spo'tin' 'bout de staar up dey:
'E got kicked out frum de he'bin',
  'Cause 'e couldn't tote 'tall squayre.
Den down come jis' uh-fallin'
  'Tell 'e drap 'puntop de ground,
W'en de hawn'owl wuz uh-callin',
  An' de sun wuz goin' down.

It got daa'k an' locus' holluh,
  An' de 'gatuh hol' 'e bre't';
Den alltwo dey staa't tuh holluh—
  Debble 'e mos' skay-to-de't'.
Down de paat' de debble trabble,
  Lukkuh hawss wuh bin tu'n out;
Bofe 'e foot tayre up de grabble,
  An' 'e teet' shake in 'e mout'.

'E go drap down in de willuh,
  An' 'e kibbuh wid de leabe;
'E stay hid dey by de ribbuh,
  Fuh 'e skay-to-de't' tuh leabe.
But de debble soon grow bolduh,
  An' 'e sneak out frum de bresh,
Den 'e hice all two 'e shoulduh,
  An' 'e walk jis' luk de bes'.

Now t'ree nigguh wuz uh-fishin',
  An' dey hab ketch uh pile ub swimp;
Den dey heah de bresh uh-swishin',
  An' de debble mek'um jump.
But dey tek dem swimp an' light out,
  Fuh dey 'f'aid in bofe dem h'aa't;
Attuhru'm de debble staa't out,
  An' 'e ketch'um in de daa'k.

Nigguh stan' sawtuh spishus—
  Debble's look don' specify,
Fuh 'e head do look ridicklus,

An' dey know dat 'e kin lie.
Den 'e tell'um dat 'e hongry,
Dat 'e mout' jis' want'um swimp;
Nigguh dey git kinduh swonguh,
An' dey cuss'um fuh uh imp.

Debble suck 'e tee't' an' grumble,
Fuh 'e bex fuh true wid man;
Den dey ketch dey toe an' stumble,
An' de debble clap 'e han'.
Fuh 'e grab 'e soad an' cut'um
'Tell 'e cut dem head slam off;
Den 'e stab'um in dem buzzum,
An' 'e cut'um kinduh saa'f.

Debble tek dem swimp an' light out,
Down de paat' jis' lukkuh deer;
Den 'e heah de big, ole hawn'owl,
An' 'e tee't' shake 'e so skayre.
De w'ite moon riz obe de pine tree,
An' wuz t'ru its swellin' full—
Nigguh sperrit riz, an' all-t'ree
Hunt de debble 'bout de w'ull.

Now eb'ry mont' jis' attuh sundown,
W'en de hawn'owl staa't tuh call,
An' de moon iz t'ru its swellin',
An' de shadduhs staa't tuh fall,
Nigguh sperrit walk de big-road,
An' de hide behime yo' back—
Dey iz lookin' wid dem t'ree soad,
Fuh dat sneakin' debble's track.

Eb'ry time dey fin' yo' footprint
Dey look see if it 'e own,
Den dey ha'nt you w'en it jis' ent,
Fuh dey bex 'cause it you'own.
Now you b'leebe dis huh uh tellin',
Now you know it fuh uh fact—
**W'en de moon iz t'ru its swellin',**
**Headless sperrits dawg yo' track.**

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# THE NEOPHYTE

*By* Ed Gregg

IN MANY RESPECTS Sam was an unusual person, and yet not so different from the rest of us, for he, too, had his romantic adventures and difficulties, his ups and downs in life, and his share of the bitter and sweet of dear experience. Tall and gawky, his good humored face sprinkled with a few mischievous freckles which, as if to compensate for their ungainliness, were an excellent foil for the twinkling blue eyes, Sam was well liked by his companions. Wherever a group of young men came together, he was in his glory, for his jocular nature and easy-going congenialty made him a ready favorite. But none are perfect; and hence it must follow that young Doowick had his defects and failings as well as his attributes. He was girl shy and unfamiliar with feminine psychology and behavior. To be sure, he had picked up, here and there, valuable bits of information concerning the ways and wiles of the tender sex, but second-hand knowledge is often worse than no knowledge at all; and Sam was indisposed to find out for himself. In the presence of Eve's daughters he displayed a feeling of vague uneasiness, just a

bit of unsureness in speech and manner, as though he realized the utter hopelessness of finding anything solid in the vacuity of female minds, and he was not going to attempt it! It was not that he was exactly bashful, but he suffered from an inner consciousness of his own shortcomings in the art of being a ladies' man, and perhaps this consciousness was heightened by the blighting indignity of a mop of flaming red hair.

Sam was sitting on the front porch of the paternal dwelling (the house had been handed down from those famous Doowicks of bygone days) in the early sunshine of a September morning, both legs resting across the arm of the big wicker chair in a most undignified manner. What Sam was meditating no one knows; and besides, it was no one's business but Sam's. Perhaps he was weighing in his mind the good and bad qualities of the liver-colored pointer his father had bought two days previously, or perhaps the scarlet head was engaged in philosophising matters of deeper import. Whatever the case, the unsophisticated sage was rudely interrupted in the midst of his cogitations by the sound of a cheery voice from across the street.

"Hey, Red! Come over here."

It was Dot Simpson, pretty, vivacious, a modernist in her views as to the privileges of the younger generation, and generally disposed to have her way about things. The other girl was an utter stranger to Red, although he knew that Dot was to have a visitor spend the remainder of the summer with her in Simpsonville.

At the sound of Dot's gay voice Samuel brought his feet down with a thud and raised his lank form to its full height. Looking across the street, he saw the two girls and his eyes opened in astonishment. It was obviously the new girl who occasioned this wonder. Her comely form was strongly accentuated by the style of her apparel. She was sheathed in a close-fitting gown of the slash tunic effect, gorgeously red in hue, offsetting with perfect contrast of color the more somber tint of sea-green silk hose. Such was Samuel Doowick's predicament.

He put on a bold front, however, though he was conscious of an inner urge to flee the spot, and stepped from the porch, his flaming tuft dazzlingly brilliant in the sunlight. He crossed over where the girls were waiting.

Samuel bowed with awkward grace at the introduction, stammering out his delight at the meeting.

He had caught a glimpse of features poetically epitomized as divine, though it is current opinion that the girl would have objected strenuously to being called divine. Her brown eyes were mischievously alert beneath their thin, curving brows, and tiny dimples appeared in her cheeks as she smiled a charming greeting to Mr. Samuel Doowick, now thoroughly disconcerted.

"Why, Red!" chirped the girl quite naively, "you're the very picture of my brother. They call him 'Red', too, and I've always adored red hair. It makes a boy look so strong and healthy and—say, Dot, we'd better hurry, 'cause we've got to do a little shopping and get back by ten o'clock. Goodbye, Red. Come round and see me sometime, hear? Don't look so dumb! Won't you?"

"Yes," blurted the boy in a mingled tone of hesitancy and incredulity. "Can—can I come to-night?" There was a note of resigned appeal in this request, and Sam himself had no idea as to why he was making an engagement so early. But such is the course of fate in the lives of men.

"Grand!" exclaimed Betty. "We'll go to the movies. 'Dolphe Menjou, you know, in one of his fascinating pictures. Well, bye-bye!"

Sam was stupefied, and he stood in his tracks watching the receding forms of the two girls as they promenaded down the street.

That evening they went to the theatre, an incongruous couple indeed. But Red was getting hold of himself, and flattered by the glib tongue and suave manner of the girl, he began to suspect that his case, after all, was not so helpless. Betty's gaiety was contagious; it put him at ease. Ingenuously the girl was helping him to put off his awkwardness and to enjoy her company.

Having long held in abeyance that inclination toward the opposite sex, this neophyte in the art of pleasing and captivating feminine admiration began to sense a change within himself. Betty's clever ways, her seductive manners, her naive remarks, her deep brown eyes, her profile as symmetrical as an Egyptian amphora—all began to exert upon him the full powers of their appeal. He thrilled when, at a moment of dramatic tension, the girl's soft hand gripped his own, resting on the arm of the seat. From the corner of his eye he stole a glance at her, and it dawned on him that here was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. What a contrast of glossy black hair, soft and rippling, and complexion of daintiest whiteness! A light sigh involuntarily escaped his lips.

Betty looked at him with coquettish inquisitiveness. Instinct directed her.

"Getting sleepy?" she asked seriously. "I've always thought myself rather dull and boring. It's awful to be dumb and not even pretty if only you knew!"

"No! No!" cried the boy softly. " I was thinking of something."

"Goodness! What's the idea? What terrible thing makes you sigh like all's over with you?"

"I—I was thinking of you," he answered, with averted eyes, not daring to meet her quick glance, and it seemed to him that his own voice was tense, strange, unreal.

"Why, Red! Are you that tired of my company?" she queried with mock seriousness.

"What in the world, Betty?" ventured Sam, adding in a rather hesitant tone: "I was thinking how pretty you are."

"Am I dreaming? Or did you say it?" The pretty brunette was elusively coquettish, and with a tempting little pucker of her lips she apparently returned to a deep interest in the affairs of the screen. Red, for the life of him, could think of nothing further to say, and yet he was vaguely conscious that the situation demanded something of him.

The final scene came with a glowing dash of romance—the charming little heroine snuggled close to the breast of the perfect

lover, the man all women seek in whatever station of life they may be.

As they emerged from the crowd streaming out of the theatre, Red noticed that the moon was mounting above the dark elm trees standing on the town square. Now there are certain influences that sages have never been able to account for, and the moon is one of them, and young Doowick was very susceptible at this moment. The silver crescent, in the light of his waking fancy, appared like the naked shoulder of a Grecian goddess thrust above the black shadows of the trees, and he half expected to see the deity herself rise into full view. He chanced a look at Betty. She herself was a goddess, gloriously alive and real. He sensed a vague uneasiness stealing over him.

"What are you thinking about, Red?" The sharp query brought Samuel back to earth.

"Oh, nothing," he managed to reply.

Both were unusually silent on the way home, as though something were in the brewing.

They found upon their arrival that none of the Simpson family had returned. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had called upon friends for an evening at bridge, and as for the sanguine Dot, she had become enamored of late with a young modern Adonis, a Chrysler sport model playing an important part in the trend of her affections; so quite naturally she had betaken herself to automobiling, a la mode.

"Let's sit in the swing," suggested the girl, and grasping his hand she led the way toward the shadowy recess of the porch where the swing hung invitingly. A sudden bold resolve transformed the usually phlegmatic Red into a dashing gallant of petulant nature, and he dedicated himself with abandon to the duties of a newly awakened lover.

Time slipped by noiselessly; the Simpsons came in unnoticed and retired; but young Doowick lingered.

That night, after leaving Betty, with her kisses still warm on his lips like dewy nectar (and, we fear, a bit of carmine lipstick also), the transformed Red returned home, confident that he had at last discovered the apogee of amorous bliss. His dreams that night resolved themselves into those of a lover's paradise, centralized about the pretty face, the deep brown eyes, and the tempting lip curves of the exquisite brunette visiting Dot Simpson.

Upon awakening the next morning, young Doowick rubbed his eyes incredulously and asked himself if it had all been a dream; but reminiscences of the night before were too realistic for dream-stuff, and the elongated sleeper arose, stretched, and yawned. Then he hastened to dress and went down to breakfast.

Breakfast over, he ambled listlessly out on the front porch where, comfortably ensconced in the big wicker chair, he began to ruminate over the happenings of the last twenty-four hours and to classify each word and act of the incomparable brunette according to the category of his own philosophic nature. Many things puzzled him, to say the least, and he soon lost himself in an amazing labyrinth of unruly thought and conjecture. Was he in love? Possibly so.

And yet the idea was positively stunning—he in love, he who had always fought shy of feminine presence? The tricks of the gods are many and cunningly laid, and he who would escape the toils of love must needs be as crafty as they, the gods, are. So Doowick dreamed and idled the time away in the vain fancies of the silly, stupid lover, who throws to the four winds clear, cold reason and seeks to explain by a mind cloyed with sentimental vagaries.

The following evening Red again called at the Simpson home, and before he left he had obtained from Betty a most encouraging avowal of her love for him. That settled matters—Betty was the one and only. He began to live and dream and hope only through her, and his fancies were embellished by Utopian predictions of the future. Betty was all in all to him; nothing else mattered.

Then it happened. Roy Craven, municipally known as the "Sheik" of Simpsonville, called upon Betty for two consecutive evenings, and this turn of affairs gave Red distracting qualms of uneasiness. He would have given anything to know what was taking place, but he was in the dark. His friends remarked his strange reticence, and wondered at his behavior, for they knew something was amiss with their usually jovial companion.

Sunday evening Roy called upon Betty for the fourth time without a break, and Red was desperate. Now it just happened that he should stroll by the Simpson home at the hour of parting, all unnoticed by the couple on the porch. No, Red was not evesdropping; he simply had to be near Betty. The moon was just rising, and its light enabled him to see the silhouettes of two profiles clearly delineated behind the screen of vines. He sensed something disastrous in the juxtaposition of the faces. Slowly the shadowy outlines merged into one, lingeringly, and all was breathlessly silent. Then a slight stir behind the vines, and the girl laughed lightly and coquettishly.

Young Doowick turned away, sick at heart, but wiser for the experience. As he sauntered on down the street, he suddenly drew up sharply, and an ejaculation of surprised understanding broke from his lips: "Aw Hell! I bet she's a flapper!"

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## "THE SAD CASE OF MARCUS McSWAIN"

*By* Harold M. Patrick

There was something the matter with Marcus McSwain,
  Something awfully, terribly, wrong;
He had striven to be a "hail fellow well met,"
  And to greet everyone with a song.
But he'd failed; he just couldn't; life wasn't worth while,
  He was only a terrible mess;

That old trouble kept on, always holding him down,
  When he should be attaining success.

When he started to chat with his friends on the street,
  They would turn about quickly and leave,
And poor Marcus, embarrassed, would lower his head,
  And go home to lament and to grieve.
When he'd call on his girl she would usher him in,
  And they'd chat for a minute or two,
Then she'd say that her reason for making him leave,
  Was she had "lots of work" she must do.

There was nothing worth while for poor Mark in this life,
  The joke of each person he'd pass,
So he figured the best thing to do for himself
  Was to drown all his sorrows with gas.
So he went to his room, shut the door good and tight,
  Pulled the sashes down close all around,
Took a paper and started to chink every crack,
  Every crevice and hole to be found.

Then his eyes chanced to fall on a fair line of print,
  That, it seemed, brought new life to his heart.
As he stood there he read it again and again:
  No more of this living apart!
Now he'd show all the folks that if only he'd try
  He could be on good terms with them all;
He would talk with the boys, he'd have dates with the girls;
  He would "sheik" them; he knew they would fall.

Ever on from this day he would be a great man,
  He would cure his one fault right away,
He would show them that changes may often take place,
  In a quiet and unnoticed way.
So he tore out the page, put it down on the bed,
  Grabbed his hat and made straight for the door.
He was sure to make good, he would be someone yet,
  He would cultivate friendships galore.

Shortly after, the landlady, inspecting his room,
  Saw a page lying there on the bed.
"If you gargle with Listerine morning and night,
  It will cure halitosis," it read.

# Wofford College Journal

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## EDITORIALS

It is no light matter to edit a publication that represents and advertises the intellectual life of a college campus. We of the staff are but the medium, the mere marketers of the literary products of the college. To publish a magazine of highest merit we must have the cooperation of every man who takes an interest in literary work, for the real quality of the publication is determined by the quality of the material submitted to the editors. The staff cannot create a magazine; it can but organize the work and efforts of the students. So, to each individual student of Wofford we issue this challenge: back and support the "Journal," and we will promise you a magazine that you will be proud of. Warm up! Take an interest, and let's pull together with the old spirit of cooperation.

The staff is offering four ten-dollar prizes for the best short-story poem, essay, and sketch respectively that appear on its pages during the coming year. Snap into your


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work. Don't be a mollycoddle; put vim and pep behind your efforts. Take pride in your own literary talents, and prove to the world that you can write. Perhaps, in your inner heart, you've had a desire to write with conviction and personality—a most excellent desire! Give it expression. Win one of the prizes and satisfy yourself that you can do a thing better than your college mates. Writing is fine sport if you will catch the spirit. There is nothing effeminate about it; to be a good writer requires intellectual skill and strength, which are as masculine and vigorous as the skill and strength exhibited in athletics. Ease and poise in conversation come through acquaintance with words and their meanings, and business becomes more profitable when we have a capacity to understand and appreciate the meanings of words, those little symbols through the medium of which the business of life is mainly conducted. Write! Write! Write! Verily, diligence hath its reward.

---

### The Modern Girl

We have remarked on numerous occasions the slurring criticism thrown upon the girl of to-day, and always we have taken our stand in her defense with convictions of our own. We usually consider carefully the sources of these unjust indictments against the sex that is to be the companion of our rising manhood, and invariably we find in the vituperative individual that which amuses us. Slanderers of the modern girl, and mark them well, fall among the following classifications: the prattling gossiper, the dotish old fogy, the squeamish clergyman, the prim,

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austere old maid, the despairing spinster, the religious monomaniac, and the glutted bookworm. These are the ones who find so much condemnation in the rising generation, and who firmly believe the world is bound for perdition. But those who love life and enjoy living, who sympathize with fellow beings; in short, those who are human, never defame or slander the modern lass, as though she were an imp of Hell bent on destruction. They find in her qualities that they themselves have lacked, and they praise her for her practical knowledge of life and its problems.

To be sure, she is different from the girl of the past. Why shouldn't she? Would a courtesan of Queen Elizabeth's time have imitated the gestures, mannerisms, habits, and apparel of an Irish peasant? Of course the comparison is far-fetched, but the principle is none the less clear and evident in its effect. The apparent flippancy and the amazing freedom in speech, manner, and dress of the modern girl are but the natural tendencies of an age in which the instinct of independence is paramount. This instinct of independence is obviously demonstrated in the desire of young people to shock their elders, who generally fail to understand such reckless actions and consequently gain the wrong impression of the younger generation, especially the girls. As regards our rising manhood, the old folks usually put the matter aside with the ancient platitude: "Boys will be boys."

Within the past two decades environment has changed with startling rapidity, human progress has advanced by leaps and bounds,

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and society has necessarily followed the wake of momentous inventions, achievements, and innovations. Let philosophers prate as they please, let idealists babble their silly nothingness, but the cold fact remains that humanity rests upon an intensely practical basis, a material basis; that is, the modes of thinking, acting, and living in any age are controlled and regulated by material environment and material progress. Hence life is largely determined by exterior, physical forces and laws, and those who would condemn flippancy and recklessness in the modern girl must first condemn the prosperity of our great nation, the advent of the automobile, the speeding aeroplane; in short, everything that has been woven into the

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fabric of daily experience as conveniences and agencies for a higher civilization.

The girl of the past was prim and quiet and diffident simply because she was accustomed to sit at home a great deal of her time, knitting or reading. She little knew the clash of the great world beyond the harborage of her placid, sequestered family life, and consequently she grew to womanhood without the excitement and bustle of the modern girl's experience. In many ways her life was like that of the oyster, that rests secure in the calm of the oozy sea-floor, content to live without a stir or effort. To extend the metaphor, the modern girl, to us, resembles a darting pickerel that knows the zest of life and loves to flash its fins and burnished scales in the warm light of the sun rays that strike the surface of the water.

When the modern lass is flippant and reckless, she is but acting in accord with the life about her. Her mind is like the sensitive plate in the camera: an observation flashes across its path, the impression is made, and that impression becomes an expression—that is, it reacts upon the girl's consciousness and becomes a determinator of future behavior. We are all more or less creatures of environment, and must yield to the inexorable urge of material progress.

But, friend critic, do not be misled by her apparently frivolous attitude towards life. Do not take too seriously her amazing freedom in speech, manner, and dress. In these she is but following the path dictated to her by her surroundings and the natural tendencies of the age. She often cries out against the fast, mad life of her day and desires a quieter, saner, and sounder mode of living; but she is baffled on all sides, and in despair flings herself in the sweep of the times and fits herself to her environment. She is not pusillanimous or grossly immoral. She has strength of mind and intellect, and at heart she has those qualities of leniency and sympathy that, through the years of her experience, will bring her close to the great throbbing heart of humanity. She is no imp of Hell; she is simply a human being.

---

## Education

The human intellect is constituted somewhat like a scale for measuring weights. Particular observations of actual facts or conditions may be likened to the objects placed upon the balance, and the reading of the values to the general ideas derived, through abstraction, from the observations made. With this analogy in mind, let us examine the present method of educating or instructing the intellect of the youth of to-day.

Actual observation ought logically to precede any general idea. Any other course is full of fallacies and apt to result in more harm than good. This is undeniable, for should the reading of the scale values precede the actual weighing of the object, what verity would there be in the reading? Just such a thing often happens when the mind is crammed with the bookish, musty ideas of other minds and tries, in the school of dear experience, to make the actual values of the world and existence measure up to those preconceived and pre-established ideas that have come through the processes of an education. Things are as they are, and ideas, no

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matter how loftily or nobly conceived, cannot change in anything the valuation that life and experience has set therein, for ideas, to be just and infallible, must conform to material truth. No vain philosophy is this, but practical actuality!

Thus it is obviously clear that artificial education, that derived through the medium of text books and existing ideas, must not be taken so seriously as to hamper or warp the intellect, which most effectively may exercise its talents in its naked state of perfect freedom, a freedom undisturbed by conventions and dogmas and the blinding bigotry of prejudice. Our college youth of today has passed the stage of infancy with its bib and nipple, and needs must work out in terms of the modern a course of living and thinking independent of the past and consistent with environment. That we learn to live is the end and aim of education, for living is an art open to all, and the brief span of years alloted is all too short to waste in the old rut of the past. Individuality and self-expression are the qualities that the present age lacks, but will find in the rising generations. The signs are portent of intellectual awakening.

Education should seek to eliminate ignorance, but it often happens that a so-called educated man is the most squeamish ass that ever brayed. Many young men enter the world, after a long course of learning and reading, with an artless ignorance and misconception of things of the world, and discover that their ideas conflict with actuality and that their preconceived notions are the jests of actual experience. Each one must think for himself and accept the values of existence as they affect and correspond to himself. Thus education, to be most effective, should aim solely at the development of the faculties of discernment and reason, those intellectual tools that lend a spice and zest to life and conform to solid, material truth. Education that stuffs ready-made ideas into a person's head is more harmful than beneficial, for education does not mean mental saturation.

---

## Words

In our recent reading we very opportunely struck upon the following passage from the essayist, McIntosh. As an instructive article on words it is excellent, and as an exemplification in itself of word artistry and mastery it may hardly be surpassed: "Seeking to be rich in speech, you will find that in the broad ocean of our English literature there are pearls of great price, our potent English words; words that are wizards more mighty than the old Scotch magicians; words that are pictures bright and moving with all the coloring and circumstance of life; words that go down the century like battle cries; words that sob like litanies, sing like larks,

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sigh like zephyrs, shout like seas. Seek amid our exhaustless stores and you will find words that flash like the stars of the frosty skies, or are melting and tender like the mountain breeze in autumn, or are mellow and rich as an old painting; words that are sharp, precise, unbending, like Alpine needle-points, or are heavy and rugged like great nuggets of gold; words that are glittering and gay like imperial gems, or are chaste and refined like the face of a muse. Search and ye shall find words that crush like the battle-axe of Richard or cut like the scimitar of Saladin; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that can unveil the nether depths of Hell, or point out the heavenly heights of purity and peace."

This passage is truly representative of the linguist's delight in his art, and it inspires in us something of the spirit of word jugglery. To all who have mind and imagination our own English tongue ought to have an intense appeal, for the rich stores of the language furnish ample fields for the sporting of the intellect. To handle with skill and precision the words of our language is by no means an effeminate accomplishment; such ability means ease and poise in conversation, power to communicate one's thoughts to others, and the delightful medium of freer intercourse with one's fellowmen. Stevenson has said that the business of life is transacted chiefly through the difficult art of literature, and the gist of his truth is obviously clear when we consider the fact that living is everlastingly intercourse with those who live about us.

Nor is the mastery of words solely the scholar's birthright. Conscious effort in building one's vocabulary and power of expression will yield rich harvest in whatever vocation he may choose, for technical or professional knowledge is set off to best advantage by the dextrous use of the mother tongue. Hence it is meet that we give time and effort to the acquiring of those powers that will make living more enjoyable and business more profitable. To this end was the "Journal" established and for this purpose has it been maintained.

Students of Wofford, it is your publication, the "Journal"; it offers you individually a field to exercise and train those literary talents that all-wise nature has given you as an instrument of power and prestige among your fellows. Will you accept the opportunity and better yourselves, or will you shrug your shoulder and say "Humph! Ain't nothing in it." Begin now. Write! That is our suggestion.

# A GEM OF PUREST RAY

*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

*In sharing with you the foregoing wonderful guiding thoughts I feel that I am doing a real service which gives me great pleasure.*

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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Life (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 38 |
| Alexander Hamilton (Essay) | J. N. Holcombe | 39 |
| Evolution (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 42 |
| Myself (Monologue) | V. D. Padula | 43 |
| Never Lose Hope (Poem) | H. P. Wheeler | 45 |
| Grey Dawn (Short Story) | J. C. Bailey | 46 |
| 'Tis His Will (Poem) | J. A. McCain | 49 |
| In Behalf of the Girl of Today (Essay) | T. M. Nelson | 50 |
| Ambition | H. M. Patrick | 52 |
| Conflict (Short Story) | E. H. Gregg | 52 |
| "Julius Caesar" (Burlesque) | V. D. Padula | 55 |
| Reminiscence (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 60 |
| Oliver Goldsmith (Essay) | H. M. Gilbert | 61 |
| A Southern Gentleman of 1820 (Sketch) | V. D. Padula | 62 |
| The Fall of the Oak (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 66 |
| Womanhood (Essay) | V. D. Padula | 67 |
| Editorials— | | |
| Youth | E. H. Gregg | 70 |
| Friendship | E. H. Gregg | 72 |
| Exchanges— | | |
| 1. Criterion | C. I. Chipley | 72 |
| 2. Concept | H. M. Gilbert | 75 |
| 3. Winthrop Journal | E. H. Gregg | 76 |

# LIFE?

*By* Ed Gregg

Strange things whereof we have not dreamed
Oft hap in this strange world;
Fair hopes are dimmed and loves grow cold;
Ambitions, foiled, to wrack are hurled.

Faith is curdled to distrust,
Honor tarnishes with rust,
Aspirations lose their pow'r,
Sympathy becomes gall-sour.

Heigh ho! Is life a merry dance?
Am I a slave to circumstance?
Is bitter sweet, and peat-sod gold?
Yes and no, so I am told.

Where is earth and where is sky?
Will they perish by and by?
Do we live or are we dead?
It is both ways, I've heard it said.

Nature wars with nature's child,
Winter is fierce and summer mild,
Tears are bitter and tears are sweet,
Maidens are bold and maidens discreet.

Heigh ho! Is life a merry dance?
Am I a slave to circumstance?

# ALEXANDER HAMILTON

*By* J. N. Holcombe

ALEXANDER HAMILTON is one of the very few foreign-born sons of America who have attained pre-eminent distinction and fame in their adopted country.

A charitable vagueness surrounds the circumstances of his birth, and the identity of his father can best be passed over in silence. His mother, a woman of beauty, wit and intellectual vigor, had been unhappily wedded to a man whom she soon discovered to be wilful, dissipated and depraved. Rather than endure a life of legalized shame with a husband she despised, she fled to Nevis, a small island of the West Indies. Evidently, she came with the intention of teaching school; but, after she had failed in her purpose to earn a livelihood in this way, a Scotch planter, named Hamilton, offered to establish a school for her and support it until it should become self-supporting. The woman accepted the generosity of the thrifty planter, and the school was established. In that frontier country, convention was rather lightly regarded—and soon the natives began to think of the woman as Mrs. Hamilton. Of this union was Alexander Hamilton born.

So the life of the future genius began under a shadow. The difficulties under which he labored, however, and the obstacles which he was compelled to fight against, should not derogate from our estimate of Hamilton, the man, who came to a foreign land and attained the rightful distinction he attained, unaided by wealth or family connections. The unsavory facts associated with his birth should only constitute another claim to our respect for the man who was able to overcome these difficulties, and mount, in spite of them, to the position of leadership he held in the early history of America.

Very early in Hamilton's life, he was sent to America to receive an education. It was during his course in King's College—later Columbia University—that he first came into public notice as an advocate of the rights of the colonies in their struggle with Great Britain. At first his innate love of order, his respect for authority, and his veneration for the mother country, led him to favor the cause of the English. But soon he discovered that victory, if it should come to the colonies, would bring with it abundant opportunity for the display of talent, with attendant honor and fame for those who should share in the making of the new nation. These considerations were too weighty to be answered; and Hamilton's lot henceforth was cast with the colonies. As a pamphleteer for the colonial cause, he won fame and renown, for his pen was facile, and his logic irresistible.

The part taken by Hamilton in the Revolutionary War was quite considerable, especially in view of his extreme youth. At the age of twenty he was made an aide to General Washington with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He acted as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, and in that capacity handled the General's immense correspondence. Even today, Hamilton's letters are unsurpassed in their lucidity of style, their tact and forceful-

ness. After four years as Washington's aide, Hamilton was offended at a rebuke of his chief, and quit the staff. He immediately entered the fighting units of the colonial army, and ended his military career with a brilliant feat of courage and daring at Yorktown.

After the War, Hamilton busied himself with the pursuits of peace. He took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in New York State two years later. But Hamilton was not destined to remain in the obscurity of private life when his country so sorely needed men of his wisdom, ability and courage. He played a part second to none in having a constitutional convention called to remedy or replace the woefully inadequate Articles of Confederation.

The present Constitution, which was the product of that convention, did not follow Hamilton's plan. Having seen the disastrous results which flowed from the lack of centralized authority under the Articles, Hamilton fought for a strong central government. He wanted the powers of the individual states sharply curtailed. Furthermore, he feared the common people, whom on one occasion he described as a "great beast." Hence, while he wanted a republic, he wanted an aristocratic republic. Government, he thought, should be by "the rich, well-born, and able."

Although Hamilton thought the Constitution very sadly lacking in many respects, he chose to defend it, rather than to invite anarchy and disunion. Herein, Hamilton showed his magnanimity and unselfishness. Had he been a lesser man, he might have sulked in his tent, and refused to have anything to do with a Constitution which violated two of his most cherished political theories.

After the Constitution had been drafted by the Philadelphia Convention, there remained the exceedingly difficult task of securing its ratification by the various states. It is hard for us in this age to realize the intense jealousy entertained by all the states for what they called their states' rights. Hamilton and the other patriots who championed the cause of the new-born Constitution had obstacles to surmount and prejudices to overcome which we cannot comprehend today.

Hamilton's greatest service during this stage of the nation's history was performed by his pen. A series of articles, signed by "Publius," and written mostly by Hamilton are still the ablest commentaries, aside from judicial decisions, upon the Constitution of the United States.

After the Constitution had been adopted, the matter which occasioned the gravest concern was that of the public finances. Robert Morris, who had charge of the Treasury during the trying days of the war, resigned in disgust. With one accord, the nation turned to Hamilton as the one man humanly capable of bringing the country safely through her financial perils. It is in connection with the Treasury portfolio that the genius of Hamilton shone most brilliantly. It should be noted in passing that Hamilton sacrificed a lucrative law practice to assume a cabinet position which was beset with difficulties and pregnant with dangers, at a salary, too, of a little more than one-third of that which his profession yielded him.

Hamilton took over the Treasury portfolio

with confidence in his own ability, despite the obstacles of which he was fully aware. His financial policies brought upon him the fiercest denunciations. It is true, as his opponents charged, his one great purpose was to unite the moneyed classes in support of the central government.

Briefly outlined, his policies were as follows:

(1) Full payment of all the public debt, without resort to repudiation in whole or in part.

(2) Assumption of all State debts by the National Government.

(3) A National Bank, under government supervision.

(4) A tariff, the chief purpose of which was, for the time being, the raising of revenue.

(5) An excise tax on whiskey and other spirits.

However justly Hamilton may be criticised for his favoritism toward the wealthy, there is no denying the beneficial results of his financial policies. In the words of Henry Cabot Lodge, "There was no public credit. Hamilton created it. There was no circulating medium, no financial machinery; he supplied them . . . There was no government, no system with life in it, only a paper constitution. Hamilton exercised the powers granted by the Constitution, pointed out those which lay hidden in its dry clauses, and gave vitality to the lifeless instrument. He drew out the resources of the country, he exercised the powers of the Constitution, he gave courage to the people, he laid the foundations of national government—and this was the meaning and result of the financial policy."

In executing his financial plans, Hamilton came into a conflict with Jefferson, his chief political enemy, over the extent of the authority which the central government possessed. When Hamilton asked permission to establish a National Bank, Jefferson objected on the grounds that the central government, being a government of delegated powers, had no powers except those specifically defined in the constitution; and that, since the constitution did not grant to the central government the authority to establish a bank, such a step would be a violation of the Constitution. Hamilton countered with the argument which is the justification of all the implied powers of the government today. The so-called elastic clause of the Constitution, Hamilton maintained, gave authority to Congress to enact all laws "necessary and proper" for the execution of certain powers which were enumerated—among them being the power to regulate and control the currency. The establishment of a national bank, thought Hamilton, might be deemed "necessary and proper" for controlling the currency. Jefferson maintained that "necessary" in this sense meant "indispensable"; and, since a national bank was not indispensable to the control of the currency, Congress had no right to establish one.

Both Jefferson and Hamilton presented able arguments in support of their contentions, but Hamilton's arguments prevailed, and the bank was established. Thus was the precedent set which has enabled the Constitution, which is essentially an eighteenth century document, to meet the varying and unforeseen needs of a century and a half,

with only nineteen amendments.

After Hamilton retired to private life, he was still the center of many bitter political controversies. Some of the political battles in which he was engaged brought him further honor, while others did not. Especially did he oppose the republican principles embodied in Jefferson, and he bitterly lamented the triumph of those principles in the election of 1800. He lived the life of a successful lawyer until his death in a duel with Burr in 1804.

It is difficult, if not impossible, in a brief summary to estimate Hamilton justly. He was a man of transcendent genius, of calculating sagacity, and of unquestioned integrity. Many reasons have been offered for his failure to reach higher places within the gifts of his countrymen. It was probably because of Hamilton, the Aristocrat. He feared the common people. He believed the well-to-do had a divine right to govern, and such beliefs brought down upon him the hatred of the masses. Despite his almost superhuman genius, he lacked the common touch.

So Hamilton, the foreign-born son of America, the courageous soldier, the political pamphleteer, the constitutional writer, the Federalist champion, and the Aristocrat, passed away to leave behind him an enduring influence upon subsequent American history.

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# EVOLUTION

*By* Ed Gregg

There was a time in the earth's dim dawn, and the play was a pantomime,
When formless beings sprawled and crawled in the quaking ooze and slime.
And no man saw what was taking place in this prelude upon the stage,
And the spawn was sown for the human race in the Paleozoic Age.

The eons fled like shadows vague; the earth heaved up amain,
And life took on a new aspect, and the simpler forms were slain.
Then creatures crept from their watery haunts, and spread out over the earth;
New changes came with these awkward jaunts, and the reptiles saw their birth.

Gigantic creatures stalked the land, as the cycles of change fled by,
And primitive man soon mounted the stage with the will to do and to try.
Then God breathed upon him the powers of mind, and man's supremacy grew,
For he was no longer a weakling and blind, but a consummate being like you.

# MYSELF

## (A Monologue)

*By* VINCENT D. PADULA

Fellow onlookers and listeners:

This evening the orchestra will open the show by playing that sensational song entitled: "My Wife Is Like an Aeroplane—No Good on Earth."

And for a finale, they will play for your general approval, the new national anthem, entitled: "How Dry I Am."

However, before the performance begins I am requested to speak to you on a very important subject of which I know nothing, and you will distictly misunderstand, and the longer you misunderstand the longer I'll speak. When I start I shall begin, and when I end I shall finish. The longer you don't listen, the louder I'll talk.

Yesterday a young lady met me on the street and said she wanted to be introduced to the man who wrote "Collegiate." Well, after she met me—ah hum—you know, friends, all the great men are dying off in this country; I'm not feeling so good myself. Yes, I'm a great man. And I'm high up in the world. I sleep on the third floor of our dormitory. I'm a well-dressed man—most of the time anyway—especially when my friend across the hall does not go out. In fact, I'm a model man in every line. Even in my studies I stand at the head of the classes. You should hear me read Latin. If I keep at it long enough, I'll be able to translate it. But, really, I can't understand why we have to learn about all those dead men when most of us don't know enough about ourselves. And I don't see why I have to study Bible, especially when I'm mistaken for a Biblical character myself. Yes, friends, that's the truth. I was standing in front of a store yesterday for about an hour, and a policeman came up to me and said, "Holy Moses! are you here yet?"

I get along fine in French. I have been studying it only six weeks, and even in this short time I'm able to say, "Voulez-vous, oo-la-la-Chevrolet Coupe," and many other words. R. O. T. C., is one thing I can't understand, however. Last week we were marching, and everybody was out of step except me. Then the captain told me to throw out my chest, but I told him I only had a valise in my room. Later on, we were standing in ranks and our corporal said, "I's right." But I think he was crazy, because we hadn't contradicted him on any subject.

And, by the way, friends, I must tell you about my fiancee. No address is complete without mentioning her. She's a model woman—yes, a model—for an elephant. She went to a doctor one day and said, "Doctor, I'm sick; I'm a little pale." And the doctor said, "You look like a big tub to me." She's real pretty, just the same. She's got the kind of a skin you love to touch (with a strap). Her teeth are like the stars; they come out every night. She's got an awful temper, too, but of course it can't be

helped—all the Irish have an awful temper. Her name is Sarah Levinsky. Her father and mother are Irish, too.

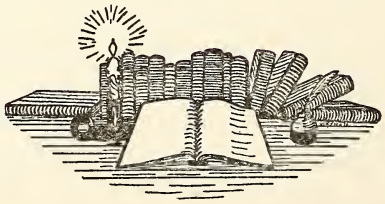
Her father wears a beard for disguise; he's a detective. But the only thing he ever tracked down is his heel. The other day he was walking along the railroad and a man stepped up to him. "What are you looking for?" asked the stranger. Mr. Levinsky said, "I'm looking for the railroad president; he disappeared last week." The man asked, "Are you on his trail?" Then Mr. Levinsky answered, "No, but I'm on his tracks."

Speaking about my fiancee, one day I asked her how old she was, and she said sixteen. I didn't hear her well so I asked her to repeat it. Even then I didn't hear her so I asked her to repeat it again. This time she became angry and said, "I told you I was sixteen twice." I believed it.

But, friends, I'm straying from the main thing I intended to speak to you about. That's about myself. I hate to speak about myself. No other great character does. But as no one will speak about me, I shall do it. First of all, I shall speak about my looks. I'm a good looker. I look all the time and never miss a trick. At the men's beauty contest in Atlantic City last year I took first prize. But they made me put it back. I like myself so much that I'm really insulted if a girl tries to speak to me. I gaze at myself in the mirror and make eyes at myself and I turn red in bashfulness and sneer at myself. Yesterday I had a date with me to be on Main Street, and I wasn't there; so I swore I'll never hold another date with myself. The other day I was playing checkers with myself and I caught myself cheating, and swore that I would never play checkers with myself again. Really, I can't see why God made me so beautiful. Last week a girl saw me on the street and laughed out loud. At other students the girls smile. This isn't meant to boost me any higher, but it simply goes to show that I have the edge on others.

Well, friends, I believe I shall end here as the manager told me he could only allow me a few words, which simply goes to show again, friends, that I am liked so much that even the manager does not want me to waste words.

However, before I close, I'll sing a little ballad of my origination, entitled: "I have enough money to last me all my life—provided I die tonight."



# NEVER LOSE HOPE

*By* Harold P. Wheeler

When prospects all around you
Are darkened with despair,
And failure lurks about you,
It seems darned awful queer
That the toil of your years are wasted;
Your efforts expended in vain,
While around you the while, others work with a smile,
With their efforts rewarded by gain.

It seems they are never discouraged,
Or never inclined toward dismay.
Success seems to crown all their efforts,
Let their venture be what it may.
Fate has dealt kindly with them,
While to you she's given the laugh,
You continue, though broken in spirit,
In the same old down-trodden path.

Have Hope, for life is not over,
And Work—you can win, if you will;
Fate never has picked out the winners,
And one cannot win sitting still.
The surest way to spell success
Is by the sweat of your brow,
For with Patience and Perseverance
You're bound to win out somehow.

Work—for life's in its morning,
And though night soon will be coming on,
Full many a task may be finished
By the last parting rays of the sun.
Work—so you may go contented
When you answer the Master's call,
For what you have gained without effort
Is little or no gain at all.

# GRAY DAWN

*By* J. C. Bailey

DORIS was a school teacher. She was just a girl, bobbed-haired, slim, and graceful. She loved her work. Nothing pleased her more than to sit at her desk before a room full of bright-faced boys and girls. Of course, the boys would sometimes throw spit-balls, and the girls would pass notes, but Doris knew how to manage them; her specialty was boys and girls. A stern look from her would always set the room in immediate order; but for Doris to look stern, it was necessary for her to set her face in a peculiar way to keep from smiling.

It was Doris' second year as teacher at Fair Oaks. When she had come there the year before, she was just out of college. Teaching was a new experience for her, but she had found her work, and she entered into it with an eagerness that won the admiration of all who knew her. Everybody loved her. The boys of the village worshipped her. When she would pass along the street, in her trim little school dresses, they would cast sly, bashful glances at her, and tip their caps in awkward confusion. On her way to work each morning, she seemed to skip rather than walk. Every inch of her lovely figure was alive; the spirit of youth was in her every movement. She was a thing of grace and loveliness.

Now, there was a certain boy in the village —Hal was his name—who, upon the first sight of Doris, felt the thrill of her beauty —a kind of thrill that he had never before experienced. In fact, Hal had never had any experience with girls. He looked upon them as beings of a different creation from mankind. He was of a serious nature, and lived mostly to himself. Since his graduation from high school, he had worked in the village grocery store. At night, he would go early to his room and there bury himself in his books. He read novels profusely. He would imagine himself the hero, and often he would fall asleep in his chair and dream of performing wonderful feats of strength and daring rescues. "Will a real live flesh and blood heroine ever come along?" he would often ask himself in his reveries.

At last, the heroine had come. Doris was the girl. She had completely upset him. He wished to make known his feelings to her, but just how to do this was the problem. Somehow or other, he couldn't find the proper method of approach. When he was in her presence, his voice seemed to fail him, and his lips just wouldn't say what he wished them to say. During the whole of Doris' first year in the village, he was not able to venture a word more than a greeting.

However, finally one day in the second year of her stay in the village, the problem was solved. Doris entered the store and he hastened to serve her. When her purchases of dainties were complete, summoning all possible courage, he managed to stammer: "Miss Stoneman, may I call on you tonight?"

"Why, sure, Mr. Cameron," she replied with a pretty smile. "Delighted."

In order to conceal his happy confusion,

Hal turned hastily to serve another customer; but that night, arrayed in his Sunday's best, he knocked on the door of the teacherage.

And so the romance began. Hal's visits became more and more frequent, and it soon became known throughout the village that Hal and the prettly little school teacher had up "a case."

The time of the year was spring—just the kind of spring that always comes to the quaint, picturesque little village of Fair Oaks, —roses, birds singing, and the kind of mellow sunlight that warms the soul and makes one see the beauty in the most common of things. School was dismissed for the day. Doris was sitting on the front porch of the teacherage in the warm sunshine. The bees hummed drowsily around the old wisteria at her right; across the lawn was wafted to her the smell of newly-turned earth; a big, yellow butterfly flitted by, and almost kissed her cheek with his velvet wings; a tiny sparrow chirped on the lowest branch of the apple tree. Nature seemed at its best that spring day, but somehow or other, Doris was unmindful of all this beauty. Her thoughts were of Hal. It would soon be time to go away for the summer, and in spite of her brave efforts, there came to her a feeling of sadness.

"Do I love him?" she questioned herself. "Yes, I am sure that I do. He is such a nice boy, but I—I—I can't marry him. His salary is too small. We must wait."

Hal, too, had been thinking over this same matter. Every day, behind the counter, he racked his brain for some plan to increase his salary; but the village was small, business was dull; there seemed no chance for him to get a few dollars ahead.

Vacation time came. Doris went away for the summer. Hal would never forget their last night together.

The next day at the store, he moved mechanically. When the work of the day was done, he walked slowly down the street to his room. His friends hailed him, but he returned their greetings with only a slight lift of his hand.

At his room, he fell into a chair, leaned over on the table, and buried his face in his hands. Finally, he straightened himself up, drew some paper from the drawer in the table, and began to write. When the letter was finished, he threw himself across the bed and slept.

The summer moved slowly. Each day Hal would receive a letter, and at night he would write one in return.

One day, however, upon going to the post-office, he found no letter there. The old postmaster, peeping over his spectacles, noticed the look of disappointment in Hal's face as the boy turned away from the window.

This happened again the next day, and so on for a week. The weeks ripened into months, but still there was no letter from Doris. Hal continued his nightly letters for a week, and then he gave up in despair.

It was the first Friday in September. The Fair Oaks school would open on the following Monday. Hal had heard one of the trustees say that Doris was expected to arrive on the morning train the next day.

"Shall I meet the train?" he asked him-

self. "Yes, I must see her once again," he answered his own question.

As he stood on the station platform the next morning, and heard the whistle of the approaching train, a slight tremor ran through his frame. He felt the blood mount to his face. There was a sound of squeaking brakes, and the train came to a halt. Hal, looking toward the door, saw Doris spring upon the landing. He ran up to her, and seized her by the hand.

"Come out to the house tonight, Hal," she gasped, as though almost out of breath; and then, before he could answer a word, she suddenly turned from him and almost fled down the street. Hal, half hopeful, half afraid, turned toward the store.

The harvest moon hung over the steeple of the old weather-beaten church as Hal crossed the village square that night on his way to the teacherage. His step was lighter, and he managed to whistle a tune, the first in months.

At the door of the teacherage, he had the same feeling that he had experienced on his first visit. Fearing the worst, he knocked. Doris threw open the door. She caught him by the arm, and led him into the parlor, where she seated him in the most comfortable rocker. Then she drew her chair up close to his and began in a quivering voice:

"Hal, forgive me. I knew you didn't understand. Will you listen? Here is my story:

"I had a very eccentric old uncle, who had never married. His health was very bad, and he came to spend the summer with us. His nerves were always on an edge, the slightest noise would almost send him into hysterics. Every day with growing discomfort, he would notice your letter among the mail.

"One night he called me into the library. I could see in his face that he was greatly disturbed. He closed the door behind us. So terrible was the look upon his face, I almost wanted to scream. For some minutes we sat there in silence; then he startled me by asking me if I would sign a pledge, stating that I would never write or speak to you again during his lifetime.

"I didn't know what to do, Hal. I loved you; I knew that my happiness depended upon that love. But knowing his age and the condition of his health, I begged him to give me until morning to decide. To this he agreed.

"I did not sleep any that night. 'Must I obey my elders, even though my whole life's happiness be at stake?' I asked myself.

"When I arose it was not yet dawn. The slight rain that had been falling through the night had ceased. I dressed myself, and walked out into the garden. For some time I wandered aimlessly about, shaking the raindrops from the roses. A ray of light fell across the garden walk. I looked up. The morning was dawning, misty and grey. The rising sun made a brave effort to break through the clouds, but only managed to send forth a single ray. Then he hid himself again behind the veiled secrecy of the fog. I discovered that I was cold. I was shaking from head to foot. Suddenly, I turned around, ran into the library, and signed the pledge.

"The first few days were miserable enough,

Hal; but when your letters stopped coming, I thought I could bear it no longer.

" 'He loves me no more,' I told myself. 'Oh, if I had not signed that hateful pledge!'

"Three weeks ago Uncle Henry died. When his will was read it was discovered that he had bequeathed to me the sum of thirty thousand dollars; and now, Hal, if you still love me, next spring when school is out, we can be—er—"

"Married," said Hal, completing the sentence.

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# 'TIS HIS WILL

*By* J. A. McCain

I.

Why the rain? you want to know.
Some will say the crops must grow.
Others say makes rivers flow
That factories may ever go.

Some will fuss about the wet,
Causes mud and makes them fret,
Creates floods and much regret,
With colds and coughs the health upset.

II.

Why the sunshine? you may ask.
Adds a smile to life's great task.
O'er earth's misfortune puts a mask,
In it the world may brightly bask.

Does cause much heat, some will say,
Makes unpleasant summer's day.
Burns the hard-worked crops away—
A grave misfortune is sun's ray.

III.

Then you question: Why is man,
Mighty ruler o'er all land?
Wonder deeds done by his hand.
Brave! Religious! Worthy! Grand!

Some will say at the first birth,
Man has been a curse to earth.
Crooked deeds and nasty mirth;
Waste and pillage! Murder! Dearth!

IV.

Rain and sunshine, drought and clouds,
Man and beast, this earth enshrouds;
All before one Maker bowed,
Or with whips of sin are cowed.

Everything does burn and kill,
Or hopes brightest does fulfil;
From greatest mount to smallest rill,
God has made it! 'Tis His Will!

# IN BEHALF OF THE GIRL OF TODAY

*By* T. M. Nelson

A WOMAN'S VIRTUE is the measure of a nation's worth. Decay in womanly virtue means disruption of national progress and ideals. A mighty nation must have within its borders a beautiful and inspiring womanhood. Think of the broad scope which is included in these statements, and it is obvious that the most powerful and influential single factor in world progress is woman. With each succeeding day the proverbial "hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" becomes re-emphasized. And, indeed, what man is there, who predominates either politics or business, who does not have as his co-worker an inspiring and understanding woman? Woman has always been goodness incarnate, and to attack her is to attack the hope of happiness of the future man and the ultimate happiness of the world.

Today, however, a climax has been reached in the minds of many. If the rising womanhood is morally degenerate and fails in duty, will not the most advanced of nations soon begin to retard? If this accusation, which is hurled by many, be true, then rightly our country will soon decay; but the glory of the womanhood of America is not fading. It is only recently that she has risen from her long submissive state, and has put into practice those dormant talents with which the Creator blessed her, together with the man. She long has been thought incapable of receiving advanced education, and lesser in natural endowment than man; but today the unprejudiced world has hailed her as man's equal. Is it then surprising that she takes advantage of her new freedom? Is it strange that she should waver from the modes of living by which her mother lived? Is it not only natural that she have a new code of morals, a new vogue of apparel, and an advanced curiosity and desire?

But some men hail this new freedom, this advancement, as moral degradation. As a rule, are they not the old fogies who live in and idealize the yesterday? What fair-minded, understanding person condemns the apparently foolish actions of the maiden? There is existing between the young man and maiden of today a mutual understanding, a comprehensive spirit. The suggestive actions, which are interpreted as such by the elders, are not the same in the eyes of youth. Man and maiden understand and confide as never before. A brother, of nearly the same age, will idealize his "flapper" sister. It is only those boys, yet young and foolish, jealous of their sisters' greater endowment, or disappointed in a "love affair," who wish they had no sisters, and condemn them. What is becoming more common than the close attachment of brother and sister? Is this not the greatest and fairest test of a girl?

It is only those people, daring to outrun the conventional social code, who have been the means of social advancement, and always these people have been hailed as grossly im-

moral. Today, girls are having the same accusations hurled at them because they dare to defy conventionalism. Thank God, we have some people, and always have had a few, who were possessed with God-given courage to obliterate established custom. What is man but a slave, bound by the blind chains of custom and tradition, possessed with a mind to reason, yet doomed to death by conventionalities? The world realizes now the great contributions to advancement which the persecuted "immoral" people of old made; yet, will they blind themselves to the present conditions, and condemn the heralds of advancement?

In condemning the modern girl the elders leave it understood that the present-day girl is inferior to the previous generation. Inferiority is a companion of condemnation. How preposterous an idea! Mentally, physically and spiritually, the modern girl is superior to the older generation—mentally in the sense that the mind is being trained and applied as never before. How proficient is the girl in the professional schools! What a leader and manager she makes! It is only through a superior mental endowment that she is able to vindicate her morals, and to retain the coveted position of pure womanhood, which is continually attacked by many. What better example of superior mentality do we wish for than in the way which the modern girl influences and overcomes the fears and prejudices of her elders? Witness her masterful writings, her superior management of school affairs, her propensity to make friends—all tending to emphasize the marvelous development of the once dormant womanly mentality, and to show how perfectly obvious it is that the mentality of the modern girl is superior as a whole to that of the previous generations.

The girl of today has released herself from the mode of fashion which checked the physical development and strength of her mother. Her dress has enabled her to reach the quintessence of her physical beauty. Her apparently foolish actions and restlessnesses are accounted for by her excess of physical energy. How happy, how free, how full of laughter and sunshine she seems with the break from conventionalism.

The girl of yesterday had certain definite rules concerning her modes and ways of living, but the girl of today is unable to obtain non-conflicting, definite ideas of Religion. She must judge for herself what she thinks is right, and live according to her ideas. How true and sincere she has been to her new and apparently radical thoughts. To remain true through such a trying period of conflict and doubt is a great and true tribute to the God in woman.

To condemn woman is to condemn the hope of world progress. What could be more contradictory to actually existing conditions, when the world is seaching for truth as never before, and "God is Truth?" Never has the world been able to hope for such marvelous manifestations of the Creator's work as now. Hand in hand with any form of progress must go the progress of woman. How optimistic we should feel about, and eloquent in our praise for, the present-day woman. Through the trying pioneer days of our development the glory of American womanhood has shone

with the brilliance of the morning star; on through the ensuing days of trial her beauty has blossomed and bloomed as the Rose of Sharon, a beauty which inspired men to defy death in an ultimate hope that woman would continue to be reverenced, and to lead men on to duty. Today, she continues to hold her place as the central point around which all things rotate. Her love is the final goal of every man's dreams; her beauty reigns supreme; her soul is the implement for God's hand to manipulate.

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## "AMBITION"

*By* Harold M. Patrick

Magnetic force, penetrating the inmost recesses of one's being and drawing out the best contained therein.

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Challenging voice, calling one ever onward to a higher and nobler life.

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Coaxing spur, pricking the sides of man's intent, urging him to undertake gigantic tasks.

Clarion call, arousing drowsy hopes and languid ideals into vivacious activity.

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Flaring signboard, pointing the way to one's fullest possibilities.

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Savor of boyhood, producing the leadership of the world in thought and deed.

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Divine gift from the hand of God, arousing man into a full realization of his abilities.

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## CONFLICT

*By* Ed Gregg

STUMBLING through deep drifts of fresh snow with a despairing, eager energy, hopelessly lost, and without food or ammunition, Jean DuBois pushed forward—ever southward, he thought—mechanically and unconsciously grasping a now useless rifle, his mental faculties dazed and wandering through lack of nourishment, and his strength ebbing fast. The snow-shoes, rude, unwieldy things made of spruce, bent into oval shape and interlaced with a webbing of deerskin, the feet being fastened by leather thongs, creaked and crunched, creaked and crunched, with each movement of the man's wearied legs. To the half-crazed Jean, it seemed that the whole universe was but the void of that awful silence of gray sky and dazzling snow, broken only by the monotonous creak and crunch of the snow-shoes. For centuries, it seemed, he had been living in a white vastness, with nothing to break the utter sameness of the scene. Everything seemed frozen into icy immobility, against which he alone struggled in vain.

Suddenly he reeled drunkenly, and seized his head in his huge, bony hands. What! A bell? Where? He laughed eagerly, childishly, and clapped his hands together. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"—the echoes from the blank wall of snow laden firs and spruces mocked him derisively. He ran forward wildly and frantically, shouting until his voice died away to a wheezing murmur. The bell! The token of civilization, of men, of food! The hollow emptiness of snow and sky and forest appalled him. All was still and grim and silent.

The man, gaunt from hunger, his eyes red and swollen, slowly crumpled to a sitting posture, the realization dawning upon him that the sound of the bell was but an auricular delusion, occasioned by the overwrought state of his nerves. He began to sob violently, with fierce, spasmodic movements of his body, and his whimpering voice betrayed the utter helplessness of his situation.

Something cold and wet forced itself through his clenched hands and touched his face, and something warm and moist licked his cheek. Slowly, he lifted his head, and gazed into the deep, amber eyes of Rex, a huge, shaggy dog of no particular breed, whose gaunt frame and articulate ribs betrayed the fact that he, too, was without food.

Thus Jean DuBois, bully of Canadian lumber camps and now a hunted murderer, found himself in a despairing, hopeless situation, and thrown into the comradeship of a brute of as shady character as his own. But there was one redeeming feature of Jean's calloused soul, and that feature was the affection he held for his shaggy companion. He had loved the brute since that night, many months before, when Rex had saved him from a wretched death among the ice-floes of the MacKenzie River.

For several minutes man and dog eyed each other. Then the gnaw of hunger in the man's vitals caused a momentary gleam in his bleared eyes, or some expression of his inner thought betrayed itself in the lineaments of his face, for the huge brute retreated a step, baring his yellow fangs in a warning snarl. With a quick movement, the man clutched the hilt of the knife in his belt, but made no effort to draw the weapon. Both remained motionless, each suspicious of the other, and each betraying in his attitude an uncertain, indefinite, wavering intention. To both came the urge of that most fundamental of instincts—the desire to live, to survive. Food was necessary to sustain and replenish the flickering flame of life, and before each was flesh, warm, hunger-appeasing flesh. And so they faced each other in that awful void of whiteness, in that eternity of silence, with the snow-laden trees and lowering gray sky closing in upon them—the brute with yellow fangs bared, the man clutching the bone handle of his hunting knife.

But the unexpected happened—

"Mon Dieu, Rex! Qu'est-ce la? Non, non, impossible! Moi, je meux premier. You feel belly den!"

The dog, hearing his master's voice, closed his dried lips over the yellow fangs, and gave an eager, puzzled whine.

"Ici, mon enfant. Me yo' frien'. Venez!"

At first the dog made no move. He seemed uncertain and hesitant, eyeing his master

doubtfully. His ears pricked forward as if to catch some clue of the man's intention by an inflection of voice or suggestiveness of tone. Something urged him to seek the affectionate hand of his master, but he remained stiff legged and belligerent. He feared the keen blade of that knife in Jean's belt, and, too, another instinct urged him. The fierce gnaw of hunger might drive him suddenly into a madness to kill and satisfy the craving, and the whisper of sensual appetite is strong in the mind of a brute. Conflict raged in the small brain.

Then, in the midst of these confounding instincts rose another instinct—an instinct handed down to him by generations of canine ancestors—an instinct born of many centuries of association with mankind—the instinct of loyalty to his master, to the white god whom he worshipped and revered.

Slowly, obediently, the huge, shaggy beast crept forward, his gaunt belly dragging through the snow, a low, expectant whine on his lips. Inch by inch he drew nearer the waiting man, whose outstretched hands welcomed his contact. Soon he was beside Jean, who patted him affectionately and whispered in his ears. The brute responded, and licked the man's face and hands caressingly.

"Sacre Bleu!" exclaimed the Canadian, "C'est bon, Rex."

For a long while they remained thus, the great jaws of the beast resting across the man's emaciated neck. The feeling of comradeship was the only feeling of warmth and comfort in that universe of chilling, dazzling whiteness.

Suddenly the dog raised his ears, and the man grew rigid.

"Damn!" cried Jean. "Lupine!"

Far away in the distance came a weird, quavering sound, trembling through the stillness and bearing the presentiment of danger. The hunger cry of the wolves! Man and dog had heard, and they both leaped erect, their weakened bodies reeling under the strain of sudden exertion.

Again the man floundered through the snow-drifts, followed closely by the plodding dog. Mechanically, now, Jean raised his leaden feet, and the snow-shoes creaked and crunched, until the sound seemed to fill the world with an exasperating hollowness. For the man, eternities melted into eternities, and space ran into infinity, but still he plodded forward, with but one idea predominant in his chaotic mind: To escape that dreaded cry.

Dog and man, now faced by a common fate, were knit by ties of loyalty and companionship that hunger might never break. When Jean paused to rest—and he did so often now—the big dog always crouched by his side, his huge head in the man's lap, and his shaggy body trembling from weakness and fear.

At last, with a bitter laugh on his lips, Jean fell headlong, completely spent in nerve and muscle, and Rex, barely able to drag his gaunt frame, managed to cover the body of his master with his own shaggy form. Not so far away now came the cry of the pack, as the hungry brutes neared their prey and nosed the fresh scent. But Jean was un-

conscious, and the huge dog had but the strength to bare his fangs and give vent to savage snarls at each cry of the pack.

"Hola!" shouted someone, suddenly coming upon the forms of Jean and the watching dog. "What's this? Hell and damnation, it's Jean DuBois and his damn cur! Hey, Drayton, you and Barten get your rifles ready and put a stop to those infernal wolves when they make that bend. Hurry! I'll take Mr. DuBois into my custody."

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# "JULIUS CAESAR"

## (An Asylum Interpretation)

*By* VINCENT D. PADULA

### Characters

**Anthony,** one nut.

**Caesar,** another nut.

**Cleopatra,** played by one of the Asylum guards.

**Brutus,** another nut.

**Shylock,** the merchant.

**Casca**
**Cassius**
**Ligarius**
**Cimber**
**Cinna**
**Trebonius**
} Brutus's gang.

### ACT ONE

**Scene 1.—Rome. A Street.**

(Enter Brutus and Cassius.)

Brutus—The beginning of the end has come. Tonight thou art to corral the gang. Caesar is ambitious. We must save Rome. Rememberest thou when Rome fiddled and Nero burned?

Cassius—Aye, aye, my lord.

Brutus—But that shall happen again not. We must punch Caesar in the nose. Casca joins us this noon in the Senate house.

(Enter Soothsayer.)

Soothsayer—Beware the Hides of March.

Brutus—What sayest yonder knave?

Cassius—He sayeth what I knoweth not.

Brutus—I thought he did. 'Tis well. Tonight we send a telegram to Cleopatra. Mischief, thou art set a-foot.

Cassius—'Tis so, Brute.

Brutus—Plant thee here until Caesar passeth. I shall hie me to the Colosseum and see Daniel play with the Lions. Taketh thou the license number of Caesar's Ford and call up the Merchant of Venice so that we can find out how much tin is worth.

Cassius—Thy command is respected, most honorable Brutus.

(Exit Brutus.)

Cassius—Thinkest me I better go to yonder Cafeteria and eat before the dirty work beginnest.

(Exit Cassius. Enter Caesar, Anthony, and attendants.)

Caesar—Sayest thou the truth, dear Anthony?

Anthony—'Tis so, Caesar. Catiline journeyeth yonder to Gaul and reporteth that the natives are striking for a tax reduction.

Caesar—What thinkest thou? Should we reduce taxes?

Anthony—Nay, should we do this, the coffers we could never fill. Besides, Nebuchadnezzar threatens in the East, and Pompey refuses to battle.

Caesar—Yes, the government is going kerflop.

(Casca enters and walks hurriedly across stage. Exits.)

Caesar—Yonder goeth one of the knaves who are scheduled to kill me at the Senate house on the morrow.

Anthony—Is tomorrow the Ides of March?

Caesar—Aye, my friends.

Anthony—Then I must hie me home and prepare my speech.

(Exit Anthony. Enter the Merchant of Venice.)

Caesar—How art thou, Shylock?

Shylock—Pretty well, most honorable Roman. I hearest that thou refuseth the crown.

Caesar—Aye, 'tis so. I thrice refused it.

Shylock—But realizeth thou not that the crown is worth five million Russian rubles?

Caesar—Thou art a regular Jew, swine.

Shylock—Business is business.

Caesar—Hie thee hence, Jew, to thy pawnshop and silence thy mouth.

Shylock—Aye, honorable Roman. (Exits.)

(Re-enter Anthony)

Anthony—My lord, the conspiracy is formed. Thou art to appear at the Senate house on the morrow before the clock strikes ten. Brutus and the gang are sharpening their knives.

Caesar—Aye, sir.

Anthony—Forget not your words, honorable Roman.

Caesar—I will not.

(Exit Anthony. Enter Cassius.)

Cassius—Where is thy Ford, Iuly?

Caesar—I tradeth it at yonder garage for a Rolls-Royce.

Cassius—Remembrest thou that tomorrow is the Ides of March?

Caesar—Aye, I do.

Cassius—Well, be thou at the Senate house. We must not disappoint the people. (Exit Cassius.)

Caesar—I must call up Anthony. I have forgotten my words. (Walks over to Public Phone Booth.) Hello, Central. Give me 299. Hello, is this Burnett's? Well, tell the dish-washer, Anthony, that I must converse with him. What! He has gone to the Rex Theatre with Napolean? Terrible! He had a date with me at the Senate house to prepare the scene for my murder. 'Tis terrible. Knowest thou whether Cleopatra broadcasts from Carthage or Phillipi tonight? Nay, I am not Alexander; I am Caesar. Well, tell Anthony that he must meet me after the show. (Hangs up receiver.) Mischief, thou art a-foot; my nephew, August, shall revenge my death if he arriveth before July.

(Exit Caesar.)

(Curtain)

## ACT TWO

### Scene 1.—Ides of March. Inside of Senate Chamber

Caesar (addressing Senators)—Friends, Romans, countrymen! I am here today because I am here.

Brutus—Let us give three cheers to our most honorable chairman.

Senators—Boo-hoo.

Caesar—I appreciateth your applause, gentlemen.

Brutus (to Cassius)—Hast thou thy knife handy? Methinks we shall cut his throat before schedule time.

Cassius—Nay, Brute, the Spartanburg police might scatter us and the conspiracy foileth.

Brutus—But thinkest thou not that Caesar is ambitious?

Cassius—Aye, 'tis so, but he seizeth not the crown until the foot-ball champions are announced. Caesar awaiteth until the fund for homeless grasshoppers be completed.

Brutus—Aye, 'tis so.

Caesar—In behalf of my better half, I wish to make half a remark.

Casca (to Brutus)—Methinks he's out of his noodle.

Brutus—Hark thee, Casca, methinks he visions pink elephants.

Caesar—I shall now speak on the German Border.

Casca (to Brutus)—I am sureth that Caesar is out of his noodle. How can he speak on the German Border when he is here in Rome?

Caesar—The Border question decideth itself. Macbeth threatens to bear down on us with a forest. To be or not to be, that is the question.

Trebonius (to Brutus)—Art thou ready, Brute?

Brutus—Aye, art thou Ligarius?

Ligarius—Aye, and so art Cimber and Cinna.

Brutus—'Tis well, gentlemen. Await thou until he steppeth down to receive the proscription list from me.

Caesar—Hast thou the beheading scroll, Bruty?

Brutus—Aye, Iuly.

Caesar—Hand it thou to me.

Brutus—Nay, Caesar, step thou down here and get it.

Caesar—Aye, so I will.

(Ceasar steps down to Brutus and Senators close in around him.)

Caesar—What doest thou all want?

Brutus—Hark, we must all kill thee.

(All stab Caesar.)

Caesar—Et tu Brute?

(Caesar falls and dies dead.)

(Curtain)

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## ACT THREE

### Scene 1.—Roman Forum

(Conspirators standing on steps of Senate house. Brutus addresses multitude.)

Brutus—Fellow sufferers, we have killed Caesar because he was ambitious.

1st Citizen—Methinks he telleth the truth.

2nd Citizen—Aye.

3rd Citizen—Aye.

4th Citizen—Long live Brutus, our liberator!

Multitude—Long live Brutus!

(Anthony enter[illegible] walks up to Brutus.)

Anthony—Most honorable Brutus, wilt thou allow me a word o'er Caesar's body?

Brutus—Aye.

Anthony—Then hie thee and thy gang away from hence. (To attendants) Fetch Caesar's corpus hither! (Exit attendants.)

1st Citizen—Methinks he preparest to shoot us a line.

2nd Citizen—Aye.

(Attendants re-enter with Caesar's body. They throw it at Anthony's feet.)

Anthony—Friends, Romans, countrymen!

1st Citizen—Methinks he obtaineth that line from Brutus.

2nd Citizen—Aye.

Anthony—Lend me your ears.

1st Citizen—Thinkest thou not that Anthony is cuckoo? How can we lend him our ears?

Anthony—

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him,
The evil that men doeth flops with them,
The good is oft left in their homes.
So happeneth to Caesar.

1st Citizen—He has reason in his thought.

2nd Citizen—Aye, he has sounds in his words.

Anthony—

The crooked Brute
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a mischievous fault,
And mischievously hath Caesar made it.
Here, without leave of Brutus and his gang,
For Bruty is a dishonorable man;
So are they all, all dishonorable men—
Come I to quack in Caesar's presence.

1st Citizen—Meknowest he shooteth a line.

2nd [illegible]—Meknoweth likewise.

Anthony—How [illegible] How bad! (Runs onion over his eyes to produce tears.)—Boo-hoo.

1st Citizen—He soundeth like he laugheth.

2nd Citizen—Aye.

Anthony—He hath left you all some pecunia.

1st Citizen—Methinks he speaketh with reason.

2nd Citizen—Aye.

3rd Citizen—WE must avenge this deed.

Multitude—Aye, let's hunt Brute and his gang now.

Anthony (softly)—Mischief, thou art on my foot; stick all you want.

(Curtain)

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## ACT FOUR

### Scene 1.—Cleopatra's Palace.

(Cleopatra lying on floor. Attendants.)

C.—Bruty cometh to see me tonight. I have received a Western Union Telegram.

(Enter doorman.)

Doorman—Your royal shyness, Brutus awaits without with his army.

C.—Show them within. (Takes royal snake and wraps it around her neck.) Do your bestest, snaky, charm him.

(Enter Brutus. Both men of his army follow.)

Brutus—How art thou, Cleo?

C.—Fine, Bruty. How art thou?

Brutus—Not so good. Tony and August are following me with their entire armies. I must meet them at Phillipi on the morrow.

C.—What hath happened?

Brutus—We stabbeth Caesar before schedule time.

C.—Oh, how terriblest!

Brutus—Aye, 'tis even worser. I cannot even be in time for the World's Series.

C.—Aye, 'tis so, Bruty.

Brutus—Lendest thou me car fare, so that I may meet them at Phillipi.

(Curtain)

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## ACT FIVE

### Scene 1.—Quarters of Brutus at Phillipi

(Brutus and his officers are in the dug-out, conversing.)

Brutus—We fighteth them as soon as they dresseth.

Casca—We cannotest.

Brutus—Whyest?

Casca—August is not come yet. We are now eleven to ten.

Brutus—We musteth. Anthony sayeth to his men that the Switzerland Navy cometh here soon, and will forceth us off the field.

Gang—Aye, 'tis so, most dishonorable sir.

Brutus—Therefore, hie thyselves hence to the battle-field, while I goest to fetch my brass knuckles.

(Curtain)

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### Scene 2.—Battle-field

(Both sides are fighting desperately. Brutus watches battle through opera glasses. Cimber is at his side.)

Cimber—What seest thou, Bruty?

Brutus—Methinks I see the battle.

Cimber—Are we winning?

Brutus—What color are we?

Cimber—Brown.

Brutus—Nay, but we are gaining. The quarter-back hath just made a five yard gain. The score board registereth 0-0.

Cimber—If he couldest only get through.

Brutus—'Tis too bad; Anthony tackleth him every time. (Gives start of surprise.) What is this I seeth? Anthony is knocked out; Casca runneth to the goal; he toucheth down safely; the last quarter is up; we have won the battle!

Cimber—Rah, rah, rah!

(Curtain)

# REMINISCENCE

*By* Ed Gregg

When sweet sleep enfolds the city and the moon begins to wane,
To my bed there drifts the memory of that quiet, sequestered lane,
Shaded by long rows of elm trees, whispering in the summer breeze.

Down that lane once more I'm carried, perched upon the family shay,
Living o'er those hours of boyhood, radiant as the dawning day.

And again I see my mother, sweet and lovable of face,
Waiting at the door to greet me with a mother's fond embrace.

Slowly from his chair my father rises with paternal care,
Fondles me, his only boy, with affection that we share.

And I see the sunset deepening to the purple hues of night,
Kindling all the West with crimson, magic colorings of light.

From the fields there wafts a sweetness of the hay but lately mown,
Settling like a benediction, with an incense all its own.

Then the draping night dips downward from the star-besprinkled sky,
Calming, soothing, easing labor that seeks rest with heavy sigh.

Yellow gleams! The lamps are lighted, brightening all with radiant cheer—
Hush! a sound of saintly singing—'tis my mother's voice I hear.

Now the house is still and silent, sleeping peace pervades the hall;
Gentle slumber wrapts the household, healing labor's bruises all.

Once again I see the hillside sparkling in the morning dew
Like a fairy land of jewels, shot with diamonds through and through.

But alas! those days have fled me, happy hours I'll live no more,
Past recalling, past returning, with their richly cherished store.

Pensively have I resigned me to my fate of later years,
But those memories cluster thickly through the haze of yearning tears.

# OLIVER GOLDSMITH

*By* H. M. Gilbert

IN CONSIDERING GOLDSMITH, it is well to gain some light on his unusual life, in order to understand and appreciate fully his works. His whole career is that of an irresponsible and inconsistent genius, yet lovable, in spite of all. He was born in the village of Pollas, Ireland, the son of a poor rector. After attending various schools, where his rating was unsatisfactory, he entered the University of Dublin. Goldsmith was wretchedly poor, but that troubled him little. The few shillings he earned by writing ballads were usually squandered or given to beggars, rather than to the paying of his debts. After various escapades, on one occasion nearly starving, he graduated in 1749. Upon the persuasion of his family, Goldsmith studied theology two years, and was rejected from the ministry. After failing as a teacher he truned to America. He was given money to go, but missed his ship, and after a while returned home, without a penny. The next year he went to Edinburgh, ostensibly to study medicine, but in reality to wander as a vagabond over Europe. Returning, he went to London and there spent several years in an effort to make a living as a physician, teacher, and comedian. Gradually he drifted into literature. "The Citizen of the World" and some of his essays were the first things to bring him any real reputation. Johnson became interested in him and declared him to be "one of the first men we now have as an author." Under the influence and through the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith became a member of the famous Literary Club shortly after "The Traveler" made its appearance. The poem is reminiscent, in part, of the experiences of the author, and was hailed as one of the finest poems of the century and the best work since Pope.

Two years later came "The Vicar of Wakefield." His fame was now assured and money came to him liberally. However, his large unselfishness and extravagance always left him poor. In 1774 he died, and Johnson placed a tablet in Westminster Abbey with an epitaph, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man," said Johnson, and the world has thus accepted him.

Goldsmith is given a high place among the romantic poets, because "The Deserted Village" is one of the most familiar poems of our language. The poem owes its popularity to the sympathetic memories it awakens, rather than to its poetic excellence.

Of the early writings of Goldsmith "The Citizen of the World" is the most outstanding. "The Traveller," though little read now, made Goldsmith's reputation among his contemporaries. The reflection of much of his life and impressions is here apparent. This poem also shows the early influence of Johnson.

Though written in a mechanical style, "The Deserted Village" is filled with human sympathy. It was particularly popular with the common people, voicing, as it did, the revolt of the individual against institutions. The

couplet form of the poem does become monotonous, but the human interest aroused in the portrayal of the characters of the country teacher and the parson serves to overcome the monotony. It is justly said that Goldsmith was a "hopeless dreamer," seeing everything in a purely idealistic way.

The play, "She Stoops to Conquer," has had a deserved success on the stage. It is among the few plays that has never lost its popularity. A comedy of intrigue, it presents lively scenes and absurd characters, and still holds the attention of modern theatre goers.

Home life is given an enduring romantic interest in "The Vicar of Wakefield." In this, his only novel, Goldsmith made a very interesting story out of material that, in other hands, would have been impossible. Discarding any touch of romantic passion, intrigue, and adventure, upon which other novelists depended, and using, instead, the moral sentiments about family life as the center of civilization, Goldsmith has succeeded in making this one of our greatest stories.

A part of Goldsmith's greatness is due to his versatility, for he was an essayist, poet, novelist, and dramatist. Moreover, his versatility was not mediocre. His essays rank with those of Addison and Lamb. He is gifted with the fine polish of Addison and adds a touch of human sympathy of his own. His comedies fulfilled the primary requirement of "making an audience laugh," and he is one of the few who has ever written a comedy that is still popular after a century. The poetry of Goldsmith is notable because of his "Deserted Village." But Goldsmith was greatest as a novelist. He did much to purify the early novel, and his given us, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," one of the most enduring characters in English fiction. Although the manner of Goldsmith shows the influence of Johnson and classicism, in his makeup he belongs to the new romantic school. "He is altogether the most versatile, the most charming, the most inconsistent, and the most lovable genius of all the literary men who made famous the age of Johnson."

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# A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN OF "1820"

*By* Vincent D. Padula

FAR BEYOND the powerful tentacles of the law, in the remote and mountainous region of Virginia, lay a valley that cast a gripping influence over the territory. Whispering Oaks, an aristocratic settlement, nestled in the center of this lowland, with curling, black smoke issuing from the many chimneys of the structures that formed the village.

Early dawn of the spring day slowly crept over the region and the seductive rays of the powerful sun, that seemed like a heavenly spotlight perched far over the eastern horizon, chased the sinister shadows far into every nook and crevice of the bordering hills.

Far off in the distant fields, the colored plowmen were tramping, singing their slow teams onward; wagons clattered and

rolled noisily along; the heavier carts crawled and rumbled slowly over the roads, followed by loud shouts and rippling peals of laughter as the bondservants exhibited their gayety; several picaninnies played tag, dashing around the slow-plodding beasts of burden, and bursting forth in cries of joy whenever they caught or cornered one another; the mammies trudged light-spirited beside their husbands, cheering them with gesticulating conversations, smiles and topics of interest; and the barking dogs led up the rear, turning occasionally from their route to put terror into the heart of an adventurous o'possum, or to race a rabbit far over the hills into an unexplored tunnel or into a thick section of shrubbery.

The feathered folk warbled, chirped, and blended their melodious notes into glad tidings, and flew here and there, chasing one another over the fields, seeking their morning meal; bats fluttered desperately about, seeking shelter in some evil crevice of the crests that dared defy the brilliancy of day; rabbits bounded gracefully and greedily to their favorite patches of early vegetation, but always straightening an ear to sounds; squirrels raced cheerfully down from the trees and dug in the ground where the previous autumn they had diligently stored their winter supplies, entirely guided by instinct; herds of deer suddenly appeared on the hill-sides, cautiously seeking their morning sustenance before man should frighten them from their grazing territories; wild-cats, sly and treacherous, remained in the trees under concealment of thick boughs, and shrewdly watched the antics of smaller creatures before they dared venture forth to kill and devour their prey.

As the sun arose higher in the eastern skies, beautiful butterflies, large and small, entirely glorified in the many artistic colors applied by the hand of nature, made their appearance and fluttered from one plant to another; while honey-bees and bumble-bees buzzed their presence and tireless toil.

Then a distant hill attracted attention. On its crest a large dot moved closer and soon took shape into a sleek brown stallion and its rider. As the horseman galloped down the hill-side, one could identify him as a Virginian gentleman by the clothes he wore.

He dug his spurs deep into the flanks of the horse and quickened the beast's gait down the divides. A few moments later he appeared again on a closer crest, paused a moment as if undecided how to proceed, then gazed towards Whispering Oaks. 'Twas plain to note that he meditated deeply, and eventually he bit his lips in agitation, followed by a snarling countenance like that of a tiger; then a crazed look ran over his face, and he laughed like an idiot. Even the stallion, scenting something unusual in its master's emotions, snorted, swerved, and plunged, until checked by a tightened rein.

The man swung his giant form on the saddle to gaze behind, cocked his ear to listen; then, satisfied that there were no marauders, he turned, bowed his head low, and again fell into a spell of haunting reflections. He muttered some words, "Ruth," being the only word that was coherent, and his tone was a combination of consternation, remorse, and anger. He knitted his eyebrows

together, and his eyes peered sharply from beneath his rugged brows. The stifling, calm atmosphere of the hill-side, where no hustle-bustle of the village or fields found admission, was so intensely quiet that one could detect the dry creaking of the saddle leather, and even the rustling of the winds.

Eventually he straightened again in his saddle, raised his eyebrows, hands, and shoulders in a combined gesture, eloquent of unconcern; then lashed his steed unmercifully with a smarting whip, and fairly flew further down the slope. Soon he arrived at an old, deserted, stage-coach road and Indian trail, and this he followed. It penetrated a thicket and through this he urged his steed.

A few moments later he arrived at a location entirely destitute of all shrubbery. Here he dismounted, tied the reins of his mount to a sappling, lifted his eyes and hands in heavenly appeal, and his strong frame shook with emotion. He took out a time-piece and stared at it nervously. A moment later the idiotic emotions conquered him again, and his antics were those of a cornered rabbit for a few moments. Then followed a gesture as indifferent as the rest. He gritted his teeth, and his face darkened several degrees with a savage scowl.

"God, my God!" he muttered with despairing eyes gazing heavenward, in a voice entirely controlled with consternation and remorse. "God, my God! you can't do this. You must put reason in his heart. You must let him see that I am innocent. I care not to cross swords with him, God; let him see through his folly."

After this the gentleman bowed his head low and muttered a prayer. Then he straightened again, swayed to and fro in abject despair, and walked a few steps into the large clearing. He threw himself on the ground and buried his face in his hands. In this position he remained until the echo of thundering, galloping hoofs penetrated his ear. He gave a start and lifted his head, shaking in manifest alarm.

From the distance several horsemen approached, and the gentleman arose. As they came within view, he could identify them all. An old withered man led the way, and three gentlemen rode side by side, cool and undaunted.

When they arrived within hearing, the stern and angry voice of one of the gentlemen in the rear rang through the stifling calm. "What is the meaning of this—your being without seconds?"

The lone rider shook his head bitterly and kept a worried glance riveted on the party, until they dismounted and approached him. "I do not need them," he said. "I trust in your honor."

The party's speaker, with a pistol in his hand, approached closer to him and scanned him with a scowl. "You have neither pistol nor sword," he remarked scornfully. He waited to see how this would upset his opponent, but the challenged gentleman stood silent. After a brief pause, the second spoke again. "Does this mean that you show cowardice?"

"Armstrong," flashed back the first angrily, "I came here with the intentions of fighting a duel, and by the Christ I'll do it. You do me an injustice. I trust in your honor,

enough to fight you with a pistol of your own, and will even cross swords if you so care. You must not forget," he added defiantly, "that I have never passed a challenge in my life."

The challenger curled his lips in derision, and an audible sneer ran around his group of followers. Then he spoke, and his words seemed like the devil's. "I will fight you with pistols. Doctor Baldwin has brought another along. I shall allow you quarters, although I came here with the sole intention of killing you on sight, you dishonorable son of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The remark changed the cool countenance of the lone rider into violent fury with tempestuous suddenness. It aroused every pulse of passion in his nature and an impulse of beastial desire to strike his tormentor a violent blow in the face entered him. But the refreshing breeze of an easterly wind, rustling and whistling through the bordering thickets, cooled his temper, and he instantly realized the hazards which such an action would offer.

"I accept your challenge, sir," he said as quietly as his anger would permit.

" 'Tis settled, then," sneered the other. Then he turned to the others behind him and addressed one. "Sir, kindly loan your pistol to our defenseless friend," he said sharply.

"Take care, sir!" warned the lone rider.

The other faced him with a sardonic laugh and a contemptuous look on his rugged features, but remained silent.

"You are forcing me to this," continued the first in fury. "You have insulted me for the last time. The clan of Joyce has always protected its honor, and always will; but I swear I did not perform the vile deed."

"Sir, I came here to fight you and not to listen to your whimperings," harshly flung back the challenger.

"You hardly realize what you are saying, Armstrong," retorted the lone rider wildly. "You already know that I am willing to meet all those who dare insult me, and I am willing to clash with you should you wish it. But let me tell you that you have treacherous friends, who are only awaiting us to clash; and, they are the real cowards." He paused to cast a defiant, scornful stare at those behind the challenger, "And if any of them want to make this argument their own, I am willing to satisfy them."

Another audible sneer ran around the group to whom this remark was directed.

"Joyce!" roared Armstrong, "You shall suffer for your boldness. Give him the pistol!" he cried, as he faced Baldwin.

The lone rider appeared wild and indignant, but it was useless to protest further, when all faces were covered with derision. He bit his lips nervously, then snatched the pistol.

"You will let Thompson start us in action?" snarled Armstrong.

"I care not," growled Joyce, his face growing very dark and lowering.

" 'Tis well, then. Thompson," he said sharply to one behind him, "you have heard?"

The one addressed nodded.

A few moments later, the belligerents twirled around from distant locations and faced each other. Armstrong's hand flashed

to a level with his shoulder and his pistol was directed point-blank at the form of his opponent. Joyce raised his arm with tempestuous suddenness also. For a second both took calm aim. Then a shot reverberated through the atmosphere—Joyce gritted his teeth in agony—but the quiver in his wounded arm was not enough to prevent the trigger of his pistol from moving. Another shot pierced the calm. Armstrong staggered and with a groan fell on his back. A cry of dismay arose from the others who were witnessing the duel, as the dashed to the prostrate form of Armstrong.

Joyce stared like one bewildered with the unexpected for a moment, then turned down his coat collar, and threw the pistol towards the despairing party. Walking firmly to his mount, he clutched the reins in his hand, flung himself on the beast, and directed its course away from the scene of his kill—his combat for honor.

A few minutes later the horseman and stallion were again diminishing in size, and soon a dot was all that showed of the valiant aristocrat, as he darted across the crest of the divides and vanished.

---

# THE FALL OF THE OAK

*By* Ed Gregg

Deep within the heart of night,
Lit by the lightning's eerie flash
Reflected 'mongst the swarming surge
Of convoluted cloud,
Bent the great mountain oak
With shreiking boughs and branches tossed
Like giant, groping arms.
Groaned the rough and gnarled trunk
In agony, beastlike in sound,
And voicing every plaint and woe
That murmurs through the world;
Tumultuously, the thunder rolled,
And echoed 'mongst the bulging folds
Of black cloud, tempest driven.
Then, sharp and sudden, one blue bolt
Of vivid lightning seared the sky,
And reaching struck the tree.
With long pent force and savage rush
The gale drove furiously;
And pausing, like a soldier struck
By leaden messenger of death,
The blasted sentry of the hill,
Amazed, crashed down the slope.

# WOMANHOOD

*By* VINCENT D. PADULA

ONE DAY as I gazed from my dormitory window in Wofford College, I saw the spirals of Converse College, a group of buildings nestled out on the eastern hills of Spartanburg, amongst a group of sheltering trees. And I drew a conclusion that this is a permanent dedication to womanhood and the Southern gentleness of femininity; a memorial that dares defy all other institutions to compete in such a production of refined and educated maidens; an institution that is doing as much, if not more than any other, for the welfare of the South Carolina government; and one that draws the wandering eye of the traveller to seek its history.

Womanhood, that which directs men to their destiny, that which spurs men to further ambitions and desires, that which locks hands at the altar in a promise of love and devotion, is a production of Converse. From here graduate those of understanding who realize their responsibility to the world. From here the enhancing eye of romance beckons many a youth to its walls. These flowers, reputed and known the world over as a close rival to cotton as the main production of South Carolina, whose fore-fathers suffered, bled and died for a lost cause, bravely and nobly look forward to meeting their obligations to civilization as did their mothers during the Civil War. Therefore, how can one ever say that South Carolina, the land of promise, sunshine and romance, is not greater than a northern state in which commerce and finance rule? South Carolina has happiness and promise before her; her people love nature, her patriotic sons and daughters are ambitious, but gold is not their desire. Yet, one might think that the Northern States are far better off; but if anyone nourishes this belief, I shall dare to discredit it, for, as I have lived in the North and have studied conditions there, although I am not an authority, I believe I am sufficiently experienced by travel to take voluntary liberty of condemning this statement. To support my belief that nature is far greater than wealth, I shall give an example from each territory in this controversy.

A man of New York, whose mind is full of the worry and greed to increase his wealth, whose brows are wrinkled with the serious lines of daily struggle and turmoil, whose wife cannot see anything in this world except the prospective success of her mate in the world of finance, whereby she can gain all things she desires, is always looking forward to more gold. But is this happiness? Nay, nature can never be appreciated unless it is studied in the open. All the books in the world cannot picturize a region which she might witness in all its grandeur. She may journey to the country for a brief rest in an attempt to dodge the hustle-bustle of the metropolis, the electric trains roaring their way under ground, on street level, or in the air, the congested traffic, where perpetual din from horns and shrieking whistles follows the endless lines of motor cars diving in and out among elevated street structures, the

bright lights of Broadway that fascinate the pleasure-mad throngs who have forgotten their God; but she cannot study beauty of nature and sunshine. Her mind wanders to the perpetual motion of the big commercial district; her restless form cannot endure the peace and enhancing sunshine that nature offers, although she seems to appreciate the brief vacation. She seeks artificial lights; her ways are artificial. Her vacation proves to be a bore and strain; the quiet deadens and kills her spirit. She goes forth on a rest because the word "vacation" is a fascination, but she cannot enjoy it, although she may say it was recreation. She understands nothing of beauty, although she prides herself in her ability to make-up. Little does she know or feel the struggles of the red-blooded men and women whose diligence has placed the clothes and furs on her back. Little does she know how beautiful cotton appears on the stalk before it is flung before her in the form of cloth. Little does she know how majestic and stately are the aged forests that have built her home. She knows the power of the dollar, but nothing else. She is ignorant of everything but her greed for fame and gold. She exhibits the ornaments and jewelry that her money has brought her, but she cannot truthfully state that she knows in what forms nature has presented these. Publicity and wealth are the heights of her ambitions.

Then we turn our cogitations back to South Carolina living. We can gaze far over the region and perceive the curling smoke issuing from the warm, cozy homes—real homes. No matter how rude the structure, it is where the occupant turns his steps at the end of working hours. Regardless of his position, he works earnestly and with ambition, for he knows that when the day's toil is over, he trods to a place that means more to him than can all the recreation of the North. He need not go to a restaurant to eat, because his wife is not too busy with her vanity and can meet her obligations. He need not worry whether stock goes up one-half a point or drops to the gutter. He need not rush to the stock market in the morning, his heart a-flutter with nervousness and agitation, to find that several thousands of his dollars side-tracked to another magnate. Instead, his life is one of contentment. Upon his return home, wife and the children welcome him back with the warmest of greetings, and the radiant look on his wife's features, even were he stone, would soften his nature. And his children — real loving children — real cheerful urchins and daughters, who bounce on his knees while he sits in his cozy arm-chair after a hearty supper enjoying his cigar, and pop him with questions and statements that youngsters love to do. Who can say that wealth is greater than all this happiness?

His wife is the true sweetheart of the Palmetto State. She suffers and carries out the duties as faithfully as did her mother, in an endeavor to convey happiness and joy to her husband and children. How lovingly she nourishes the baby from her breast and rocks him to sleep with a mother's sweet lullaby, while daddy stays in the kitchen, explaining to Johnny and Teddy the reason why they must obey mamma during his absence, and narrating an adventurous tale of his dear

childhood, that finds eager and interesting listeners. Then the urchins burst into rippling peals of laughter and show daddy how they work their new wrestling trick, while Elaine and Lucy lift their heads from their textbooks and laugh at the antics of their brothers.

Then mamma trips into the kitchen, her heart beating against her breast in exhultation at the merry scene that greets her laughing eyes. As soon as the party is conscious of her presence, the children automatically turn, run to her, and fling themselves into her outstretched arms. Daddy gazes at the scene in delight—a mother with loving children grouping around her for good-night kisses. And daddy smiles—a sincere and devoted emotion—for his wife to him is the priceless bloom of America—the flower of South Carolina.

# Wofford College Journal

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## EDITORIALS

### Youth

Who has not remarked and observed the life history of the butterfly, that dainty, gorgeous insect that flits in the sunlight of a spring afternoon and hovers near the bursting flowers? Its only dream seems to be to live beautifully and happily, contrasting its own irised hues against the delicate tints of the rose and violet and carnation and hyacinth. First, that same glorious insect was but a wriggling, sprawling worm; then came the chrysalis stage, and the lowly worm wrapped itself in a silken sheathe spun from the excrement of its own body. For a period, apparently, it ceased to live; then the cocoon fell asunder, and a burst of mingled color, azure and flame and golden, emerged from the crude shell and drifted through the sunlight and shadow that checker the earth on a May afternoon.

Not so, the human life! Rather the reverse. For youth, the bright flowering and


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ardent flame of life, passes away forever with the advent of years, and old age creeps on, with its wrinkles and gray hairs and faltering limbs. This order of existence is deplorable; the worse instead of the better part of life marks the end. Youth is the glorious burst and flush of color; manhood is the chrysalis stage, the period of business cares and anxieties, the isolation of the cocoon, so to speak; old age is the worm stage, a period of incumbency and growing weakness.

Would that the order of human existence were like that of the butterfly! What joys might not fall to youth, saved for the later years and enriched by the garnered store of wisdom's wealth! Youth, as it is, is young and lacks the experience of a long life that has discovered the real values of things and has ceased to be duped and wheedled by appearances.

### Friendship

This world would be a vertiable hell if it were not for the function and offices of friendship. Friends are invaluable, because they understand and appreciate and encourage. Let a man be what he may, thief, murderer, rogue, saint, it matters not, he is so much more a man when he has about him those who understand him and in whom he may safely confide.

The man who shuns the society of human beings is either a beast or a god. If he is a god he has no business here among us earthly creatures; if he is a brute he should betake himself to all fours and grunt and snarl with the rest of his kind. Most of us are very sociable beings; we are happiest when in the midst of those we call friends and companions. That is why we have so many social gatherings.

All of us have our periods of doubt and depression. We call such the "blues." A cheery word, a hearty slap on the back, an encouraging suggestion, puts us back on our feet and we return to normalcy again. Were it not for the comforting feeling of hominess that friends give, few of us would care to live; we would lose faith in ourselves, faith in those about us, faith in our destiny. Such is generally the case when men kill themselves.

The beauty of friendship is that it is a constant process of giving and receiving unconsciously. If we give to our friends the best that lies in us, we receive in return the best that they possess, and all are benefitted. No one is so strong as to refuse the steady prop of appreciation from those about him.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

REVIEWS—

1. Concept.
2. Criterion.
3. Winthrop Journal.

We acknowledge receipt of the following college magazines: "The Concept," "The Winthrop Journal," "The Criterion," "The Carolina Magazine," "The Chronicle," "The Aurora," "Verse."

### "The Criterion"

We were rather disappointed in the October number of "The Criterion." However, it has several redeeming features. It is not

as well balanced as it should be, containing only one sketch and no plays.

Of the poems, "Begin" and "To a Violin" seem to be the best. The former is forceful and arresting. The latter carries us into the world of music, and we fairly strain our ears for the notes of the violin. These two poems are fine. Let's have some more of them! "Moon Worship" and "To the Black Bear Trail" are very good. "Our Family" is a little awkward. It doesn't seem to belong where it is as much as in a weekly paper.

"Vespers" is a beautiful sketch, extremely well written. It is fine, R. C. Give us some more like it! A few more sketches would certainly have helped the October "Criterion."

"The Evolution of the Press" is a well-written esay. The subject is presented forcefully and the essay is "to the point." "The South Carolina Indian" is another good essay. The subject is well chosen, and the writer seems to know her material. However, it contains some very awkward sentences. We heartily agree with the author of "On Mathematics." It is well written, and is a good plea for the cause of mathematics.

The story, "Titles," has a rather hazy beginning, but after getting into it, we are carried along in a very interesting and unique manner. "When Hopes Come True" seems to be meant for a story, while in reality it is only a synopsis. It has no plot, but is well written. "The Call of the Shell" is a rather vague story, containing some very awkward phrases. The author has tried to cover too much in a few words.

And now the old question as to whether a literary magazine should contain a humor

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section. We think not, but if they **must** be included, why not get some **good** ones?

As a whole, the material in the October "Criterion" is good, but it lacks a play or two and a few more sketches to round it out as it should be. It would have been better had the jokes been left out.—C. I. C.

---

### "The Concept"

In the Converse "Concept" for October, we find an intermingling of poems, sketches, short stories and two one-act plays. This array presents a well-balanced magazine, but one or two essays would have provided the necessary efficacy that seems lacking. The editorials of advice to Freshmen are timely and afford much food for thought. It is interesting to note that Converse graduates and the present editor of the "Concept" have made quite a reputation as poets and writers.

The introductory poem, "My Day," while a little discordant, is pleasing. "Color," a poem, is a delightful little picture; beautiful, but not realistic. "The Glad Heart" is an expression of the beauty of the night and the joy of living. The poems show much sentiment and underlying thought that is worthy of merit.

The two plays are well written, claim human interest, and, while exhibiting a touch of humor, yet present an excellent sidelight on human nature. "The Head of the House" is, it seems to us, a little overdrawn and the end is too sudden to do justice to the well-rounding of the plot. We commend the author of "The Confirmed Prohibitionist" for originality of plot development. The play

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is interesting and has enough action to invite close attention.

In the short story, "Fiesole," we find excellent character portrayal. The characters are not visionary, but are real. The plot is developed in a smooth manner, with a nicety of nature description thrown in. To our mind, by far the most outstanding short story is the one entitled "Mrs. Smith Lives a Day." The writer shows a pleasing familiarity with the subject and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

"Rainy Days," a sketch, gives a realistic rainy day picture. A tinge of meloncholy is evinced in "The House of Happiness." A picturesque description of an old homestead near the sea is rendered, and the fond memories attached to it.—H. M. G.

---

**"The Winthrop Journal"**

We commend the staff of, and the contributors to, the "Winthrop Journal" for this unusually well-balanced and well-rounded number of the magazine. Considering the fact that this is the initial issue, we give much credit to the staff for their splendid start, which shows that they are on the job and are securing the cooperation of able, versatile writers.

The October issue contains eight poems, four essays, three book reviews, two sketches, two editorials and one play. In our estima-

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tion, such an assortment is practically perfect in proportion and balance.

In the poem, "Autumn's Gold," the writer gives us a delightful picture of the harvest season. The description is colorful and vivid.

"The Realism of Jane Austen" is an essay both well-written and indicative of the writer's familiarity with the works of the famous novelist. We commend the workmanship of the composition.

"Clouds," as a poem, is a bit trite and borders on effeminacy. The general tone is characteristically feminine and easy. It lacks intensity.

In our judgment, "Laureates of the Moor" is the best essay of this issue. The narrative method of introduction is skilfully employed and adds greatly to the interest of the article.

The poem, "New Moon in Autumn," is softly picturesque. The last line, however, has a slight jar, a discordant note, that weakens the effect of the whole.

"All the King's Horses" deserves praise as a well-developed story, though the plot lacks an ingenuous complication to heighten interest and bring sentiment and emotion into conflict.

"Quiet Things" is poetic in conception. The poem is a creditable piece of work.

"The Thread of Romance in Fiction" is especially to be praised for its polish and phraseology. It shows a careful, discriminating use of words and studied sentence structure.

"But After" depicts real feeling. As a poem it is clear-cut and forceful, giving vent to an emotion universal—disappointment.

"Masks Off!" is a story, the ending of which, we think, a bit weak, though the conventional "and they lived happily ever after" type is used. The plot is too simple and lacks that vigorous clash between characters that adds so much to the human interest of the story. In other words, the characters are

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not real; they are puppets, dancing to the will of the writer.

The essay, "Mr. Wells See It Through," is an unusually well-developed article, full of interest and instructive. Mr. Wells is indeed a personality worth study and analysis.

The poems, "What are the Bright Stars Seeing?" and "Fireflies," have no outstanding qualities or faults. In "Fireflies, we cannot see the author's idea of fireflies as "dewy, dancing heads."

In "The Creek Strip" the writer has given us a splendid picture of the poor type of rural life. However, the dialect is a bit inconsistent and might be improved.

"In the Eyes of the Law," a one-act play, is commendably handled as regards plot building. We believe, however, that Sarah should have had one redeeming good trait to offset the harsh and sinister brutality of her nature.

"To a Poet" is fairly good, but after several readings we are still unable to see the author's purpose, the desired effect to be produced.

The two sketches, "At the End of the Road," and "Why the Fairies Left," are especially good. The first is a gripping portrayal of hopelessness and despair, perhaps too melancholic in tone. The second is a delightful delineation of sentiment, childish fancy and vision, touched upon skilfully, with the sad theme underlying of a childhood gone forever.

Among the editorials, "What We Talk About" is a very interesting article from the masculine viewpoint. It is a very frank avowal of feminine love for lingual exercise in age-old gossip. "We Who Are Unfortunate as to Have Ideals" strikes a different note. In a sense it is beautiful as an idealistic conception of ethical living. We would, however, substitute the more vigorous word "ambition" for "ideal," since the latter usually connotes the imaginary and unattainable.—E. H. G.

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To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

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A. M. Law
Jno. A. Law
Wm. A. Law
F. L. Liles
J. D. Owen
L. W. Perrin
M. G. Stone

# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Introspection (Poem) | J. T. Hair | 80 |
| The World Court in Operation (Essay) | R. C. Major | 81 |
| Ever Near (Poem) | G. Staples | 84 |
| Mother (Poem) | J. C. Bailey | 84 |
| Misconstrued (Story) | J. P. Carroll | 85 |
| On the Majesty of Swamps (Poem) | B. P. Ramsay | 87 |
| She That Wasn't (Story) | E. H. Gregg | 89 |
| Cui Bono (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 91 |
| American Aristocrats (Travelogue) | C. T. Gay | 92 |
| A Young Man's Problem (Essay) | T. M. Nelson | 96 |
| Last Night (Poem) | H. M. Patrick | 99 |
| Sunset (Poem) | David McFerran | 99 |
| The Singer in the Gloom (Story) | J. E. White | 100 |
| Free Verse (Poem) | H. M. Patrick | 103 |
| Because of Thy Caress (Poem) | B. P. Ramsay | 103 |
| The Letter Box (Feature) | J. P. Carroll | 104 |
| Night (Poem) | David McFerran | 105 |
| Guilt (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 105 |

Editorials—

1. Christmas Spirit ..... 106
2. Laughter ..... 108
3. Are We Bound for Intellectual Decay? ..... 109

Exchange Department ..... 113

# INTROSPECTION

*By* J. T. Hair

I

When days are gray and moods come o'er you,
  When earth her smiles have changed to frowns;
When life its tragic courses shows you,
  And vanquished hopes' sepulchral mounds,
When night winds wild moan legends sad
  Instead of rippling songs of mirth,
Despair not, friend, chafe not your soul,
  For life's too short here on the earth;
And all there is to mortal life
  And things we see or hear,
Is just a little bit of laughter,
  Just a little bit of tear.

II

As years glide on, and snows of time
  Lightly through life's landscape blend,
And shoulders, once so broad and firm,
  Beneath the Reaper's burden bend;
Do not dread the final voyage
  'Cross the unknown, mystic mere;
To peace eternal sails your ship.
  So set your sail, for yet I fear
That all there is to mortal life
  And things we see or hear,
Is just a little bit of laughter,
  Just a little bit of tear.

# THE WORLD COURT IN OPERATION

*By* R. C. Major

(Winning essay in contest for best article on the World Court)

THE WORLD TODAY is much concerned about the question of future wars. Far-sighted men of all nations are turning their thoughts toward some means of securing world peace. The Permanent Court of International Justice is a bright spot on the clouded horizon that marks the present state of international affairs.

In order to gain a broad conception of the scope of this Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court as it is called, and its work, it may not be amiss to go back and briefly trace its history from the beginning.

In 1899 the need of an instrument to settle international disputes without recourse to war was acutely felt, and the first Hague Peace Conference met to establish a court which should satisfy that need. The result of the conference was The Hague Court of Arbitration. Even at that early date, the American delegates to the Conference urged the establishment of a permanent court of justice rather than a court of arbitration, but they were ahead of their time. The Court, as established, is composed of four judges from each country, making a body of some one hundred and twenty. Only five of this number take part in determining any one case. This instability of the judiciary is partly responsible for the Hague Court's lack of success. The fact that it has heard only fifteen cases, largely of an unimportant nature, since its establishment in 1899 is evidence that The Hague Court has not been a success. The largest factor to contribute to its failure was the very nature of its work. It aimed at compromise, at conciliation, rather than at the administration of justice according to law.

At the second Hague Conference in 1907, in view of the limitations of the Old Hague Court, an attempt was made to establish a new body—The Hague Court of Arbitral Justice. This attempt failed, and from that time until 1920 nothing more was done in the cause of world peace.

In Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, a Permanent Court of International Justice was provided for. The Council of the League called a committee to draw up plans for a court such as the Covenant of the League looked forward to. This committee was composed of the most prominent jurists of the world, including one American, Senator Root. The committee met at The Hague in 1920, and after working for some five weeks, submitted to the Council a draft which was ratified by the necessary number of states in the League.

However, the Council, before presenting the draft to the several nations, amended it on one most important point. The committee had provided that it should be obligatory to submit to the Court for decision any dispute over:

(a). The interpretation of a treaty.

(b). Any question of international law.

(c). The existence of any fact which, if

established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation.

(d). The nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation.

(e). The interpretation of a decision rendered by the court.

The Council struck out this clause, making it obligatory only to abide by the decision of the Court when a case of the above nature was presented, and making it optional to sign an agreement to submit all such cases to the court. Some twenty-three of the smaller nations have taken advantage of the option. It is characteristic, however, of the larger nations to refuse to agree to compulsory arbitration. It is this unwillingness of large countries to sacrifice any of the prestige due to their size that is continually blocking progress toward the outlawry of war.

The Court, as provided for, consists of eleven judges and four deputies, elected for a term of nine years and subject to re-election. They are elected by the Council and the Assembly of the League, acting separately, from a list nominated by The Hague Court of Arbitration. If the Council and Assembly disagree, and a joint session fails to effect an agreement, the judges already elected fill the vacancies from among those who received votes in the Assembly or in the Council. The judges are chosen regardless of nationality, but no country can have more than one man in the court. The judges receive a competent salary, and enjoy full diplomatic privileges.

From these facts about the election and maintenance of the judges, one can perceive the permanence and stability which give the World Court such an advantage over The Hague Court of Arbitration.

A very vital element in the power and influence of the court is the calibre of the men elected as judges. They are recognized as the world's greatest jurists, men who are thoroughly acquainted with the principles of international law and who, more than any other group, should be free from narrow prejudice. The United States does not belong to the Court, but an American, John Bassett Moore, is one of the judges. The League has shown extraordinary broad-mindedness in its election of judges.

It is the duty of the Court "to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it," and to "give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or the Assembly" of the League. The Court will evidently have more work to do than The Hague Court of Arbitration in interpreting and deciding disputes about the numerous treaties which have grown out of the peace settlement.

In deciding disputes, the Court applies the general principles of international law, international conventions and customs, and the judicial decisions and teachings of the most highly qualified publicists of the various nations. It differs from, and is superior to, the old Court of Arbitration, in that it hears cases and decides them according to their idea of law, while the Court of Arbitration tried only to conciliate nations and not to dispense justice.

Any nation, whether it is a member of the

court or not, can submit a dispute for settlement. One condition has to be met by any country which does not belong to the League or was not a signer of the Versailles Treaty. This condition is that the nation in question deposit with the registrar of the Court a declaration accepting the Court's jurisdiction in accordance with the terms of the Covenant and the rules of the Court, and engaging to carry out the Court's decision in good faith and not to have recourse to war against another nation that obeys it.

English and French are the official languages of the Court, but other languages are admitted if the Court so desires. The first president of the Court was a noted member of the Supreme Court of The Netherlands, Judge B. C. J. Loder. The president, at present, is Judge Max Huber, a Swiss jurist.

The Court meets at The Hague in the Peace Palace, which also houses The Hague Court of Arbitration. It has one regular meeting every year, beginning on June 15, and as many special sessions as are deemed necessary. The Court is financed by funds received from the League of Nations. Some idea of what the Court costs may be obtained from the League's budget of 1923 and '24. In 1923 the Court received $299,888.20; in 1924, $237,311.57.

Although the League of Nations is directly responsible for The World Court and much of the Court's work is done in handing down advisory opinions to the League, membership in the Court is not synonymous with membership in the League. Membership in the Court is open to any nation which shall adhere to the protocol of the Court.

The World Court met for the first time on January 30, 1922. At this meeting the Court formulated its rules of procedure but did not function as a court. It will be recalled that the Court's activities were divided into two groups—settlement of disputes submitted by nations and advisory opinions about questions submitted by The League of Nations. At its first regular session on June 15, 1922, the Court handed down to the League three advisory opinions, none very important, and all connected with the International Labor Organization. Since its first regular meeting, the Court has held three regular and five extraordinary sessions, including the one called on October 22 to consider questions referred to it by the League Assembly concerning Mosul.

The Court has delivered in all six judgments and eleven advisory opinions. I think it hardly necessary to go into detail about all of these.

The first judgment concerned a dispute between the Allied Powers and Germany; the second and fifth, a dispute between the British Government and Greece; the third and fourth, disputes between Greece and Bulgaria; and the sixth, discussed at the last regular session, concerns German rights in Upper Silesia. This last case, due to some complication, is still pending. The advisory opinions were interesting but of no international importance.

The Court, then, has been reasonably active in its four years' existence; and it has given promise of a brilliant future. Its usefulness will be multiplied when the powerful nations feel a sincere desire to further the

cause of peace. At present, they want peace so long as it does not entail any sacrifice on their part. When they become willing to submit all disputes to a permanent body of judges who exercise nothing but the commonly accepted principles of international law, then indeed the World Court will come into its own. The Court's worth is dependent upon the work it gets to do. As a means of substituting law for war, it will be of value when it has the opportunity to settle the causes of war.

In view of the facts that membership in the League of Nations is not necessary to membership in the World Court and that the principles of the Court are so apparently in accord with those professed by the United States, it is difficult to explain why we are not members of the Court. Both President Harding and President Coolidge have advocated membership, but the Senate, that ultra-conservative body, has always refused to consent to a plan which would adhere closely enough to the Court's protocol to be accepted by the court. The question will come up again in the session of Congress that opened some days ago. It is quite possible that the United States will stay on the outside until international law is codified. That remains to be seen.

---

## EVER NEAR

*By* George Staples

I.

I gaze upon the rosebud's frills,
  Upon the daisy's lace,
And then my heart with rapture fills,
  For there I see her face.

II.

Where'er I go, o'er hill or moor,
  O'er land from shore to shore,
Her lovely face shall ever be
  In flowers near to me.

III.

It matters not how far away
  The face I wish to name,
My love alone would make me say:
  "Let nature be her frame."

## MOTHER

*By* J. C. Bailey

You loved me who was base and low,
  O heart so quickly touched by pain;
You loved me who deserved no love,
  But hate and bitterest disdain.

You loved me when I stooped to sin,
  When baser passions ruled supreme;
You loved me when I was no man,
  But animal and beast unclean.

You loved me with a heart so pure,
  No shame could find an entrance there;
You loved me who had done you wrong—
  You prayed for me in every prayer.

O love so true, O heart so pure,
  I know that you'll forgive;
You'll help me yet my sin forget,
  A better man to live.

# MISCONSTRUED

*By* James P. Carroll

HOLMES, the eldest and favorite son of Mr. King, had for two weeks been out on the old family home-place. Mr. King and his brothers and sisters had, for many years, been intending, as the will read, to "divide the homestead into equal parts and give one part to each child." Mr. King, since he lived only thirty-five miles from the site, had been appointed three years before to employ surveyors and see to the division of the property. But time slipped by, and since Mr. King was an extremely busy man, he never had time to attend to his job. However, this summer he had reached a happy conclusion. Holmes was now nineteen. Why not send him to attend to the matter? This he did.

Two weeks later he received from his son a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"The property is fixed up all right. The American Surveying Company surely know their business. I have a plan of the division and will bring it home with me. By the way, I am going to stay down a few days longer. I am having such a bully time fishing and swimming that I hate to leave."

Mr. King chuckled as he read the message. "That boy is 'a chip off the old block' all right. Now I guess I had better telegraph the other children. They did not even know that I was having it done."

So saying, he wrote a message and telephoned it to the Western Union station.

"Western Union?" he asked. "Take this message, please. 'Homestead—divided—into—tracts—by—the—A. S. C.—We—are—much—relieved.

"Your brother,

"J. K. King.' "

He dictated the message very slowly so that is could be understood.

"Make seven copies and send them to the following:" Then he gave the names and addresses of his brothers and sisters.

About an hour later, messenger boys began to flock around Mr. King's office. The King brothers and sisters, upon receiving their messages, had informed their friends, relatives, and neighbors of its contents. Telegrams poured in from nearly every state in the union. Mr. King was overwhelmed. He set his entire office force to receiving and dismissing messenger boys. The telegrams read like this:

"Dear Brother:

"Accept our deepest sympathy. Although I cannot be with you in body, I am there in spirit."

"Dear Brother:

"We were shocked to learn of your bereavement. Will come immediately."

"Dear John:

"It is with great regret that we learn of the sad occurrence in your home. Please accept our united and sincere condolences."

Every one of the telegrams, and there was a grand total of forty, expressed sympathy and regret.

Mr. King was distressed. "What can it mean?" he asked.

The day passed by. Then friends and relatives began to arrive by the dozens. All put their arms around him and comforted him with tender words. "I know it is hard, but all of us have our sorrows." "This life is only 'a vale of tears'." "Trust in God. You shall be reunited when the great day comes." "You have only 'loved and lost awhile'."—these were some of the many condolences offered.

All the "guests" were gathered in one room. Tears and handkerchiefs were manifest. Now and then a pitiful sob was audible. Mr. King was speechless. He had tried to ask questions and demand explanations, but he was, in every attempt, cut short. "There now," some feeling soul would say, "we know, we understand."

As Holmes approached his home, he was surprised to see a great line of cars. He also noted the general mournful appearance of the place. Then he became frightened, and ran. He burst into the room where the crowd was gathered. There was a deathly hush for a moment. Then there arose a loud and universal cry. Women uttered the word, "Holmes!" and fainted. Men yelled, "It's he! It's he!" Prayers and wailings were offered up.

"Say, what's the matter?" queried Holmes anxiously. "Anything happened?"

"Oh, it's his ghost!" shrieked a feminine voice.

"Ghost!" said the incredulous Holmes. "Dad, what has happened?"

"That's just what I have been trying to find out for the last twelve hours, but no one will tell me," responded Mr. King weakly.

The tumult calmed somewhat. The more level-headed men regained their senses. The story was unfolded, bit by bit. The people who had recently consoled Mr. King now turned up their noses at him and became angry.

"Why did you send us that outrageous telegram? You ought to be arrested," said the infuriated John.

"I was merely informing you that the property had been divided. I thought you would like to know," responded the weak-eyed Mr. King.

"Property divided!" exclaimed John. "You said that Holmes had been killed by a train."

"Killed by a train?" gasped Holmes.

"Here, if you don't believe me, is the telegram I received," said John, taking a yellow envelope from his pocket.

Mr. King seized it with trembling hands and read:

"Dear Brother:

"Holmes dead. Divided in the tracks by the A. S. C. We are much bereaved.

"Your brother,

"J. K. King."

# ON THE MAJESTY OF SWAMPS

*By* Bertrand P. Ramsay

I.

O malediction of our mystic swamps!
Who says that their majestic depths are dreary,
Who says that their strong hearts are melancholy,
That hoary heads of mossy oaks are weary—
Come with me into their deeps and see your folly.
Show me where your meagre spirit romps,
But let me show the majesty of swamps!

II.

I am acquaint with St. John's sensuous bank
And with its myriad marshes, warm and dank,
Which like some dark-eyed, heart-sick Spanish maiden,
Waiting for her hillside lover, laden
With new adornments for her oriental
Couch, is pale and languishing on lentil
Seeds, while all about her courtyard hovers
A mighty host of fair and fickle lovers
Enchanted by her robes of silk and gold,
Singing songs of love and ventures bold,
Hoping by some gift or grace to win
The heart that's held by pledge in discipline.
But other roads I know are sandy grey—
The roads to Juniper and Don'hoo Bay.
Fields as speechless as the ashen souls
That passed this way and reached their heavenly goals,
Fields whose spirits linger near the touch,
And acres, heirs of many years and much,
Give me welcome on the mystic ways
That lead to Juniper and Don'hoo Bays.
Here a winter berry, brilliant red,
It left, as if the kindly thinking dead
Wish, by this token, to encourage me
To follow them beyond the boundless sea
Of life, and thru that metamorphosis
Called death, to know a new awakening kiss—
A life complete, and faith and love anew.
Wonders on the road to Donahoo!
Beside the marshes stands a long-leafed pine,
Towering, unrestrained by clinging vine,
Over our prosaic, common earth—

Above its miniature and humble birth.
It upward rises like some sacred spire;
It deeply ponders like some saintly sire
Upon the mystic road to Donahoo.
Mistletoe and fragrant bay-leaves, too,
A covey of partridges and squawking jays
Greet me on these mystic country ways.
The tumult they arouse within my breast
I shall not mention—for long silence best
In travail bears thoughts I can't analyze.
But sometimes—once or twice—with my own eyes
I've seen within the deeps of Juniper,
Among the cypress knees, the form of her
I know to be the majesty of swamps.
Her forehead high, her cheeks were prominent
And colored well: yet all my mind was spent
In musing on the calmness of her eyes,
As grey and lofty as December skies.
I've sat alone from early eve 'till far
Toward dawn, and gazing at the midnight star
Have seen such beauty there that tears have come;
I've wiped them dry, and been made speechless—dumb,
When I have stood upon a mountain height
And seen arise the virgin morning's light;
I've walked beside the star-lit living sea,
Wherein the waves are thoughtful, grand and free;
But nowhere have I found such majesty
As rests within the clear, grey eyes of thee—
Thou soul of Juniper and Donahoo!

III.

To look into her eyes is finding rest;
To praise her silence serene is to be blest.
So meditate on her, my soul; be calm.
Find for thy vexing cares, her soothing balm:
And at thy finding, sing of endless days
In one harmonious chord of constant praise—
While others sing a round of humbler lays
And are content, perhaps, with earthly ways.

# SHE THAT WASN'T

*By* Ed Gregg

THE TELEPHONE buzzed furiously, and a student passing by snatched down the receiver and sang out: "Laney Hall. Tell me your trouble."

"Let me speak to Joe Ingram, please," came a high, suspiciously feminine voice over the wire.

"**Joe Ingram!** Telephone!" yelled the sleek-haired youth, muttering in an undertone, "Damn such nuisance. Makes the second time I've called that sweet little Joe to the 'phone this morning. He's some sheik—with the flappers."

"Coming!" came the faint sound of a voice on the second floor, and down the stairs bounded a young college student whose face was unseamed by those deep lines of hard study prevalent among modern students.

"Thanks ever so much," he called out to the retreating form ambling listlessly on down the hall.

"Hello," Joe began.

"Why, hello, Joe," came the voice. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Why—er—yes, I think so," replied the boy, half confidently, hastening to add, "When are you going to let me come to see you?"

"Any time. Tonight if you like. But I don't believe you know who this is, and how are you coming when you don't know where I am? I met you night before last at the dance. Have you an idea?"

"Oh, yes!" fairly exploded the eager youth. "You were that swell blond from Greenville that got such a rush on the floor, and off, too. What a blockhead not to remember your voice!"

A suppressed giggle came over the wire, followed by the voice, "O, Joe, you were too damn drunk to recall anything much that night. I bet you don't remember when you kissed me right out on the dance floor, do you?"

"Listen," Joe began, "I know I was a bit tipsy, but I remember your face as well as if I were looking at you this moment. For the life of me, though, I can't recall your name. Funny how it slipped my memory—too much 'hip pocket' I suppose. I'm interested. Tell me your name, hear?"

"No, I'm not. You've met me and forgotten me in two days. I'll call you up some other time and—"

"Wait!" cried Joe abruptly, "I want to see you tonight. You said I might, but you won't tell me where."

"Oh well, you have such a bad memory you might forget to come. And if I do let you, I'll have to break a date with someone."

"Where are you now?" asked Joe.

"That's a little secret," came the reply.

"Well," Joe began, "if I can't see you, I can't. That's that. But—"

"Do you really want to see me bad?" temptingly.

"Indeed. I'm crazy to see you and—shall we go to ride?"

Again a mysterious giggle over the wire, and the voice continued, "Why, that's my number. Can you get a car?"

"Easily," Joe replied assuredly. "But where shall I see you?"

"Now listen, Joe"—and the voice was lowered—"I'm supposed to have a date, but I'm going to break it for you. I'll be at the Bluebell Cafeteria. Meet me there at eight-thirty sharp, and we'll hit the highway."

"Do you mean it?" queried Joe anxiously.

"I swear," came the answer.

Having bade goodbye to the mysterious girl, Joe raced back upstairs as hilarious as a school boy out of school. He was supremely happy, and in his own words, he was "sittin' on top of the world."

A few minutes later he dashed down the stairs again and called up the "U-Driv-It" station.

That night at eight-thirty to the second a Chrysler rolled up to the curbing in front of the Bluebell Cafeteria and stopped. An immaculate young man leaped out and hurried inside expectantly. The place was empty except for two portly old gentlemen with their heads together over a belated supper. Joe felt a bit uneasy. He walked over to the counter where a pike-faced individual, apparently the proprietor, was waiting.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the proprietor sharply. "Meal time is over, and we're fixing to close up. Sorry."

"To hell with supper!" retorted Joe. "I want to know if—" and he questioned the pike-faced proprietor in the hope of getting some information. The only answer was a curt, "No, I haven't."

Joe went out in a black mood, muttering maledictions under his breath, and heaping upon the unmaterializing flapper a fluent stream of well-put invectives, ever and anon aiming at himself a caustic tirade of satirical profanity for being such an absurd, egotistic, credulous fool.

At the edge of the curbing he stopped in blank amazement. The car was gone! He felt in his pockets for the key, but he had left it in the car. He turned half around and bit his lip. He cursed. He rushed back into the cafeteria, almost upsetting the table where the portly gentlemen sat. He snatched the telephone receiver and notified police headquarters of the theft. He cursed again. He was afraid to notify the "U-Driv-It" station.

After two hours of fruitless investigation on the part of three policemen, Joe was informed that no clue was to be found, but that every effort would be made to locate the stolen car by morning. The boy groaned. He was advised to return to the dormitory and get a few hours' rest, reporting at headquarters early next morning.

Mechanically the dejected "sheik" found his way to the campus and Laney Hall. Up the stairs he ambled hopelessly. He stopped before the door of his room, aware that voices within had hushed mysteriously at the sound of his footsteps. He pushed open the door and stood on the threshold.

A pandemonium of uproarious laughter greeted him, and he blinked his eyes incredulously.

"Take it easy, Joe; take it easy," said a light-haired individual cajolingly. "By all the

gods, you're a sheik with flappers, even those that don't exist!"

The reception committee underwent another spasm of outlandish hilarity until tears stood in the eyes of each and sides ached painfully.

Joe's face was blank.

"But the car?" he ventured.

"Is in the 'U-Driv-It' garage," solemnly informed the light-haired boy, only to be seized with another attack of side-aching, tear-distilling laughter at Joe's foolish grin.

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# CUI BONO?

*By* Ed Gregg

Is earth a speck of cosmic dust
That nurtures life upon its crust?
Is Life a tragic comedy
For gods to laugh at you and me?

Has human effort end or aim,
Or is existence Chance's game?
What the worth of this or that—
The tiny humming of a gnat?

Roses bloom to wilt away;
Hapless man returns to clay.
Cui bono?

Some have riches, some are poor;
Yon's a marquis—there's a boor.
These must suffer, those delight
In things of sensual appetite.

Freedom yields to License's beck,
Guilt with Innocence is decked,
Sin stalks forth in saintly dress,
Lust consorts with Love's caress.

Roses bloom to wilt away;
Hapless man has but a day.
Cui bono?

The good are blessed, the bad are cursed;
The bad are blessed, the good are cursed;
Adversity falls cruel and hard
Upon the glutton and the bard.

Life and Death, Death and Life,
Peace, Content, and hectic Strife,
Love and Hate and Joy and Pain
Mingle in a vast refrain.

Roses bloom to wilt next day;
Human life will pass away.
Cui bono?

# AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS

*By* Charles T. Gay

"SAY, TOM, once an Englishman asked an American if there were aristocrats in America."

" 'What are they?' asked the American.

" 'They are people who don't work, but live off other people.'

" 'Sure, we have 'em, but we call 'em tramps.' "

I well remember telling this anecdote to Tom as we trudged along a South Carolina highway headed for the wheat fields of Oklahoma and Kansas.

Having bid our Spartanburg friends adieu, we had left there a few minutes before noon of June 2, 1922, with army packs on our backs and forty dollars in our pockets.

We soon began to get rides in passing automobiles with such success that in a couple of hours we were well into North Carolina. While we were on one of these rides, a seedy-looking individual seated beside me on the rear seat glanced at my canteen with twinkling eyes. Finally he looked at me, with a knowing expression on his face, and asked, cautiously, "Whatja got in that bottle?"

"Water," I replied.

"Aw shucks!" was his disappointed exclamation. "I thought you had something to drink."

The next morning we left Asheville before sunrise. At eight o'clock, we were still "going strong" and enthusiastic, although we had walked nearly fifteen miles and had had no breakfast. We stopped at the home of the state road patrolman in an attempt to get something to eat. The lady who answered the doorbell soon gave us a medium-sized package wrapped in white tissue paper. About a hundred yards up the road we stopped to devour the contents. Imagine our delight and surprise to find that the package contained cakes, cookies, jam, biscuits, and a couple of apples.

Progress up until this time had been very slow, but a sixty-mile lift to Newport, Tenn. helped greatly to raise our average traveling speed. A few good rides put us about forty miles from Knoxville. It looked as though we could not get there by dark, as I had prophesied earlier in the day, but soon we were given a ride into that city.

In Knoxville we got a little something to eat, then we started for the country in search of supper and a place to spend the night. Before we had gone three blocks, two young men in an Oldsmobile touring car offered us a ride to Rockwood, over sixty miles away.

We arrived in Rockwood at 2:30 o'clock a. m., and started out to locate the railroad station, where our friends said we could spend the rest of the night. But we were soon lost in the heavy fog. Fortune favored us, however, and we were soon sleeping on the long benches of the station.

At daybreak, we were up and going. No stores or cafes were open, so we had to start out without any breakfast. After walking nearly all day, without seeing a single

sign of human habitation, we were exceedingly glad to glimpse a log cabin about a quarter of a mile from the road. As we approached the cabin, an old woman left her meagre washing to go inside. When we came nearer, a large shotgun—of an apparently sixteen inch bore—was thrust suddenly through a half-open window. And—well, we didn't exactly spend the week-end there.

Soon after that we were given a lift to Sparta. While en route, we met a travelling man, whose brother was a wheat farmer in Kansas. He told us that his brother was a good man to work for and that he was sure we could get work with him.

The next morning, after breakfast, we set out for a town some twenty miles away. After we had walked more than nineteen miles, we were picked up by a man who had travelled the same road over which we had walked. After an uneventful day, we arrived in Lebanon, a pretty college town, about thirty miles from Nashville.

Again we were fortunate in securing a supper, bed, and breakfast free. We became great friends of the family. When we left the next morning, we were presented with a quart of fine strawberries. We made Nashville by noon, but stayed there only long enough to see the capitol and to get something to eat.

A few miles out of Nashville we encountered a grizzly-faced old-timer squirting tobacco juice through his teeth in an accurate stream several feet long. He gave us a suspicious look and said:

"Wall, strangers, I don't know who ye be, but let me give ye a piece of advice—stick to the road and mind yer own business."

Considering the fact that men and dogs were trying to find a man who had just shot a revenue officer, we thought that the old man's advice was very good. In the next five miles we passed four cars parked beside the road. We were told that they belonged to revenue officers. In one case, as we approached a car, several men, grim-faced and armed to the teeth, came out of the woods which bordered both sides of the road as though they really meant business.

The following day's progress was slow, until the middle of the afternoon. While we were getting a drink of water at a tiny spring, we heard the distant roar of a speeding car. I thought that it would be useless to ask for a ride, but Tom hailed the occupants. The car, a Buick touring, came to an abrupt stop. As we piled in and gave our destination, Memphis, one of them, a young fellow, said, "Well, Buddies, I guess you are in for more than a two-hundred mile ride, because that is where we are going."

So it was that the following morning found us in Memphis. We were all so tired that it took us over two hours to repair a blowout that we had inside of the city limits. During our trip we had eaten practically free meals and had slept in beds three nights out of five. Our home folks had expected us to take at least two weeks to arrive at this city.

Having washed up at the "Y," we located some of Tom's people, with whom we stayed for two days. During our stay we saw most of the points of interest. One night we took

a trip up the Mississippi River on an old "stern wheeler."

After several days traveling, mostly walking, and having passed through such cities as Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Wichita, Kansas, we arrived in Hutchinson. We saw many harvest hands loafing about the town. That day the temperature went over 110 degrees in the shade. We hunted up a young man about whom some friends in Arkansas had told us. He found us a place to stay for the night and assured us that he would tell us later about some good places to work. We spent the evening walking about the town and around a small park a few miles out of town. Here many enjoyed the outdoor swimming pool, while others seemed to prefer the open-air picture show.

The following day we spent in getting to Stafford, Kansas. Four miles out of town, we stopped at a farm to get a drink. While we were working the pump, the farmer came back from town with his family. He immediately hired Tom and promised me a job with his brother-in-law. Since it was a little early for the harvest, we worked about the farms for our board.

After harvesting around Stafford for a week, we went to Rozel, where the brother of the salesman that we met near Sparta lived. We were immediately hired at four dollars a day and "keep." We were very fortunate in getting our transportation free and in losing only a half day's work.

One day, while I was watering a horse and a mule, the latter broke loose and ran into the barn. I went into the barn after the runaway, but being inexperienced with animals, neglected to close the sliding door. Approaching the mule, I seized the halter. He swung around with such force that both my feet came up off the ground; then he bolted for the door. As we went through the cross-bar caught me across the chest so that I was obliged to release the mule, which immediately ran into the big pasture. The boss came running up and marvelled that I had not gotten seriously hurt. After considerable difficulty we caught the animal and returned to work.

There are three ways of cutting wheat, namely: binding, heading, and combining. I was told that the first process is used almost exclusively in the Dakotas and Canada. It is the simplest of the three methods. The wheat does not have to be as dry or as ripe as it does in case of the other two processes. The wheat is cut with a long blade and tied into bundles of about twelve pounds apiece—according to the weight of the wheat and the density of its growth. The bundles are carried on the binder until four or five have been made; then they are dropped on the ground in long rows called "wind-rows." Often three binders are connected, so that three times as much wheat can be cut with each circuit of the field. The bundles are then placed up on the straw end, or "shocked," to prevent moulding.

The second process cuts more wheat in a day, but is harder work, costs the farmer more per day, and the wheat must be drier and riper than when it is bound. However, this process is extensively used in Kansas and Nebraska and other Southern states. The wheat is cut in a path eight, ten, or twelve

feet wide by a "header" pushed by eight horses. The "header" crew consists of six men, four bargemen, a stacker, and a "header" driver. Sometimes there is a man called the "scratcher" to keep the ground around the stacks clean. A barge, similar to a hay wagon, is driven beside the "header" so that wheat carried up the elevator is caught and loaded without more than a few touches of a pitchfork. When a "land"—the field is cut up into sections called "lands"—has been harvested, the barge is usually more than brim full of wheat. This is placed upon the ground in a large rectangular pile, called a "stack." One man is required to stack the wheat, so that the center of the pile is kept packed solid in order to make it shed rain. Expert bargemen have been know to unload a barge in about three minutes; but the stack has to be low so that they can "roll" the wheat over the side of the barge. The barge is loaded by sections; that is to say, the four corners are loaded, then the top. To "pitch" wheat, two "pitchers" or "bargemen" stand in the barge with their backs toward the stack, place their pitchforks side by side, and lift the wheat over their heads onto the stack. Two men working together can pitch more wheat, with greater ease, than three men working separately. While one barge is being loaded, the other is being unloaded. Only one barge can be loaded at a time; therefore, if the first loaded barge is unloaded in a short space of time, the bargemen have a few minutes to rest while the other barge is with the "header." However, if the men are slow and the "header" has to wait while they finish unloading a barge, the bargemen get no rest; but, instead, are bawled out for delaying the "header." The stacks are left until all of the other wheat has been threshed before they are worked on.

The third, last, and most modern process is "combining." This method is the cheapest and quickest, but is the most uncertain because the tractor that pulls the combiner may break down or there may be a slight rain. The wheat must be absolutely ripe and very dry. A slight moisture will delay the work. The combiners seldom start to work before nine o'clock on account of the dew on the wheat. The combiner cuts and threshes the wheat as it goes along. The old straw is dropped on the ground, while the threshed wheat is poured into a wagon that follows beside the combiner. The main saving comes in having a "two man" crew and in not having to pay a thresher eleven or twelve cents a bushel to get the wheat threshed.

The average year yields ten to fifteen bushels per acre, but in 1924 some farmers got as high as forty, and sixteen bushels per acre was considered a poor crop.

After working three weeks, we started for home. We rode in the train "on the cushions" most of the way, hiking only from Memphis to Atlanta. Taking the train out of Atlanta, we approached the end of an excellent adventure and brought to a close the wanderings of the two "American Aristocrats."

# A YOUNG MAN'S PROBLEM

*By* T. M. Nelson

NOT EVERY YOUNG MAN TODAY is worried about the many problems which are abroad in the world, and which are making the world one of doubt and cynicism. The majority are willing to drift along with the tide, following the course which offers the most attractions, and believing those things in which the majority adhere.

But, in spite of the accusations that the modern young man is without serious thoughts, there are many young men who are thinking, and to them have come great problems concerning God and Religion. To the thinking young man, these problems must be met and combatted; a conclusion must be reached before he will be satisfied and competent to progress in any line of mental development. It would be painfully surprising for the leaders and thinkers of the older generation to know how very few of the brilliant young men have any definite ideas about God, and His relation to them. It would awaken them to their great mistakes if they knew how many were making a God from their own ambitions. The elders have told them just enough to make them doubt, and have kept the rest, for then they realize that youth will know as much as age. Unintentional they are in their actions, but doubt and distrust lead to damnation. A great "WHY" has been inscribed upon the brain of the thinking young man, and unless this "why" can be erased by solution, the hope of the future young manhood will be in material rather than in spiritual lines.

A young man, his soul full of doubt and questioning, walked far away from the hustle and hurry of the streets where clear, coherent thinking is impossible. He walked through the stillness of the night into the open spaces, reveling in the beauty of the Creator's handiwork. The moon sent its golden beams scintillating through the quivering leaves, the stars bespoke the aesthetic nature of their creator; the silence of the glorious night seemed to hold a secret; and in it all there floated a tone of mystery. His soul seemed to be filled with a spirit of awe, as he looked reverently and questioningly at the existing beauty which could not have come by accident. His eyes filling with tears, and his heart full of compassion, he raised his head to the clouds.

"Oh, God, I believe in Thy existence, and I come to Thee because I do believe in it. I am nothing but one of the countless millions who have lived on this small planet in the countless years of existence. My soul is full of doubt and wonder; yet it is possessed with the natural knowledge that is can communicate with Thee. I have done nothing to merit Thy consideration, yet Thou hast shown that each of the countless number of people is Thy co-partner, and worthy of a conference with Thee. I believe in Thee if for no other reason than the conscience of man; the conscience of each man being an infinitely small part of God, and the complete sum of the souls of men forming the personality of Jesus Christ. Believing in

Thee, O God, I wish to ask Thee 'why' concerning many things.

"Why is man? For what purpose does he exist? Certainly, Thou art not limited in that man must help Thee. The only aid that he can give Thee comes from the mind, and Thou gavest him the mind, thus carrying out the action Thyself. Man's works are accomplished only to the extent of his ability to understand, and this is a gift from Thee. Are we merely experiments to be watched for amusements? Why is anything? Why is nothing? Is life fair? Freedom and equality are merely terms which mean nothing. Even Thou art becoming a matter of heredity, because a man's understanding of Thee depends upon his natural endowment. Is it wrong that we should wonder and ask the reason why? Thy works are fully justified as an ideal; but we cannot confuse an ideal of knowledge with knowledge actually attained.

"Art Thou a many-sided God? Is man's mind his own god? Surely the god whom the uneducated worship is not the same as the one worshipped by people possessed with greater mental ability. Dost Thou come through emotion to one, and intellect to the other? Is it a false god whom the followers of the various other religions worship? Or is it Thee manifested in other forms? There are great principles of truth in every Religion, and "God is Truth"; so is Christianity only partial, and are we understanding only a part of your manifestation? Are there many gods in heaven? If God and Christ are the same, why did Christ pray to God while in the Garden of Gethsemane? Surely not for an example, but from need.

"Why, oh, why, are the good allowed to suffer? These people who sacrifice all worldly enticements for the service of what they seem to think right apparently suffer more. It seems that those people who disregard the moral laws prosper more and suffer less than others. The sense of fair play, which is a natural endowment, is smothered within us, and we cannot help but wonder why.

"What, is it not only human that I wonder, art Thou? Thou canst not be personal because an abstraction cannot be personified except through bone and flesh, and we are taught that Thou art a spirit. Is not it beyond the ability of man's mind to comprehend Thee to the extent that Thou canst be personal? Thou must be far greater than man's mind, and man realizes this to the extent that Thou then wouldst be no bigger than man, for the mind makes the man. Realizing this fact, however, man is repudiating it by finding God through an intellectual process. When a mind can explain Thy works through scientific discovery or any other form of mental activity, and no longer is mystified, does he not reduce Thee to the size of his mind? When a man learns to appreciate Thee through an intellectual process, is he not lacking something? Is he not creating a god the size of his mind? Oh, God, Thy strange revelations mystify us! But what could we do without Thee? Why is Thy word so conflicting? Why dost Thou reveal Thyself so strangely? If progressive revelation is true, why dost Thou not inspire men

to add to the Bible now to meet the present conditions? Is the Bible literally true, or figurative?"

The young man stopped; a great silence seemed to fill the whole world with a spirit of awe; the soul of God seemed to descend; for "God is better understood in silence than in speech." He lowered his head, and seemed to be wrapt in deep thought. Presently a voice from Heaven spoke, saying, "And a little child shall lead them." The voice ceased; the mystic silence of the night was broken by the distant roar of an automobile carrying some mad pleasure-worshippers to debaucheries. A helpless bird cried out in protest as a night owl pounced upon the nest in which lay sleeping peacefully her offspring. But the beauty of the night continued to shine in incomparable splendor, and the glory of God was manifest everywhere.

The young man turned and slowly made his way back to the town, whose brilliant lights seemed to beckon one to pleasure and daring. The voice seemed to stay with him and continually echo, "Except you become as little children." What did it mean? Frequently his meditations were broken by the rapid whirl of a car as it dashed past him. A girl's wanton cry, a boy's lowered voice, and on it sped. "My God, art Thou present with them, even if they 'spit in Thy face'?" he wondered.

Back to his room once again, the young man retired to the welcome bed, the refuge of a tired mind and body. Closing his eyes, he was carried by imagination back home, and again he was a boy doing the work around the house, confiding in his mother, and working with and helping his father. He knew that in the eyes of his mother he had never grown up; he was still a child. She knew the temptations that he would encounter, the desire of the flesh, and the love of pleasure. She knew how he loved to be in a crowd, and how he was influenced by it. Yet she was willing to let him go off to school, confident that her prayers would keep him true and clean. The young man stopped. What better proof does one want for the existence of God than a mother's faith in her prayers that her boy will be good. "O God!" he cried, "Mother has shown you to me!"

He pictured himself as a child again at his mother's knee. The little prayers he learned, the stories she told him, all became vivid again. He remembered how one day he had wondered about God, and looking into his mother's eyes, had said, "Mama, what is God?" He remembered her words as if they had been spoken yesterday. "My boy," she answered, "God is your heavenly Father; He is everywhere; He knows everything; He is with you everywhere you go, and can see you even in the dark; and He loves you even better than I."

The young man understood the words of the voice now. It is only through the expulsion of doubt, and with child-like faith that God is understood, and peace can come into a soul. A great burden seemed to be lifted from the heart of the young man, and he dropped into a peaceful slumber.

## LAST NIGHT

*By* Harold M. Patrick

Last night, my dear,
I sinned.
As, gazing deep into your eyes
Of crystal clearness,
A lie I spoke,
To win your love that bears my saddened heart
From temporal cares away
To fleecy clouds in peaceful skies.

Forgetful
Of the aftermath of sin,
And mindful only of your radiant charms,
I lied, dear one, to you.
But now my heart is troubled as I pay,
In restless recompense for bluffing you.

My dear, forgive me for this dreadful sin,
And to my troubled soul sweet rest impart.

I lied.
I told you I liked Welch rarebit.
I don't.
It gives me indigestion.

———————o———————

## SUNSET

*By* David McFerran

The brilliant clouds around the setting sun
Are mirrored portraits of the gracious Lord.
The scarlet, gold, the orange, amber-green,
Which lend their beauty to the rich display,
Express His love for man, delight in aught
With inclination toward the great and good,
With love for love and sacrifice of self;
But hate for all who hate their fellow man.

# THE SINGER IN THE GLOOM

*By* John E. White

THE HOT, DUSTY DAY had drawn to a close. The stars were placidly shining upon the rough, rolling, broken country that extended up to the foot of the mountains. A gentle, cooling wind breathed its welcome breath over the hills.

From the gloom and shadows of a thicket that bordered the glistening rails of the railroad extending in gradually climbing curves over the mountain, crept a figure. As it moved out of the thicket's shadows into the gleaming starlight, one could see that this figure was a man, rough, unshaved, grimy, and badly clothed. He stooped to brush the dead leaves from his clothes; then beat the dust from his hat, and proceeded up the track, muttering to himself:

"Lord, but this has been a tough day. Not a breath of air stirring and hot enough to blister a brass monkey. It wasn't even cool in the woods. Wonder where that spring is I heard about? I swear, I'm parched."

He moved on up the track until the welcome glistening of water showed him that he had found what he sought. He went to the spring, removed his hat, and, kneeling, drank greedily in huge gulps. Turning to the run-way, he bathed his face and hands in the refreshing stream.

"I only wish that I had a razor and a mirror and some soap. Maybe I could look respectable then. No wonder I can't land a job. Who wants to hire a dirty bum like me. Maybe I can get one in San Francisco. They say work is plentiful there. Lord, but I'm tired of this life. Nothing but dirt, hunger, kicks, and curses. Why did I start anyhow? Hell, what a question! I know and she knows and maybe God knows. What difference does it make? Sometimes I think my mind is wandering. This year has been hellish—more than enough, with its misery, disappointment, regret, and vice, to break a stronger mind than mine.

"It's only another hour, if the stars haven't taken to lying, until train time. I'll just walk on up the grade and let it overtake me. My, but that water was good!

"Here I go. Tramp, tramp, one foot, then the other. Peggy, you were beautiful last night. Love, I adore—. Why there's my chauffeur waiting for me. I told him not to come until twelve. Hell, what's this? Buck up, Reg, old man, the snakes are getting you again. You are nothing but a filthy old bum, but remember that you were somebody once. God, but I'm hungry. It would be so easy to die. Why do I go on living? Oh yes! I know. Peggy! She's the reason.

"Something's got to drive these devils out of my thoughts. They are running me crazy. There is one grinning at me behind that bush now. Take this, damn you. Did that rock hit him? No, he ducked just in time. Peggy, bless you, darling, you've got to help me now. Child, I know I angered you, hurt you terribly, but I've paid for it. I'll never come into your life again, but there's nothing to keep thoughts of you from helping to drive away these devils.

"How did you look the last time I saw you? No, not the last time. God help me to forget that last time. Some other time? Oh, yes. You were standing on the stage. The lights were subdued, the orchestra softly playing, and the whole theatre was filled with the sweetness of your voice. You were singing to me, Peggy, and you were mine, then, just as I was, and will ever be, yours. There, that's good, I don't see any more devils and my mind is clearer. Let me recall the whole thing.

"We were to be married, Peggy. Have you forgotten? Only two short weeks, and you were to be mine, wholly and always. But you never were. Why? It hurts to think of it. One night I met some of my university classmates. We set out to paint the town red. We did. Curse that far-distant ancestor of mine that gave me my weakness for wine and cards! He has ruined my life. We were caught, my classmates and I, and a scandal developed. Why do people so like to sling mud? You heard of it and refused to see me. You never relented. In despair, and what I thought was vengeance, I began to drink and gamble in earnest. I became the talk of the town. You never relented. My fortune and friends vanished. Still you were obstinate. I had to leave. I became what I am and have been for a year. But, Peggy, I am through. I have acted foolishly, as foolishly as a man can act. At first I blamed you. Now I know it is my fault alone. But as soon as I can find a job, I'll begin all over again. It will be hard without you; yet God is good to repentant sinners. May He deal mercifully with me.

"There is a house with a lighted window, and some one is singing. Who would have thought that sounds of such sweetness could be heard away up here? I think that I will just sit down on this stump and listen awhile. The light from the window makes a path from where I sit to the person who is singing. I can't see her, but I know that she is pretty and noble and good, for only such a person could sing like that. Peggy, that voice yonder reminds me of yours. She is singing snatches of opera like you used to sing me when we were happy together. She, too, must have suffered great misery and pain, for her voice has a touch of pathos and longing that only suffering can give. Maybe she has lost the one she loved. God help her if she has! Just listen to that song. Peggy, that voice sounds like yours. If you weren't a thousand miles away from here, I would swear that it was yours. But it can't be.

"Now, she has switched from opera to popular songs. God, how that singing affects me! It makes me sad, but it uplifts me and clears my mind. It drives those devils away, and intensifies my longing for you. I am saner as I listen to it than I have been in many a day.

"Still that voice seems more and more familiar. I almost know that it is yours, but I suppose that it is only my fancy and emotion that makes me think so. Peggy, if by any grace of merciful God that is you, will you forget the past, can you forgive, and let me start over? Can I come to you and ask you to help me remake my ruined life? Have you loved me through these months as I have loved you? No, that is too much to expect.

You are gone and the best of my life has gone with you.

"But, God in Heaven, listen! That song that you used to call "my song" is floating out on the night air in notes of indescribable sweetness. Peggy, that must be you. No one else can sing that song like that. Peggy, I am coming, but wait, listen! I must be sure."

"Remember the times we've had, dear,
Remember our vows so true."

"My God! Do you remember, too, sweetheart? Those rides under the star-studded sky, when all we asked of life was a chance to hold each other's hand and whisper vows of loyalty and love, when we sat together under the soft radiance of the moon in perfect communion and not a spoken word?"

"Remember our kisses sweet, dear,
And don't forget I love but you."

"If that were only true! If only Divine goodness could grant that after all these months, so filled with pain and vice and dirt for me, you still love me, how full of sweetness life would be! How glad I would be to work and struggle to acquire enough money to care for you comfortably."

"Remember my arms are aching
To hold you close to me."

"If yours are, how much more so are mine! Peggy, I would give ten, yes, twenty years of my life to clasp you once more as I used to. Now her voice moves on to the end."

"Remembering is all I do, dear,
So try and remember, too."

"Will I remember? That is all that I have ever done since I left you; all I will ever do. Peggy, I haven't seen your face yet, but I know that it is you who has been singing. That path of light, shining from out your window, still reaches from me to you. Your singing and thoughts of you have cleaned my mind and driven out the devils. You must help me to start again. Here I come to you, down this path of light, rags, dirt, and all. Come to me, meet me, and help me. My arms are stretched out to you. Oh, darling, here you come, arms out-stretched to greet me! You whisper sweet words of love, hope, forgiveness, and comfort, and I finally reach my heaven. God is good!"

The man arose, clasped his hands to his head, and slowly plodded on, staggering slightly. And the stars glimmered above and the wind crooned softly and all was silence, save for the click of hobnails striking against the ties.

## BECAUSE OF THY CARESS

*By* Bertrand P. Ramsay

With thy caress, calm benediction falls
  Upon the fury of a troubled breast,
As—when at eve each shapeless shadow calls
  The permeative divinity of rest
In trebly silent monotone of prayer—
  Soft dew descends to cool the fevered grass.
And tho the night conceals its beauty there . . .
  Whene'er the cheerless, brooding darkness pass—
Within the morning's first few eastern rays
  Each lowly blade of grass, pearled o'er with dew,
Becomes a silver spire within a maze
  Of sacred spires beneath a dome of blue.
Among the multitude—in humbleness,
My heart shall glow because of thy caress.

## FREE VERSE

*By* Harold M. Patrick

I
Hate free verse;
Creation of distorted minds;
Born in Bedlam
Of mental moods that savor of
Insanity.
Possessing none of those
Most sacred points of poets' art.

I
Hate free verse.

# THE LETTER BOX

Dear Ma,

This is Sunday, and agin I take up my pin too rite you. I went too church this mornin' as I told you I would every Sunday. Ma, these city churches is magnifasent, but I believe I'd rather go to our old church. They don't sing like we use too. In the first place, the kuire does most of the singin, and in the second place you can't understand what they sing. They get up and sing some high notes and some low notes and mumble the words so that they are intirely uncomprehensable. They call what they sing "anthems." I guess you will get my report soon. I know you will be glad too know that I made three 4's, two 3's, and one 2 which was my lowest mark. Some of the boys didn't make but 1 on some of their lessons, so I think I am doin purty good. One of the things I made 4 on was english. I am kinda gettin use too college now, and am likin it fine. I was powerful lonesome at first though. I wasn't the only one either, I felt sorry for some of them. Ma, you ought too see me in my soldier suit. It fits me good except the sleeves is to short and the britches is somewhat baggy. They call the part of the army I am in the infantry. I haven't found out what that means yet unless it means that we are infants in the army. They also call it the R. O. T. C. A boy told me that stood for "run over to Converse." Converse is a college just like Wofford only girls go there instead of boys. Ma, these boys shure do wear funny cloes. Some of them ware little stripped green, red, yellow and almost every other colored sweater. Some of them ware checked wool shirts over there regular shirts. They look like lumber-jack shirts. And they wear the quarest lookin britches you ever saw. They call em "balloon trousers." The legs is purty nearly as big as the waist of ornary britches, and the bottoms drag the ground. They say that is the style. Well, Ma, I guess I will close. Give my love too Bet and Susie and John and Bill and the baby and tell Pa to take good care of my calf while I'm gone. Don't worry about me cause I'm feelin fine.

Your Loving Son,

Joe

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Mon Chair Marie,

That is your name in french, Mary. I am learnin french fast, and I like it a heap. I can already say lots of words in french. Mary, they is lots of girls in Spartanburg, but I don't like em. They dress funy, act funy and look funy. They powder and paint like show girls. They are forever and eternally giggling to. Just to show you how they are, the other night we had a resepshun. Somebody introduced me too a girl and she says, "I am pleased too meet you." I says, "Well, I lowed you would be," and what do you think? She laughed right out. I never did find out at what she was laughin. I guess she thought of somethin funny. No, sir, give me a country girl any day in the week. By the way, I wouldn't let Tom Peterson hang around to much. Well, rite to me real soon, I remain

Your Friend

Joe

## NIGHT

*By* David McFerran

Shine, O Moon, on clouds of night.
Shine on clouds and make them bright.
Look, O Moon, on beds of ill;
Look and smile and cheer men till
The dark clouds shine and worries fade.
For soothing souls, the moon was made.

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## GUILT

*By* Ed Gregg

Away, damned thought! You frighten me
With mocking, leering, toothless grin.
Away, I say! And let me be at peace.
What! Still here? Begone! Away!
Christ Jesus! What diabolic patience
Has this phantom hound, an echo
Of eternal laughter ringing wild
Among the ruby corridors of Hell.
Rather had I pluck my eyeball
From a bleeding socket than attend
The leering, silent laugh that springs
From yonder toothless, tongueless jaws.
Whither flee? The phantom mocks me
In the dead of night, and hounds my steps
In the light of day. I dare not close
My eyes in sleep, fearful lest
I wake in fleshless arms.
I shriek—the echoes answer back
With hollow guffaws, hellish jeers.
Begone! My God! The phantom shakes
Its bony skull, and moves its jaws:
"Never! Never! Never shall I go,
Companion of eternity!"

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## EDITORIALS

### The Spirit of Christmas

There is something within the touch of the Christmas spirit that makes all men kin, rich and poor, privileged and non-privileged, king and peasant. Christmastide is an institution that will never pass away, for it is so everlastingly and eternally human and humane. Happy reunions, venerable ties of association and family, cherished memories—these sweeten and refresh and cheer ebbing spirits with the conviction that life is something more than a dream, that existence is something more than a dreary round of pain and sorrow and despair and death.

Most beautiful of all Christmas customs is the giving and receiving of tokens of love, esteem, and friendship. This universally observed custom of felicitating our fellow beings is a manifestation that the heart of man is not so warped as some would have us


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believe. Men of the practical, material world of business and industry lay aside their cares for a brief season and enjoy those tender sentiments fostered and revived by the spirit of Yuletide. They forget the exterior world and look within themselves. They recall their childhood days and the hazy, departed joys of yesterday. Retrospection leads to introspection, and there is hope even for the hardened materialist when he looks within himself and feels the subtile ties that bind him to family, relatives, friends, acquaintances, struggling humanity. Softened by the tender touch of a Christmas season, a man is all the more a man—nay, he is God-like.

Then to each there comes a feeling of sympathy, of mercy, of obligation toward the poor and needy. Huge baskets, filled with clothing, provisions, and toys, are sent to the hovels of proverty to bring cheer and radiance to haggard faces and pinched cheeks, and to remind despairing, suffering folk that the world still has the milk of human charity. Such a gift, without thought of remuneration, is indicative of the freedom of the human heart from callousness and selfishness; and when a man of the world tosses a coin into a charity box during the Christmas season, he proclaims the fact that within his heart there is a tiny vibrating chord of sympathy that responds to the call of needy fellow men.

The spirit of Christmas is a revelation of the great, pulsing heart of humanity beating alike in the bosoms of rich and poor, privileged and non-privileged, king and peasant. The spirit of Christmas is your true Democracy.

**Laughter**

There is among human beings a peculiar quality, or practice, or habit, known as laughter. Whether animals possess this trait or not is a matter open to psychological discussion, but presonally we believe laughter to be a unique and purely human attribute.

Laughter has a tremendous significance in human existence and relationship. It has the power to reveal pure, innocent joy such as children exhibit at Christmas time, or the hilarious mirth of drunken revellers, or the sensual delights of coarse pleasures, or the satisfying of miserly desires, or the sinister, hellish purpose beneath a veneer of politeness. Take note of laughter's forms if you would probe deep the inner natures of your fellow beings.

What is more beautiful than the happy, cheerful laughter of rosy-faced children and beaming old folk gathered before the halcyon blaze of Christmas morning? What more black than the derisive laugh of sinister design lurking in the evil mind? Both are forms of laughter—one revealing Heaven; the other the nether depth of Hell.

Mirth, practically synonymous with laughter and causative agent of the latter, is usually thought of in terms of the agreeable and euphemistic. But mirth takes in the whole gamut of feelings of mental gratification, whether good or evil, sensual or intellectual. Mirth roars, cachinnates, shouts, blusters, sobs, gurgles, snickers, titters, smirks, grins, scoffs, taunts—all variations of human laughter. One man laughs, and we feel the genial warmth of a kind, sympathetic nature;

another laughs, and that laugh is the grin of Hell, a fiendish chuckle.

Laughter is as variable as the human emotions. There is the frozen laugh of hysteric fear; there is the defiant laugh of despair; there is the crazed, sobbing laugh of soul-crushing grief; there is the nervous laugh of released passion; there is the sneering laugh of thwarted design; there is the scoffing laugh of contempt and scorn; there is the haughty laugh of prideful privilege; there is the chilling laugh of lurking vengeance; there is the hearty laugh of healthy humor; there is the blatant laugh of evil suggestion; there is the quiet laugh of happy contentment; there is the innocent laugh of childish glee. Laughter is the relief of soul tension, the expression of mental gratification, the indicator of that which lurks beneath the veneer of culture and manner. Study laughter and you study the "ego" behind every pair of eyes. Study laughter and you study the veriest depths of character. Study laughter and you study the delineation of man's inner being.

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**Are We Bound For Intellectual Decay?**

Wiseacres the country over are enouncing lugubrious prophecies of intellectual decay among the college students of today, and they do so with ill concealed gusto and a taint of conceit—apparently boastful that their generation (according to them) achieved more in the intellectual world than the modern generation is achieving.

But in their criticism they have been rather narrow in perspective, failing to grasp fully the significance of the trend of the modern

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intellect. To be sure there are many sad faults in our educational life, and many deplorable failures; but as a whole there is a general and nation wide tendency towards higher intellectual requirements in our institutions of learning. College standards are being raised in every section of the country, so that now the training a student receives in secondary education is far superior to that of a decade ago. Is this an indication of intellectual decay?

Today college literary publications are issuing from the press in increasing numbers, and as a whole they are improving year by year in literary quality, in originality, in creative felicity on the part of students seeking an individualistic expression of the American mind unfettered, and free from intellectual subservience to the old ideas of a past that has served apprenticeship to European, and particularly English, literary and cultural ideas. Between the Old World and the New is an everwidening gap, and in America there is a growing tendency toward intellectual independence. It is true that college students are neglecting, to great extent, the study of classical compilations; the classical languages are gradually dying out of the college curriculum; and the great English literary masters, such as Thackeray, Dryden, Dickens, Carlyle, and others, are no longer favorites. Perhaps this fact is to be regretted—there is room for argument; but to say that it is a sign of intellectual decay is to make a rather broad and unreliable statement. The literary publications of the colleges and universities of America are indicative of the intellectual and literary life of our campuses. Read

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them; then answer the question: Are they a sign of intellectual decay?

Never before in history has there been manifested so much scepticism among the youth. "Explain!" exclaims the young man eager for the truth in a world of clashing ideas, creeds, doctrines, and hypotheses. He lives in an age of science, and will demand an explanation of things. He is not soft and spongy—he seeks to know, not accept slavishly. The young men and young women of America today may be indicted with spiritual and moral stagnation, but not for intellectual paralysis. Scepticism is based upon the curiosity of the developing mind and consciousness; it is intellectual yeast at work, leavening the intellectual life of the rising generation. Many of our college students are creating for themselves a purely materialistic philosophy of life devoid of religious affiliations. American life is in such a turbulent stage of rapid transition and change that youth, caught in the dizzy whirl of circumstance, revolts—revolts against law and order—revolts against customs and traditions—revolts against religious creeds and doctrines, and often against religion itself. But even in the tendency to revolt is an intellectual strength, an intellectual confidence. A great American thinker makes this statement in reference to modern youth: "Our youth will have its way; and its way will not be our way, but will be an expression of its own individuality." However destructive

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to morals and religious health scepticism may be, it is, nevertheless, an excellent indicator of intellectual alertness.

There is justification in an apprehensive concern for the future moral and religious life of America, but a study of the situation will reveal a tendency toward intellectual awakening and material progress.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

### "The Carolinian"

The "Carolinian" for November is a fairly creditable issue on the whole, with an excellent array of verse on diverse themes. There are twelve poems, four stories, two essays, one play, one sketch, three editorials, three book reviews, and two college magazine criticisms.

Most of the verse is of commendable quality, "Rita's Flower Song" being, in our estimation, most poetic in theme and thought. It is a beautiful conception of the spirit of Rita, the little flower girl of Venice. "The Palette of the Sea" has three very vivid word pictures, and is worthy of praise. "To My Friend" has a tender touch, a feeling for the beauty of friendship. There is a bit of pathos in "How Could I know," and the idea of unavowed love is worked out neatly. The theme of "A Reaction to Long-Faced Christianity" is unusually radical, expressing a cynical attitude towards religion. It is an excellent example of—to use the French phrase—the "mot propre," and also of the dashing, forceful type of free verse.

In both essays of this month we find unusually good material. There is a fund of valuable information in "Literary Standards of Criticism" for some of our modern critics. The subject is handled ably and interestingly. We believe it more correct and appropriate, however, to change the title to "Standards of Literary Criticism." "A Study of the Imaginary Conversations of Walter Savage Landor" shows a great deal of reseach work

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and reading of the author's works, and is presented in a very entertaining manner.

Of the stories in this issue we believe "Vanity of Vanities" to be the only true short-story. It is an excellent story, with a vigorous descriptive touch and a strong ending. "Ranunclus," a translation from the German, shows considerable ability in transposing German color, ideas, and sentiment into effective English idiom. "That Dog!" is hardly a short-story, but a sketch. The tale is too abrupt; the burglar scene is clearly and too obviously an innovotion to change the wife's affection for the dog Fido, and the change is too abrupt. "The Vengeance of God" is delightfully told. There are some slight inconsistencies in the dialect, however, and the composition might be called, with regard to technique, simply a sketch.

The play, "At De Big House," presents a very entertaining interpretation of negro manners, ideas, conversations, and humor. There is one glaring error, however, in the use of "sets" for "sits" in laying the scene.

"Alphonse Loti" is a delightfully novel sketch of a candy shop in Charleston. It is the best example of the sketch we have seen this year.—E. H. G.

---

Acknowledgment: "The Carolina Magazine," "The Echo," "Carolinian," "The Emory Phoenix," "The Davidson College Magazine," "Canisius Monthly," "The Concept," "Isaqueena."

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*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

*In sharing with you the foregoing wonderful guiding thoughts I feel that I am doing a real service which gives me great pleasure.*

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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Ocean (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 116 |
| The Relation of Chemistry to National Defense (Essay) | Monie Hudson | 117 |
| To Whom It Concerns (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 119 |
| Front Street (Sketch) | V. D. Padula | 120 |
| The Impossible (Poem) | Howard Berry | 126 |
| Man's Desire (Essay) | T. M. Nelson | 127 |
| A Vision (Poem) | F. S. James | 130 |
| Night Life in Sumkuntry (Story) | W. E. Steele | 131 |
| A Few Facts (Essay) | P. M. Camak | 134 |
| To the Growler (Poem) | F. S. James | 135 |
| Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley (Essay) | F. S. James | 136 |
| Pagan Love Song (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 140 |
| The Letter Box (Feature) | J. P. Carroll | 141 |
| Trees Who Talk (Reverie) | David McFerran | 142 |
| The Material Mate (Poem) | E. H. Gregg | 143 |
| Proof Positive (Story) | A. W. Wells | 144 |

Editorials—

1. The Conversationalist ..... 146
2. Individualism ..... 148
3. Cosmetics ..... 148

Exchange Department ..... 153

# OCEAN

*By* Ed. Gregg

Great billowing breakers surge shoreward,
  Lashing the waters to spray,
Foaming and seething and thund'ring
  At the foot of the cliffs all day.

Vast melodies, haunting the mainland,
  Roll up from the wallowing sea,
Voicing the soul of the ocean
  That is lost in eternity.

Roll on, roll on in thy choral,
  Music incomparably deep!
Roll on in majesty's cadence
  With the rhythm of the cosmic sweep!

# THE RELATION OF CHEMISTRY TO NATIONAL DEFENSE

*By* Monie Hudson

THE HUMAN RACE can attribute much of its progress in the last few centuries to chemical agents. In almost every field of scientific development chemistry plays a leading part. However, in the limited space which is allowed in this paper we shall be compelled to deal with only one phase; ie., the relation of chemistry to national defense.

So long as war is the only means of settling disputes between nations, it is meet that we see that our nation is well prepared for defensive as well as offensive warfare, and chemistry will act as a leading factor in making this precaution possible.

Chemistry as a means for carrying on war is not new. It was first known to be used in war in 429 B. C. by the Spartans against the cities of Delium and Platea. Their practice was to melt pitch, charcoal and sulphur, and let the fumes be carried against the enemy by the wind. One readily sees that this crude idea led up to the gas attacks of the last war. Again, in the middle ages a similar form of chemical warfare was brought into play. Later also it was employed during "The War of Secession" in the siege of Charleston when shells containing "Greek Fire" were thrown into the city. Chemical warfare has been perfecting itself through the ages, and it reached its most effective state during "The World War." However, it is evident that the future possibilities of chemical warfare are far greater than any past achievements in this line. We shall dwell but lightly on the lines of past development, the lines of future development concerning us most. Before the last war the sole source of nitrates, which were used in wars, was Chile. But when Germany was shut in by the allies and had no means of obtaining nitrates from this source, and a shortage of her supply on hand was eminent, she turned to her chemists for aid. After much experimenting they found a means of obtaining the nitrogen from the air by means of a complicated chemical formula. They then converted this element into the various compounds of which they were in need. They demonstrated once more that "necessity is the mother of all invention."

Far greater than the explosives in their importance in the last war was the introduction of toxic gases as a practical means of carrying on war. This method was first used against the British and Canadian troops by the Germans at Ypres in 1915. Gas as a destructive agent of war was found to be far more effective than any other means yet invented. In a very short time it can overcome a whole army which is not protected from it. The gas used in the first gas attack was chlorine, which affects the respiratory organs. But when gas masks were brought into use as a method of protection, the enemy reverted to vesicant, lachrymatory, and irritating gases. The first is a gas which affects the skin by burning; the second affects the eyes, some-

times causing blindness; and the third is the class of gases which irritate the skin. Phosgene, a gas which affects only the respiratory organs, also met with great success. It is in the class of lethal or deadly gases.

There were many ways of projecting gas in use during the last war. Some of the means were: Shells; cylinders, for emitting cloud gas; Liven projectors, which shot gas shells; hand and rifle grenades; smoke candles, and aircraft. But the method that is likely to be used most in future wars is the gas shell, since the shell is easier to control than the cloud gas.

When toxic gases were first brought into use in warfare, it was considered inhuman, and several treaties were made to endeavor to suppress its use. But Germany dealt with these treaties as "mere scraps of paper" when the time came; and, although there have been several like treaties, barring gas as an agent to carry on war, made since the "World War," gas is considered as more humane than the shells and explosives which leave so many maimed and crippled soldiers. And if any country in the future is with its "back to the wall" as Germany was in the last war, it, too, will ignore these treaties and begin to use gases. Hence we should make sure that our country is well prepared for chemical warfare.

Another chemical agent that was greatly relied on during the last war was the smoke screen. These smoke screens enabled the troops to make moves under cover and thereby helped in obtaining suitable positions for an advance or for preparation for gas attack.

The lines for future development of chemical warfare are far greater than those known during the past wars. The field of creative chemistry embraces a far broader aspect than has been known before. The most promising method for future warfare is gas. Many people hold grave fears for future generations if chemical warfare continues to develop as it has during the last few years. But there is no need of this alarm, for there will be protective agencies, as well as destructive agencies, invented for future combats.

Some of the gases that may be invented are described in Lafebure's "Riddle of the Rhine." In this treatise he mentions a gas which will affect the organs supposed to control the equilibrium of the human body. These organs are situated behind the inner ear and are supposed to be a system of canals containing liquids. The equilibrium is maintained by the movement of hairs through this liquid. The gas would change the viscosity of the liquid or solidify it and cause the one affected to lose all sense of equilibrium. If this gas were brought into use against an army, the men would become an army of cripples. He also mentions gaseous anesthetics in concentrations which produce absolute immobility without loss of consciousness. These gases which are mentioned above, if perfected, will enter the body, not through the respiratory organs but in some other way. Such a thing would make the gas masks useless and protection well nigh impossible. This was so in the case of mustard gas, which affected not only the respiratory organs, but also the outer skin, no protection that was practical having been

invented during the last war.

In the "World War" when a gas attack came, the troops were prepared to meet it, because they could see the gas moving toward them. But both the Germans and the allies tried to camouflage their gases so that they could not be detected by the opposing troops. They did this by introducing other gases which were harmless, and then sending over the toxic gases, which would catch the troops unaware. Thus many would be gassed before they could don their masks. It is believed that those using gases in future wars will not have to depend upon strategy, as in the last war, because chemists are working on a colorless and odorless gas which has a very deadly effect. If this gas were turned on an army the men would be caught and overwhelmed before the gas could be detected.

Aircraft seems the most practical method for the projection of gases in the future, but this method would be very dangerous for the noncombatants in the towns and cities in the rear of the armies. This is one reason why some are endeavoring to abolish gaseous warfare.

Another means that will also be practical is the gas shells which were used so extensively in the last war. This method would not endanger the unprotected women and children in the rear, and for this reason it bids fair to be the most practical method.

Therefore, it is evident that chemistry is more than necessary for use in warfare; it is essential. We have seen what chemical warfare has done in the past, and we also have an idea of what it can do in the future, both in defensive and offensive warfare. Our country may enter a national peace conference, but regardless of these measures to suppress the martian practice, chemical means of destruction will still exist. Hence our country should endeavor to develop its chemical defense and to keep pace with all of the other nations of the earth.

---

## TO WHOM IT CONCERNS

*By* Ed Gregg

B-r-r-r-h! There he goes now, the arrogant ox,
Shrugging his shoulder and curling his lip!
Haughty and scornful to all smaller folk,
He adulates all who above him have pow'r,
Fawning and servile like many a cur
That snarls at its fellows, but bellies a whine
When the master gets angry and threatens a blow.
Pish! Zounds! The devil may have him and all of his breed!

# FRONT STREET

*By* Vincent D. Padula

FRONT STREET, the central part of the Latin quarter, meanders from the freight yards and Connecticut river front to the gas-house district. Front Street shelters the peasantry and aristocratic immigrants from Italy. It is the street where these foreigners turn, in their search for happiness. Hemmed in by two long rows of towering tenement blocks that shut out the sunshine from its inhabitants, it resembles a progressive little Italy. The street is never quiet. All through the daytime a continuous racket from the loud cries of peddlers and hawkers mingles with the chattering of other folks.

The stifling, calm atmosphere of a sweltering July afternoon, blending with hundreds of odors of savory dishes issuing from the numerous windows that embellish the walls of this hand-built canyon—where romance and adventure exist within every inch of its packed apartments and tenements — and where many a pretty maiden blushes unseen —where thrills the visitor with mystery and a desire for adventure.

An accumulation of filth and crumpled paper covered the cracked slabs of ancient sidewalks, bordered by long lines of rudely built vender's carts with their proprietors standing by and attempting to attract the passers-by to their wares. Foreign children —barefoot, ragged, half-clad, and dirty, but happy—dashed and jumped wildly about, chasing one another from one side of the street to the other, and bursting into loud, rippling peals of innocent laughter. Boisterous characters at the curbs gesticulated wildly with the greatest animation. Doorsteps were lined with people, jovial and carefree. Staggering personages, under the influence of liquor, reeled and staggered through the hordes. Young men, gathered at the corners, were relating their latest exploitations in the line of love. Restless horses neighed impatiently. Dogs barked, and once in a while, a pack dashed through the streets and into an open doorway, where their prey, in the form of a large, spitting, vagrant cat, set her back against the wall, her hair electrified with savageness, and clawed at the boldest of the curs who dared come within reach of those treacherous claws. A whimpering, yelping canine slunk away from the pack, as it would from a master who had beaten it, whenever the feline applied its painful brand and sputtered a curse. Occasional sharp cries of a mother penetrated through all clamour as her child barely escaped injury when it ran across the path of an approaching automobile.

A policeman in uniform, with hat cocked on one side of his head, a hard and stern look covering his unconcerned features that harbored a pair of unblinking, steady, penetrating eyes of defiance, wielding and twirling his club with an air of uttermost authority and confidence in his prowess, hunted mischief and disorder as though it were a pleasure and recreation to him. A scowl crept over

his countenance whenever any thing seemed to give the appearance of an argument, and immediately in a sharp, harsh tone he uttered the words, "Keep moving!" All obeyed the law, never failing to cower in his presence.

A large, black horse snorted in fright, reared and plunged in the street, breaking the shafts loose from the attached wagon. Characters scattered to and fro, stumbling and climbing over one another in an endeavor to reach a spot of safety; mothers clutched their children closer to their breasts; while sharp cries of abject fright pierced the atmosphere. Commotion reigned supreme. Then as the beast's hoofs clattered on the paved thoroughfare, the street became as still as a city of the dead. The policeman sped to the rescue. Planting himself in the center of the street—in the route of the oncoming beast—he suddenly waved his arms wildly and prepared for a desperate leap, should the blinded animal attempt to charge by him. But this did not happen. The horse, seeing the courageous two-footed creature bobbing up and down, stopped abruptly, reared towards the curbing, and dropped its heavily shod hoofs on a creaking old apple cart that could not stand the strain. The fruit was scattered to all four winds. An immediate scramble of the urchins followed, and ere the peddler shook himself together to regain his scattered wits, not an apple lay in sight.

A chubby youngster, slower than the rest, too nervous to gaze ahead, ran in front of an approaching automobile. The driver jammed on the brakes—but too late. The urchin lay prostrate and breathless behind him. A crowd rushed to the scene. "Dio mio!" burst the frightened cry of the mother as she ran wildly to the place where the gathering crowd had surrounded the driver, with threatening scowls on their features.

The mother gazed at her son a moment. Fear had utter control, and the sudden emotional changes that followed presented a pitiful sight indeed. She flung herself down beside the body, showering the corpse with kisses and raising its head, while a dead silence gripped the bystanders.

"Giovanni—Giovanni—figlio mio—figlio mio—responde a la tua mamma—Giovanni—Giovanni!"

The body remained silent and cold. The strain was too much for the mother. She raised her tear-stained eyes and nervous arms in heavenly appeal; and then, after another period of wild cries, she tore frantically at her hair, her features turning white in despair and utter hopelessness. "Dio mio! Dio mio!" she cried again in the most helpless of wretched cries, while she beat her head with her hands. The next moment she buried her head beside that of her dead son's, and the muffled cries told the onlookers that a poor mother was undergoing severe internal agony.

Several women lifted her up and managed to move her from the scene of the accident. The defiant mob closed in about the nervous driver, flinging taunts of contemptuous derision and threats of violence. But the policeman's appearance saved him from injury. The body was carried to a nearby drug store. A few moments later an ambulance sped to the drug store; the child was carried within;

it retraced its tracks; and the tragic incident became a thing of the past.

At the next block, where news of the tragedy had not yet been circulated, the strains from accordians, mandolins, and guitars arose from a group sitting on a door-stoop, and a maiden's sweet voice tuned in with "O Sola Mia." Several gypsies walked up to the location and joined in with a dance.

Further above on the thoroughfare a milk-man with a herd of five goats was near the curb, and in the act of milking one of the animals. The patron, a stout woman, boisterous and happy, with a shawl covering her head and shoulders, stood beside him.

"Feel eet up," she said, in a sort of joking warning.

"Si, signora, I gonna geev you good measoor," he smiled back as he arose to straighten his knees. A large, red bandanna was securely tied around his neck, and the sleeveless brown shirt he wore exhibited a pair of brawny arms. His features were dark, his eyes sharp and penetrating, and his manner grave and courteous. "Today ees da day of La Madonna an' I gonna geev you good measoor. You no speaka Italiana?" he asked.

"Yes, I speaka Italiana, but I no like speak Italiana no more, becauza we are now Americana. De parade, eet start yet?"

"No, signora, dey joosta tooka La Madonna from de church, an' dey gonna start pretty soon." He bent low and busied himself in his task.

"Dees," she said, shaking her head sadly, "ees bad time for parade. Italia joosta gonna in de werra an' mio fratello, he ees on de fronteera."

"Eet ees too bad. I heva lotsa friend in de war."

"You family—here—signor?"

"No, signora. Mia moglia an' two gals an' two boys—dey in Italia. I no gotta money yet enough to pay fora de stombawt. Eef la fortuna eet come to me, I gonna send for dem bimeby. Speriamo a dio!"

"What parta Italia?"

"In Napoli."

"Me Napolitano, too."

The vender smiled and handed her her pail.

"How mooch?" she asked.

"Sixa cents." He bowed his head for courtesy.

"Sixa cents!" she exclaimed. Then a protesting frown ran over her features. "I no gonna pay you more dan five cents. You cheata me. You wanna make money an' go to da saloona an' getta drunk."

"I no canna help, signora. De war—eet make ev'rything costa more. I pay twice as mooch fora da feed like before."

"You crook me," she sneered, but handed him his dues.

"I no canna help, signora," he repeated.

"Bah! you come oava here from de ole countree an' you wanna get reech queek. You wanna leev like de keeng."

"Dees mo'nin', signor, I buy one pounda macaroni an' I pay joosta sevena cents. Before I on'y pay five cents."

"Where you buya da macaroni?"

"At Giordano."

"Why you no buya from Bruno? You

getta ev'ryting more cheap ova dare. Bruno ees da besta store. I buya one pound formaggio today an' I paya more cheap dan anyautre place."

"I no like Bruno. He tinka me no good," answered the vender.

"Den why you wanna charge more fora milka? Joost becuza you no like Bruno, you gonna charge me one centsa more? Take da milka back; I no wanna—you crook."

"Signora, I no gotta pail. I geeva you monee backa eef you letta me take da pail, an' I breenga back to you when I sella da milka."

"Ha, ha, you wanna steala da pail. Eet belonga to my 'usban'. He getta da beer in dees."

"I no canna do nutting, den, signora."

"Eef you no geeva me one cents back, I gonna calla da policeman."

This ended all further disputes. The milkman shrugged his shoulders as if not caring to argue further, saw the police officer approaching, and handed her one cent. The policeman paused a few steps from the vender, threw a questioning, piercing glare at him, then remained motionless as stone, and silent. The woman turned and walked away.

"What are you looking at me for?" asked the officer, after a brief silence, in a harsh and defiant tone.

"Nutting, meestaire policeman," replied the Italian with a weak smile, and with a shaking of head and a waving of hands, as if to impress the officer further.

"Why don't you keep moving?"

"Joosta now sella da milka to a ladee, an' I joosta waita one minoots fora mebbe some autra custooma."

"Another gathering had encircled the two. The officer looked sternly around him a second; then started away. An audible sneer ran around the group, and he, despising ridicule, wheeled about suddenly and defied the mob.

"If any of you want to start any trouble, I'll run you in!" he flung at them harshly in a tone of grim determination; then awaited in silence a moment to see if any one dared to utter a challenge.

A brawny young giant, with a pair of black, confident eyes peering fiercely from beneath his rugged brows, understanding the remark to be personal to himself, folded his arms across his chest, and calmly and bravely awaited further developments. He eyed the officer from head to foot as some men will do in moments of perplexing thought, but while the rest turned and walked unconcerned away, he stared at the officer as quietly as his anger would allow. This incident produced a combination of perplexity and anger on him. He was now on his way to work—an unknown character whose brawn helped to pave the city's streets, but one whose honor was above reproach. One thing stood out boldly in his plans, should a mere blinded passion cause him to conflict with law. His wife was in the hospital suffering with serious illness. Two small children at home were also depending upon his wages. Besides, there were bills to pay—gas bills, grocery bills, the milkman, and the rent was due again in a week. Would not a conflict with law cause a suffering to those dear to

him? Should he let such a stinging remark pass by without a protest? The ruthless manner in which it had been flung at him hurt more than would a knife plunged in his flesh. The longer he brooded over this remark, the more painful it seemed to become, and the more insulted seemed his honor.

The policeman stopped before the dauntless foreigner. Their eyes met—a pair with a threatening glare and another with a questioning gleam. But the defiant, questioning eyes dropped. The Italian appeared unconcerned. Calmly, he withdrew a corn-cob pipe and a tobacco pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe, scratched a match on his trouser's leg, and with a steadfast hand held the small flame over the tobacco while he inhaled with the same indifference. Satisfied that the tobacco was ignited, he took the pipe out of his mouth, spat on the sidewalk, and ignored the presence of the officer entirely by his cold attitude. The policeman shook with anger at this calmness.

"Move along!" he ordered sharply, "or I'll rap this billy around your neck!"

Still the Italian seemed apathetic. Yet, one who could have read his inner thoughts, would have known that the mechanism composing his brain, was revolving at terrific speed.

"Move along!" again ordered the officer.

The Italian's jaw contracted.

"Whatsa da matt?" he asked, in a tone as if he had never been predisposed to these remarks.

"I'll show you 'whatsa da matt'," mocked the officer angrily, "if you don't move pretty d——m quick."

The foreigner placed the pipe between his teeth, whiffed the stimulating smoke, and solved in a few seconds thoughts which would have taken others hours to unravel. He looked beyond the policeman. His bolder country-men had returned, and, were standing only a few feet behind the policeman. He turned his head, and noticing a telephone pole behind him, leaned up against it. He withdrew a large red handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his sweating brow. All the commotion of the busy street was unheard, so interested had the onlookers become.

"I said to move!" repeated the officer, wilder than before.

The Italian clenched his teeth and almost muttered between them. "Meestaire policeman," he said, his face darkening with a vicious scowl, "you maika fool uva me. I nevaire maika no troble, an' you talka like a dog. Eef you wanna maika fight, joosta tell me an' I gonna maika beeg fight wida you. Joosta putta da steeck down, an' I gonna geeva you one gooda fighta."

The officer started in the profoundest astonishment at this bold comeback. Never before had be encountered a foreigner who dared stand up to him. Neither shirked. Both measured up the same, and a fight was obvious.

"Atta boy, Salvatore!" rang out a blending of loud cheers from the onlookers. "Show heem dat we no 'fraid uva da policemans. Go aheada, Salvatore! Vivi, Salvatore! Fight heem, Salvatore!"

The officer shook in violent fury. One of the bystanders noticed the tightening grip on his club, and shouted a warning. The club was raised like a flash, and with gritted teeth of uttermost contempt, the policeman brought it unmercifully and suddenly with crushing force down where Salvatore's head should have been. But the Italian was not there. The warning had set him on his guard. The action so enraged him, that he, forgetting entirely that the policeman was a limb of the law, struck the officer a violent blow in the face with his clenched fist. So great was the weight of the bone-crushing blow, that the policeman sprawled backward, and in the act of falling, struck his head against a concrete door stoop behind him. His features turned a grey-white in a moment. A thin stream of blood, like a scarlet worm, trickled down his chin. Fearing that they might be associated in the crime, the onlookers scattered.

A large husky detective appeared on the scene, turned over his coat lapel to expose his silver shield, then told the Italian to consider himself under arrest. Salvatore said nothing. The plain clothes officer bent over the prostrate form and felt the pulse. He called sharply to several men who had approached, and they immediately carried the unconscious officer into a nearby store.

The incident had sobered Salvatore. He now awaited the wages of his crime without a murmur. A pair of handcuffs were locked around his wrists without a protest. All thoughts of a prosperous and happy future reeled by him. He did not understand these natives and their form of justice. He did not think that they would allow him words before a tribunal gathering. He thought he had killed a man, and in Italy it meant a life within four stone walls.

The officer ordered him to one side, and opening the police alarm box on the pole, notified headquarters. Then he turned to Salvatore, stared at him ironically a second, and withdrew a cigar from his pocket. After chewing off the end, he asked the prisoner for a match. Salvatore glanced down to his pocket and the officer reached in it. He withdrew a match, lit his cigar, then puffed on it leisurely, while the foreigner took his pipe between his steel-cuffed hands, and patiently awaited further action.

The ambulance rang its emergency call down the street, and stopped in front of the store. A doctor entered and the man-hunter and Salvatore followed. The injured officer had been placed on a cot in the rear, where a group of Italians—men, women and children—quietly awaited the "medico's" decision. Salvatore and his captor cared not to approach. They awaited patiently near the door.

After a few seconds of diligent attention, the doctor announced that the patrolman was not dead, but merely stunned, and the hearts of all the foreigners were put at ease. The patient was placed on a stretcher and conveyed into the ambulance by two attendants. No sooner had it left than the police patrol-automobile drove up and stopped at the same spot. Salvatore entered at the order. A uniformed officer remained to patrol the beat. Two other officers remained on the rear running board of the police automobile, and it drove away—marking the passing of only another incident in this street of unknown men.

# THE IMPOSSIBLE

*By* Howard Berry

We daily feel an upward pull
  From darksome pits of deepest woe;
And when our hearts with grief are full,
  We hear a voice cry out, "Why so?"
We feel we should be good with love,
  As souls which purity anoints;
But 'tis to the impossible
  That our commanding conscience points.

We feel we may, would like, or hate,
  To do that which we know we can.
We feel that we should ne'er berate
  The kindly works done by some hand.
The ended day we always rue
  In which we make no earthly gain;
And what we try and fail to do,
  We feel we ought to try again.

Our bounded duty—Ever be
  Kind, patient, strong, and self-controlled;
And yet at once we clearly see
  One body, lone, these can not hold.
Desire to be is always full
  Of some one virtue which it flaunts,
Though 'tis to the impossible
  That our commanding conscience points.

The blushing rose may spend each day
  In growing ever toward the sun;
But reach it?—No, she must say, "Nay,"
  For 'tis a task not lightly done.
The unattainable draws us on,
  Our pow'rs rise upward from its pull;
The mark we set, and that alone,
  Should be the thing IMPOSSIBLE.

# MAN'S DESIRE

*By* T. M. Nelson

WOULD IT BE FALSE to say that one outstanding desire or hope is common to all men? Desires, ambitions, hopes, all differ with the ages and intellects of men, but behind it all can we not discover something which determines man's reason for moral living? It is commonly accepted that happiness is the final goal, the major desire of every man, but what is meant by the term happiness? It is defined as "a state of pleasurable content with one's condition of life;" but even with that definition we are still undecided as to its meaning, and an analysis is required before we can reach a satisfactory conclusion. Happiness is an abstraction; ie., it does not exist independently. It is the compound of many ingredients which present themselves as man's thoughts demand. It does not follow that a Christian life is necessary to temporary happiness. It depends largely on one's training and environment as to his idea of contentment in living. A successful life as a thief may be one man's idea of happiness, while another is happy only in aiding society. So, the gradation in man's thoughts about happiness. Granting, however, that happiness is the preeminent desire of man, we must search for and analyze the actions which lead to the birth of this state of mind.

Consider the boy of eight as he dashes across the field in mad pursuit of a bird; his hunting instinct is responding to the inward urge. What could be more pleasant to him? Surely he is content with his condition of living! At this age a rule of instinct is happiness. An instinctive reaction to stimuli, without modification, is his greatest state of happiness, as generally understood. At this age the mental state of a child has very little to do with his way of looking upon the world. It is his instinctive conduct which leads him to think the world one of roses, or one of thorns. So would we not be correct in concluding that a child knows nothing but happiness execpt when his instinctive behavior is forcibly modified? That is, happiness is not a mental condition with him, but a physical one. One never sees a child who is discontent with his way of living, his natural endowment, his home or family. He is not purposefully contrasing himself with other children, fortunately. It is a state of instinctive physical freedom which determines his degree of happiness. This is one additional blessing of nature, the contentment of children until they reach the age when they can react wisely to their environment. If children were unhappy, in the true sense of the word, during this age of greatest physical development, would they ever reach the greatest degree of their physical strength? So we must thank the Creator that happiness is inherent in normal children.

Perhaps more temporary unhappiness is present in the young man of twenty or near than in any other age. Life rebukes his instinctive desires, and may be insipid; with-

out proper guidance his personality is smothered; his age is so fickle and open to rebuff. He has gone to reasoning, but his reasoning is often inadequate or false because of a lack of past experiences, or a limited scope of understanding. But what brings on this state of mind? Without a doubt, the attraction for the opposite sex is as acutely alive at this point of life as any other. Indeed, it is the most prominent and guiding instinct active at this time. A young man's entire course of thought may be traced back to this instinct, or to an outgrowth of it in another form. The most outstanding one (and it applies not to this age alone) is that of social approval. Social conduct and codes of men are largely determined by women. Men even dress and keep well-groomed for the social approval of the feminine sex. Witness any place where there are no women, and you will see a sad lack of pride in personal appearance. The men who go to the uncivilized parts of the world to fill their mission usually have great brains, but are very negligent as to their appearance. This shows that with the absence of women, men become less subject to social approval. To follow the instinct further one might say that man prepares himself in every field of endeavor for the sake of social approval, which is prompted by the attraction for the opposite sex. His acts and greatest desires are motivated in this way, and a young man's whole destiny may be shaped as to the way in which this instinct is controlled and used. Social acts are prompted by social approval, and this is guided largely by the attraction for the opposite sex.

Old age offers another and new form of the desires of men. At this time of life men differ more widely in their way of thinking than in any other. To some men, old age is the golden day of recline. Too many are willing to say, "I have worked for my entire life, and I'm going to rest now." They see the world as a vast workshop, to which the less fortunate must go or perish. Their desire is to do nothing which demands work; they desire to live in the pleasant experiences of their yesterdays. Too many men are of this type, looking upon the world as hostile, and demanding praise for escaping its throttling clutches.

Another form of old age, indeed popular, is the one whose happiness is found in the success of the children. What contentment that brings! The success of one's offspring is indeed enough to bring joy and pride to the heart of the parent. How common the figure which we daily encounter, who constantly boasts of the success of his children. Mary married rich, or John got a raise; great children! However, this is one of the greatest degrees of happiness, but it destroys the parents' own ambition. More than that, one becomes boring with this constant topic of conversation.

The type of old man that deserves praise, however, is that type which is ever alive to the possibilities of life; never content to give up his own unachieved ambition, living in such a way that his children will enjoy his success, even as he enjoys theirs. The man who allows life to "get the best of him" to the extent that he is willing to give up, thinking he has done enough, is a failure. It is

only that type, still living, still working, that deserves commendation.

There are many types of old age, and it is hard to find the outstanding desire of this period. There are many old people who still remain ruled by the instincts which should have been controlled early in life. Some are selfish; others are continually hoarding money; others are slaves to the habits contracted in earlier years. But at this period of life many men have learned by experience what true happiness is. They are happy in their service to others. They have learned by constant practice to control their unrighteous instincts. They have learned to look upon society as a great family, and that man can live happily only by faith. The great desire of this type of man is to see others happy, together with himself. But, as I noted above, desires differ with the ages and intellects of men; therefore, it is only natural that a great variety should be found especially in this age.

In summarizing, we may say that we accept the statement that happiness is the final and highest goal of man, but that happiness differs as to age and intellect. In childhood happiness depends upon an instinctive rule; in later adolescence, upon the sex rule, with its many outgrowths; in old age, a life of service.

This line of procedure seems true as far as it goes, but on second thought we see that there is something sadly lacking. There is something more vital, more important in determining the actions of men than the outstanding desires of his age. What would become of man if it were not for the thoughts of the life hereafter? Throughout the entire life of an individual this idea is magnified. Our first lessons when we are children are about God and Heaven, and throughout our life these thoughts ever growing, of course, guide us, and exist as the subtle desire which we ultimately hope to attain. While it is not as prominent and acute as the above-mentioned ones which appear at the different periods of life, it is always present, and is recognized as the desire, not always acute, which is ever present with us. Our ideas progress and grow as we mature, and by the idea of heavenly reward we are made to grow up as upright and moral citizens. Of course, this idea becomes secondary when we realize the great program of life, but we are made to realize this from our ideas learned in childhood. The desire throughout is immortality. This truth brings on the true happiness, because we realize that service to our fellow man brings immortality, and we are happy in this service, and with this idea.

Since happiness is "the state of being content with one's living," we may say that sin would bring the greatest temporary happiness, but the hope of immortality alters and corrects this idea. This hope of immortality is the light which has ever kept man in the path of duty; and to destroy this light would leave man in the darkness, groping in aimless desires and passions.

# A VISION

*By* F. S. James

I
Looked out my window at eve
On a world all dreary and brown,
And it gave me a vision
Of the hearts of men,
All saddened and weary and down.
I
Thought of the longing
And aching hearts
All so hungry for cheer,
And too,
The thought that Christmas came
But once a year.

I
Went to bed and was consoled
By a dream,
That the spirit of love still dwelt
In the hearts of men.
And I
Dreampt that the world was all covered
With a mantle
As white as a drift of snow;
That sin and grief and sorrow
Had been wiped away;
That every day
Was a Christmas day;
That all was joy and cheer
And every day
Was a day of happiness
In the coming year.

A vision,
I had had, of a world
Of felicity and joy.
Made thus
By the surcease of sorrow and crime.
But, alas!
At dawn of day
I awoke
And found my vision
Had been only a dream.

# NIGHT LIFE IN SUMKUNTRY

*By* W. E. Steele

MR. JAMES ANTHONY GUNBOTTOM, pen name Number 15674, in civil life called Jim for short, charter member of the famous "Royal Order of Cross Tie Counters" and Secretary (they have no treasurer) of the "National Board of Sliding Door Pullman Inspectors," had, in the course of one of his frequent strolls, arrived in the flourishing little town of Sumkuntry, Fla. Although he was an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature, he had, at this time, no eyes for the beautiful scenery which had given Sumkuntry its name. The beautiful little lake, surrounded by rustling palmettoes and moss-covered magnolias, served no purpose other than to increase his already burning thirst, and the handsome collie, taking his daily outing, moving with careful steps through the multitude of pretty flowers and sweet-smelling roses in the newly made park, brought to his mind only a vivid picture of a hot roll, sliced long-ways, and half wrapped around a meat combination partially covered with mustard, the whole of which closely resembled the half-crooked index finger of a Coolie sailor, and in the background a sign devoted entirely to giving this bit of information:

HOT-DOGS 5c.

This last picture put such a woe-begone expression on Jim's sand-stained and travel-worn countenance that a newly-rich real estate man whom he chanced to meet, Mr. Moremon by name, was moved to compassion, and brimming over with sympathy, he addressed our weary wanderer as follows:

"Say, Bum, you look tired, hungry, dirty, sick, and disgusted."

With a cinder-sprinkled imitation of a grateful smile, Jim replied, "Mister, you may have heard people say that 'looks are often deceptive,' but there's exceptions to all rules, and I'm more than shore one of them great, big, outstanding exceptions."

Mr. Moremon, deeply moved by this touching statement, handed Jim ten dollars and said, "My good fellow, your station in life is sufficient proof that you are an honest man, and I hope you will accept this small token of my appreciation of the fact. I have paid more to see things far less rare."

"Mister," said Jim, "you say words that I, Jim, seldom hear, but I shore thank you for the escort of your sweet speech."

"Never mind that, Jim," said Mr. Moremon, "but if you ever backslide, you'd better try the real estate business."

"Thank you, sir, maybe I will," replied Jim, as he shuffled away towards a quick lunch counter on the opposite side of the street.

After having partially satisfied his hunger, Jim wandered about the town until night, wondering how he could most wisely invest the remaining five dollars. His decision was made when, in the course of his rambling, he chanced to enter a disreputable looking building in which a number of men, most of

whom were carpenters and plumbers, were shooting craps.

The clicking of the bones set the palms of Jim's hands to itching for closer contact, and shuffling across the room, he modestly said, "Five dollars in my pocket is crying for company, and my ears are aching for the sweet music made by the little Mississippi marbles dancing to the beautiful tune of those wonderful 'More Money Comin' Blues'."

"A speech like that oughter be following close behind the spoken-of money," suggested one of the natives.

Jim threw his five dollars on the floor and reached for the dice. When his hand closed over the little agents of luck, forty-five dollars, including his own, lay on the floor. Looking towards the ceiling, he commenced shaking the dice and calling on Lady Luck.

"Lady Luck," he said, "you know I've been listening to you all my life; now just whisper to these little ivory money changers in my hand that I'm beggin' you for a seven. Dice, be my friends just for tonight; I'm lettin' you loose to make sweet money music on the floor, and I'm bound to read seven on your shining faces when the spin is over."

When he was saying these last words, his voice rose and took on an almost commanding tone, as, with a dextrous snap of his wrist, he sent the little dotted cubes bounding against the wall. They bounded back, spinning rapidly and weaving back and forth. Jim, on his hands and knees, followed their every movement with anxious eyes, and plead constantly with his beloved Lady Luck to direct their course. But the dice seemed to be trying to break the time record of a whirling dervish, and Jim, with hands clenched and perspiration standing out on his forehead in huge beads, continued pleading with them to "seven up." And they did. Jim left the house three hours later four hundred and ninety-five dollars better off than when he had entered it. Carpenters and plumbers have lots of money.

He spent the rest of the night trying to decide what to do with his money, and finally decided that, since he had swapped dice on the boys, he had qualified for the real estate business. Following up his decision, he set out to purchase a lot or two and soon encountered a man who was moving away from town and wanted to sell his property as soon as possible. The following conversation ensued:

"Say, old man," said the citizen who wished to leave town, "I hear that you are interested in our little town and wish to accumulate some property here, and just to show you that I love my fellow men and have your best interests at heart, I'm going to sell you my house, lot, garage, and complete and undisputed control of everything before mentioned for the exceptionally small sum of five hundred dollars."

"My good brother," replied Jim, "you have successfully negotiated an enormous business deal, and have stated your proposition in a very attractive manner. I'll be proud to close the deal by paying you five hundred United States of American, hard won, and well kept dollars."

The deal closed, Jim wandered out to inspect his newly acquired property, and, on arriving there, he found a simple, but pros-

perous-looking stranger also inspecting the recent purchase. The guardian angel of all real estate agents whispered to Jim that this simple stranger had been chosen above all others to be his first victim. Accordingly, he advanced and addressed the stranger very pleasantly.

"Stranger, you are looking at a combination of miscellaneous property which is increasing in value every minute, and will soon be worth thousands of dollars; but to me, it is a source of worry and annoyance. I have a vast amount of recently acquired property in South Florida which is badly in need of my personal supervision, and so, with breaking heart and tear-dimmed eyes, I must part with this beautiful reminder of my happy childhood days for the mean sum of five thousand dollars. You appeal to me as being the kind of man I would admire if I knew you better, and I'm going to give you this opportunity to get rich quick."

The stranger, overwhelmed by this astounding offer, had difficulty in finding his voice for some time, but finally said, "I assure you, sir, that I appreciate your generous offer, and take great pleasure in giving you the required sum of five thousand dollars in cool, refreshing currency."

So Jim found himself with five thousand dollars cash money and a burning desire to engage in another Arfican golf contest. Overpowered by this desire, he rounded up his former victims and opened up the game at a hundred dollars a shot. But Jim's success in the real estate game had offended Lady Luck, and she refused to hear his pleading. Time after time, the little spotted cubes turned "deuce up," and Jim's cash took the wings of the morning, not long wandering, but completely lost.

"Men," said Jim, as he laid his last hundred on the floor, "I feel like a sinking ship, my heart is heavy, my hand is heavy, my head is heavy, but my pocket is doggone light. I just feel like a losing man, and in parting, I want to say that all the money I ever won with these little two-faced ivories has always blazed a mighty good trail comin' in to me, and I've never noticed it having any trouble finding its way out again."

The dice spun once more, and Jim was broke again.

"Lady Luck," he said, "and you too, dice, I'm through. Sellin' real estate in Florida and shootin' craps ain't fit doings for no honest hobo. Somehow, it seemed to me that that last hundred was singing, 'Brown eyes, you blew me in,' and I ain't musical nohow. Shore, it's a fascinating life, but look what it brought me to. Miss Lady Luck, I bid you a fond, but final and lasting goodbye."

# A FEW FACTS

*By* P. M. Camak

IT IS HARD to do so now-a-days, but if one will seat himself before an open fire, roast his toes, and let his mind dwell a little while in the seldom-entered realm of common sense, he will find himself in a position to do justice to these modern times.

The simple fact that we people of today do not stop to think is, in itself, criminal. Without a thought we rush the babe, the most precious thing on earth, from the cradle into the arms of a nurse, from the home out onto the sidewalks and the highways of the earth. We do not take time to realize the sort of environment into which they are going. We fail to feel the responsibility of moulding their young lives. Rushing, driving one daily task before another, turning our faces before the blast of the modern world, we do not stop to think of those who must make their way behind us. We live in a day of machinery, and are traveling so fast that our brain-cells, moiled and creaking from the lack of clear, logical, peaceful thought, are burning out.

Modern art is prostituted. The painters and sculptors display absurd, lustful figures to an unabashed public, commercializing their talent because the age wants the diabolical. Musicians, who might have stirred with their art the deepest and most virtuous emotions of the soul, stand unblushing before jazz-hound orchestras, and encourage them to whip out passionate, degenerating music that instills itself into the very beings of modern youth, swaying them into a state of self-forgetfulness—all because the public wants this sort of poison and is willing to pay highly for it.

Everything is being commercialized. Soul, culture, intellect, every strong God-given talent of the race seems about to be warped, twisted, and melted in the boiling pot of commercial gain. In this selfish age the business man seems to be making for himself a crown of money that he may place it on his brow and sit upon a lustful throne. He visualizes for himself a palace of power and seclusion where he may sit apart from his dusty, dirty fellow men and enjoy his ill-gotten gain. But to him will come no peace. There will always ring in his ears the clank and rattle of a conceited life of swindled gain. His heart will be perturbed with the cries of those he did not aid, those trod upon in his seemingly triumphant march to his palace of remorseful power.

Human society is a structure of morals and is tested in every possible way. The foundation of this structure is indeed imperative—a loose one may stand upon a solid foundation, but the most beautiful edifice is doomed if erected upon shifting sand. Are we not correct when we say that our boasted civilization is a stately, ornate, expensive temple builded upon the shifting sands of popular caprice?

Our age now faces moral depravity. As we look into the true conditions of this coun-

try we see suicide and murder, robbery and arson, adultery and perjury, vice of every form, flourshing in all realms of society. What is the matter? It is written in luminous letters, "MORAL DEPRAVITY."

It is time we realized that there are only two real aims in life—that of forwarding the race and that of obtaining happiness through service. When this generation realizes the value of morality, perceives the fact that there is such a person as a neighbor, and that honesty, purity, and belief in God are essential: then and only then, will it find itself on a sound basis and merit the Divine favor.

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## TO THE GROWLER

*By* F. S. James

There ain't no use a-kickin,'
Friend,
When things
Don't come your way.
There ain't no use a-growlin'
All the live-long day.
Just
Quit your little whinin'
And
When somebody asks you
How you are,
Just say:
"I'm feelin' fine."

The world,
Through your smiles,
Don't have to know
About that hidden woe.
The world hates
A growler.
And so,
Just say:
"I'm feelin' fine."

# STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

*By* F. S. James

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON was born January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, W. Va. He graduated at West Point Academy in 1846, and after serving with distinction in the Mexican War, he became professor of the Military Institute at Lexington, Va. The first battle in which Jackson took part was the battle of Vera Cruz, fought on the 13th day of March, 1847. Jackson was given the rank of Captain of Artillery. At the battle of Chapultepec, fought on September 13th, Jackson was raised to the rank of Major. The war was ended May 26th and Jackson returned to the United States to take up the duties of professor of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery tactics in the Military Institute at Lexington, Va.

In the midst of his busy life as professor, Major Jackson was married on August 4th, 1853, to Miss Eleanor Junkin. This lovely lady lived only fourteen months after her marriage. Major Jackson was married again on July 15, 1857, to Miss Mary Anna Morrison, and on April the following year he was made Colonel of the Virginia forces. On July 3rd, 1867, Colonel Jackson was commissioned Brigadier-General.

General Jackson took part in the first battle of Manassas and it was here that he acquired the name of "Stonewall." General Bee, seeing his thin ranks begin to waver, said "General, they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee, catching the spirit of Jackson, rushed back to his men, saying, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall; rally behind the Virginians!" Jackson was ever afterwards known as "Stonewall" Jackson.

In October, 1861, General Jackson was promoted to the rank of Major General and was sent to the Shenandoah Valley to take command of the army there. Great sadness was in the face of every man of the Stonewall Brigade when Jackson had to leave them behind.

At the beginning of 1862, several brigades were taken from Jackson to strengthen other points, and he was left with only six thousand men to guard the great Shenandoah Valley. On the 26th of February, General Banks with his force of thirty-five thousand men, and General Kelley with a force of eleven thousand advanced against Jackson, who was at that time at Winchester. Jackson, finding that he was almost entirely surrounded by the enemy, fell back to Mt. Jackson, where he had already sent all his stores weeks before.

Perceiving that the enemy planned to send aid to McClellan, Johnson ordered Jackson to march up the valley to prevent this move. At the same time word was brought that fifteen thousand men were leaving the command of Banks. So Jackson gave orders to his little army, which now numbered only twenty-seven hundred, to march back down the valley. General Jackson, on the morning of March 23rd, pushed forward his whole

force, and when about five miles from Winchester, at a place called Kernstown, he found Ashley fighting furiously with the advance of the enemy. Taking a good position, he at once gave battle, though he saw he was greatly outnumbered. Jackson would have gained the day had not the ammunition of the Stonewall Brigade given out. After the battle Jackson marched a little distance back up the valley. He had been defeated for the first and last time. The fifteen thousand men that had started across the mountain to join McClellan were ordered back, and this was the object of the battle.

On the first of April, Jackson crossed the north fork of the Shenandoah River, and took possession of Rude's Hill, five miles below New Market. General Banks had also come up the valley and was now pressing the rear of Jackson's army. Jackson remained in this position at Rude's Hill until April 17th, when he took up a line of march through New Market to Harrisonburg; here he turned east, and passing through the south end of Massanutton Mountains, crossed the south branch of the Shenandoah River and placed his army in the gorge of the Blue Ridge Mountains called Swift Run Gap.

Jackson had now about eight thousand men. He remained at Swift Run Gap making plans, drilling his army, and repairing his cannon. All this time Banks lay at Harrisonburg, too timid to take advantage of the way to Staunton, which was now open to him.

The Shenandoah Valley is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge Mountains, and on the west by the Alleghenies. Winchester is situated in the northern part of the valley, while Staunton is about ninety miles south. Near the center of the valley rises a mountain which the Indians called Massanutton. The valley east of the mountain is called Page Valley.

Jackson with his little army was safe in the little gap, but he could not stay there long, for three Federal forces were marching to surround and crush him. General Johnson with a small force of Confederates held Shenandoah Mountains, twenty miles west of Staunton. The danger lay in General Milroy's overcoming Johnson, taking Staunton and then marching on to join Banks. These two forces would then be large enough to crush Jackson. Staunton must not be captured, because it was on the railway which brought forces from Richmond to the valley. Jackson asked Lee to send a force to take his place in the Gap and he would join Johnson at Shenandoah Mountains. Jackson secretly transferred his little army to Staunton, where he was joined by Johnson and a corps of cadets from the Military Institute.

On May 7th, Jackson, with Johnson's command in front, marched toward General Milroy, who was now stationed on Shenandoah Mountains. At first the Federals retreated to the village of McDowell, but a few hours later they made an attack upon Jackson. Though not expecting it, Jackson placed his men for the conflict. The battle raged until eight-thirty p. m., when the Federals withdrew.

General Jackson was in the saddle at break of day, but upon climbing the mountain, he saw that the enemy had left during the night. He immediately set out in pursuit of the

Federals. Time was too precious for Jackson. So after halting a brief period for rest, during which time the whole army met and rendered thanks to God for the victory, he set out on his return march to the valley.

General Banks, at Strasburg, was preparing for an attack in front. Jackson wisely planned an attack in his rear, and so swift and silent was the march that Jackson was in sight of the town before he was seen. The pickets were driven in and an instant advance was ordered. The Federals, taken by surprise, surrendered by the hundreds, with great quantities of supplies and stores. The Confederates never stopped in the town, but pursued on until nightfall, when they went into camp.

About the 25th of May, Jackson's advance force climbed the lofty hill southwest of Winchester. After a fierce battle the Federals gave way, and Jackson entered the town of Winchester at the heels of the Federal army. He drove them on to the banks of the Potomac, where they were forced to cross with the loss of many men and stores.

After resting a few days, Jackson started back down the Valley. He started to Harper's Ferry to attack a Federal army there. But he was stopped by the news that two Federal armies were meeting at Strasburg and were to capture him. He changed his plans and sent his stores up the valley, and he followed. As Jackson marched into the city of Strasburg, General Fremont's troops were in sight. A hasty battle was fought, but with the arrival of the "Stonewall Brigade" the Confederates were the victors. Jackson immediately left Strasburg and took his stand at Port Republic.

The position of the three armies now was: Jackson at Port Republic; Fremont at Harrisonburg, fifteen miles to the northwest; and Shields at Conrad's store, fifteen miles to the southeast. The Shenandoah River was very high and the two Federal forces could not unite.

Jackson was attacked on June 8th, but the attack was easily repulsed with a capture of two cannon by Jackson himself. Hardly had the cannon ceased at Port Republic when they were heard at Cross Keys, five miles away, between Fremont and Ewell.

After Jackson had struck and repulsed Shields, and Fremont had retreated up the valley, Jackson, on June 12th, led his army to the plains of Mt. Meridian, a few miles above Port Republic. Here the men, weary and tired, rested for five days. On the 17th he began a march to aid Lee, McClellan having advanced too close to Richmond. General Jackson was to go to the rear of McClellan, while Generals Hill and Longstreet were to attack in front.

The next two battles of Jackson were the battles of Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill. The latter was a dearly fought victory for the Confederates. Jackson lost in battle three hundred and seventy-five killed, and one thousand seven hundred and forty-six wounded. Jackson had planned a march into Maryland to threaten the capital of Washington, but hearing the news that Pope was advancing with an army to aid McClellan, he set out to meet Pope.

Jackson's advance guard met Pope on August 9th and fought the battle of Cedar Run, in which the Confederates were the victors.

Jackson next set out for the valley and took Manassas Junction, with prisoners and stores. A few days later he was attacked by Pope on the old battle-field of Manassas. The battle raged until nightfall and was renewed the next morning, but it was not long before Pope's army was in full retreat.

Jackson made a quick jump to Harper's Ferry, where he captured it with a vast amount of arms and ammunition, stores and cannon. Leaving Hill here, he began his return march to General Lee. His next battle was that of Antietam, a drawn battle.

For some weeks Jackson rested with his army in the lower valley. While here, he was, on the 11th day of October, 1860, given the rank of Lieutenant-General, next to the highest rank in service.

Jackson was called from the valley to the aid of Lee and reached him December 1st. Jackson's corps now numbered twenty-five thousand. On December 10th General Burnside attacked Jackson's corps, on the right wing of Lee's army, but were readily repulsed. The Federals then attacked Longstreet on the left, but were also repulsed there.

Since the battle of Kernstown, in March (it was now December), Jackson's men had fought the battles of McDowell, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Antietam, and Fredericksburg; marched hundreds of miles; captured thousands of prisoners and thousands of dollars worth of stores.

General Lee's army of forty-five thousand men lay encamped upon the southern banks of the Rappahannock River, while Hooker's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men was advancing towards him. On April 29th Lee's army was attacked.

At ten o'clock on the evening of this same date, Jackson rode forward to his death. After riding a short distance, he found the enemy advancing. Turning, he rode rapidly back towards his own line. The Southern men hidden in the thickets, thinking that Jackson and his staff were a squad of Northern cavalry, opened fire upon them. Jackson was mortally wounded and taken to the hospital at Wilderness Run. His left arm had to be amputated and a ball was taken out of his right hand.

The next day when the Stonewall Brigade went forward into battle they shouted "Charge and remember Jackson!" In the advance, Paxton, who was then commanding, fell, but the soldiers rushed forward and with no other leader than the NAME which formed their battle-cry, they carried everything before them.

At fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon of May 10th, Sunday, General Jackson passed away. President Davis sent a special train to bear the remains to Richmond.

At Richmond the train was met by a great number of people and the body was taken to the Governor's Mansion. On Wednesday the coffin, preceded by military troops, was borne to the capitol. The hearse was drawn by four white horses and followed by eight generals, acting as pallbearers. Next was

his old horse, caparisoned ready for battle, led by his body-servant, followed by his staff.

The next day the remains, attended by a guard of honor, were borne to Lexington, where they were received by a corps of cadets. The body was taken to the barracks of the Military Institute and placed in his old classroom. Then, "escorted by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under the command of Col. Shipp, and borne to the grave upon the caisson of the cadet battery," he was laid to rest beside the graves of his first wife and child in the beautiful cemetery at Lexington.

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## PAGAN LOVE SONG

*By* Ed Gregg

Come, my love, 'tis Maytime;
The world's awake, 'tis playtime,
Hey nilly nonny neigh!

The long-horned katydid is singing,
The Emperor-moth his course is winging,
Nilly nonny ho!
The periwinkle peeps demurely,
The curtsing harebell hides securely,
Nilly nonny ho!

Daffodils are nodding sprightly,
Merry brooks are purling lightly,
Dryads dance in woodland bowers
Fragrant with fresh-gathered flowers.

With a form that's rare to see
And a dainty, dimpled knee,
Come, my love, on tripping toe,
Come, my airy, elfin Chloe!

Old Triton lips his irised horn
And heralds far the waking morn;
White Naiads play in green sea caves
Beneath the rolling, foam-capped waves.

The shepherd woos the shepherdess
And wins her with his light caress.

Arise, awaken now, my love—
The earth is green beneath, the skies are blue above!

# THE LETTER BOX

*By* James P. Carroll

Dear Ma,

How is everybody? I am feelin' fine. These college teachers shure do act funy, Ma. Today we had a lesson in english literature. The teacher called on me the very first thing. He ast me what author we was studying today. I told him Mr. Oliver Smith. Well, they didn't nobody laugh but him, but he thought it was awful funy. He ast several others and none of them knew only what I had said. So he had to tell us hiself. He said we were studying Mr. Oliver Gold Smith. Now how was I too know that he wanted me to give the man's middle name to? Ma, some of these boys must have come too the wrong place. They thought they was comin' too "the fountain of youth" instead of "the fountain of knowlege" (I learned them clauses in my english), because they have gone back to wearin' short britches! It looks rediculus too see men wearin' kids' cloes. They call the britches "nickers." One of the over-grown kids ast me if I believed that man came up from a monkey. I told him no, but that there was plenty of evidence that he was going down too a monkey. He looked kinda sheepish-like and walked away. I had too declame in the literary society the other night. I was kinda shaky and got a little mixed up, but from the way the boys laughed, they musta thought it was fine. I am glad I dropt latin. I don't ever expect to go abroad. Well, give everybody my love.

Your Dutiful Son,

Joe.

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Mon Jour Bon Ami,

That's the way the french say, "Good morning, my friend." I don't know where they get the Bon Ami. It's that stuff you wash windows with, you know. Since Bon Ami and Dutch Cleanser are so near alike, I thought that maybe it was a french word to. I ast the french teacher and he just laughed, so I suppose it ain't. Mary, I went too see one of these town girls last night. Don't you get jealous now, cause I didn't mean nothing by it. I just went for aversion. She ast me more fool questions. I didn't attempt to say nothin', except to answer her questions. Although I didn't have a good time I musta made a hit with her, cause while I was puting on my coat and hat I heard her heave a sigh and say to her sister, "Isn't he perfectly boring?" Them's purty flattering terms, eh? However, I don't like no girl but you. As the french would say, "Nous et la pomme de terre de mon oeuf." That is, "You are the apple of my eye." I got you last letter and injoyed it imensely. Rite me soon and tell me all the news.

As ever, Joe.

# TREES WHO TALK

*By* David McFerran

SOME FOLKS believe that trees can't say a word, but I know better, for I've heard them talk. Strange tales they tell of joy, woe, and love. They speak of fear, content, o'erwhelming passions, better buried deep in man's own soul. They whisper secrets, howl out oaths and threats; croon o'er babies; screech at foolish men who, 'stead of loving, hate with all their strength a neighbor who has done no earthly wrong. And when there's danger coming on a man, the trees will warn him ere the stress is on.

I know, for as I sat upon a rock, gazing raptured at a setting sun, the trees began to wave and moan, to moan for fear of my cheap safety; began to warn me that a storm was near. One attracted my attention, as its long green arms were motioning strangely, and the tips of topmost branches nodded back and forth, nodded as an ancient captain of the seas might shake his head at danger of a storm that promised action never to be courted, even though he knew with what to fight the waves. And the arms waved and beckoned, waved toward an enormous cloud that covered half the sky with blackened folds. The arm which pointed thus would hold, it seemed, the danger back from me, while with the other hand the tree, whispering low to me, would point my way back home, my way to hearth and warmth and safe abode.

But when I sat and looked again on all the earth spread 'neath my feet and 'neath the feet of my great lookout mount, the tree turned frantic, groaned, and pitched, and called: "The storm, the storm, the storm, the savage storm. It's coming on swift wings of black and gold. The daggers of the clouds are shooting toward the earth, and when a bolt has struck there is a crash, a crash that shakes the world's foundation, a crash that sets me trembling, trembling, trembling. Seek your home, seek safety, quiet warmth; but leave me here to see that storms and winds do not come near you, don't attack you in your weakness or your sleep."

And since the tree moans loud and calls to me, with shaking head and waving arms of green, I go—go home, to warmth and ease, and looking back I see the tree in fear lest I should come to harm or woe from storms. And in its terror, loud it calls to me: "Go home. I guard you from all harm."

Again I hear a tree speak to me. This time it laughs and plays and skips about. It jabbers like a child, who with a ball, is playing on fresh grass. Its arms are stretched out toward the sky, as if the ball with which it plays were high above, and, if it fell and hit the ground, would crash to pieces, would crash like iridescent bubbles. And then it laughs, a low, contented croon that makes one smile and answer back: "Play, my child. Play before the darkness of old age advances on your happy head." And hearing this, the tree hangs down its arms, and feigns decrepit

men and women, who having played have faded like the rose. It even speaks, might tell a joke, and cackle like a matron who has passed her three score years.

Even when there's sorrow in a home, and everybody feels the weight of darkened thoughts, the trees won't lose their happy mien, for they are sent into the world to comfort. They catch you up with tender arms of green and speak soft words into your saddened ears. "Fear not," they say, "for God is good. Fear not, for still there's hope. The birds, the flowers, stars and moon are smiling as you crouch 'neath great false fears. There is hope, hope, hope, and there is joy in the world." And with that the tree sets up another song of cheer.

Even gnarled old oaks and twisted mountain pines have messages to all the human race. When they speak, there's in their tone a bit of self-content that comes from braving years of bruising storms. They have had their part of sorrow, and they like the quiet rest that comes from knowing that their battle's o'er. "And there's joy in the knowledge," they will tell you with a nod, and perhaps with something of a bitter smile, "that you've fought and won the battle which is fought by every man."

Then they feel the sap ebbing, and give a final smile, for they know that though they die they've fought and won.

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# THE MATERIAL MATE

*By* Ed Gregg

He held a thing for its essential form
And use—all else to him seemed emptiness;
And much it puzzled him to understand
His winsome wife, who shrank from his caress.

# PROOF POSITIVE

*By* A. W. Wells

"MACK, do you mean it? Are you really going?" Jimmie Myers smiled quizzically as he spoke.

"You bet I'm going, ole man!" And Mack Rhodes, only child of the late Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell Rhodes, twenty-seven, good looking, and owner of the whole fortune left by his parents, lighted his pipe and sank down among the cushions of his easy chair.

"Aw, Mack, you've got better sense than that. Here you've made a rep as an artist—you're the idol of all the flappers, you—"

"Jimmie, cut out the flapper stuff—they're out of my line."

"But, Mack, your Dad—"

Mack's eyes smiled tenderly. "Dad would be tickled silly to know I'm going. And somehow, Jimmie, I believe he knows. Even his photographs have taken on an understanding and approving look. I'm sure of his consent."

"Mack, you are absolutely hopeless. It's worse than silly for you to bury yourself in that weed-covered country estate that's been unoccupied since your Dad was your age."

"Dad was just my age when he left the old place to settle in New York. You know he left because his rival married the girl he'd loved all his life. Gee! but Dad was a good loser. He told me all about it except her name, and, Jimmie, a prince couldn't have treated my mother in finer style. She never even knew of the other girl."

"I know the romance of it appeals to you, Mack, but you are a big fool to turn your back on such a bright future, and all for dead sentiment."

"You may be right, Jimmie, but something urges me on. Listen, Jimmie, I'm going to keep up my art, and if I don't make good in the West in a year, I shall come back and take up my work here. By the way, Jimmie, I've finished my piece for the national exhibition."

He rose and nervously removed the cover from a large canvas.

"By jove! Mack, that's a winner!" exclaimed Jimmie, astonished at the unexpected beauty of the picture. On the canvas, almost life size, stooped a marvelously beautiful young girl, holding in her shapely hands a bird with a broken wing. "And you've named it 'Sympathy'. Why, Mack, that's a stunner! Where on earth did you get the idea, and that angel's face?"

Mack gazed a little sadly at the picture. "Dad's broken romance gave me the idea, and the face is a copy from an old miniature of the girl Dad loved."

"Gosh, I don't blame old Doc for having loved her! Mack, you're a genius."

Mack smiled at his friend's adulation. The two men then entered into a discussion of their future, and the evening slipped quickly by.

. . . . . .

"Boys, it's been a solid eleven months since Mack left, and we've heard not a single

word. He promised to write, and if he did not prove he was right in leaving, to come back in one year. Surely there's something wrong. We're all Mack's friends, and I move that we give him one more week, and then if we've heard nothing, let's go to that darned neck of the woods and hunt him."

"Where was it he went anyway?" asked one of the members of the club.

"His address was supposed to be Allenby, Maine, but he's answered none of our letters."

"By gosh! I've got a letter from such a place in my desk. It came this morning, Jimmie, in care of the club, so I sent it to the office. I never dreamed of its being from Mack."

"Hurrah! let's move over to your office and see about it."

"Good idea."

A half hour later eight excited men listened, while Jimmie read in his distinct, pleasant drawl:

"Dearest Jimmie:

The calendar convinces me that I've been here eleven months, but between superintending the work of the ranch, and painting regular, and—

"But I'll save that 'till later.

"Time has flown, and, Jimmie, I certainly would love to see all the fellows at the club.

"Well, Jimmie, I have proved that I was right in coming West. Six months work has changed this 'weed-covered joint' into a veritable fairyland. If you fellows would just come to see us—there I've let the secret out. Sure thing, I'm married to the most wonderful girl old Sol ever smiled on. Allow me to present Mrs. Gloria Gordon Rhodes.

"Now for explanations—provided you've recovered from the shock. I went into Allenby, the nearest town, for supplies and saw her in her car. I was taken completely off my feet. Well, I went back to town every day until I got to meet her. Oh boy! she was more than I had ever even dreamed of. Brains, beauty—gosh, Jim, it would take a year to tell it all, but four months later she added Rhodes to her name.

"My letter is already too long, but I must tell this. You remember my painting for the big exhibition? Well, I got the blue ribbon, and the picture was sent out here to me. I had it placed on a stand in my studio, with a cover placed over it. One day, after we had been married about three weeks, I was painting. Gloria slipped in, and after gaily talking for a while, for the first time noticed the covered picture stand.

" 'What's that, Mack? I never noticed it before.' And as she spoke she moved over where the picture was.

" 'That's my fame-maker,' I said laughingly, and jerked back the cover.

"Gloria stood silent a moment. Her face turned deathly pale, and bursting into tears, she fell into my arms. Terrified, I dashed a jar of water into her face.

" 'Mack,' she whispered, 'that's my mother's face.' And then I understood why Dad's spirit had made me come.

"I've written too much. Come up and we'll talk about everything.

"Always your pal,
Mack."

# Wofford College Journal

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## EDITORIALS

### The Conversationalist

He who would be a finished talker must first of all be a clever fabricator. Deception and a delicate distortion of actual events and circumstances are as essential in conversation as they are in fiction; they are the effective means of securing interest and curiosity in the human individual. Oftentimes we prefer the inventions of a clever liar to the exact report of a truthful man. Perhaps we all have within us a romantic spirit that is never content with things as we see and know them, but yearns for the imaginative side of existence. We human beings are still, after the lapse of ages, mere curious-minded children who delight in the unusual and extraordinary.

To the aspiring young conversationalist we would suggest four essential characteristics: an intelligent knowledge of the topics under discussion; a rich, ranging vocabulary; a


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fertile imagination; and last, but not least, a delicate knack for distorting cold truth. With these essentials in his possession, who would not be a clever talker?

### Individualism

Within the past decade there has been a steady spread of the spirit of individualism in this country, a vague longing for self-expression among a constantly increasing number of individuals. We may see the manifestations of this spirit in the frequent strikes of laborers, in the growing disregard for law and order, in the resistance to established convention, in skepticism, in the general ferment and unrest of life everywhere. What will be the final outcome of this tendency remains to be seen; but it is undeniably a fact that the spirit of individualism is a tremendous force for initiating new changes in an old system. Such a spirit is indicative of a reliant, assertive power that is capable of bringing about results of far-reaching evil or inestimable benefit.

### Cosmetics

To invade the privacy of feminine toilet and discuss the popular use of cosmetics among the fair sex is a procedure fraught with not a little difficulty and danger for a member of masculinity. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and we have no desire to hold ourselves up as model angels.

There is something universal and socialistic in the practice of "making-up." Not only the social debutante and the college girl, but the farm maid and the mill lass as well, have

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a curious inclination toward the use of beauty compounds. Everywhere one sees the familiar cosmetic compact in the hands of fastidious fair ones; in fact, the vanity case has become an indispensable accessory wherever femininity is found.

Oftentimes the application of cosmetics reaches a ludicrous state of indiscriminate indulgence, and we have the "powder puff" girl, whose farcical face resembles, upon close inspection, a colored chalk drawing. That is unnecessary, such an impossible lack of proportion in the application of those compounds and lotions, commercially advertised as efficacious in producing and preserving "velvety skins" and "school-girl complexions." Nay, such an excessive indulgence would be comical were it not tragical.

On the other hand, a discreet and effective use of cosmetics will add a vital and delectable charm to any fair cheek. Handled with care, rouge becomes an asset to the feminine toilet and a means whereby fascination is heightened and beauty colorfully accentuated. The care of her personal attractiveness is the everlastingly chief concern and solicitude of the average girl, and provided she attains some degree of success in her efforts, she is to be commended for this industrious vanity. The danger lies, however, in overdoing the thing.

Lip-stick, when used discriminately, is very effective in lending to the curves of the lips an exquisite ripeness and fulness. The lips are, in the determination of feminine beauty, the final and supreme test of perfection. The masculine eye takes in the bodily profile, the facial contours, the color and

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quality of the hair, as it were, almost at a glance; and if the observer is aware that these are consonant with his standard of beauty, he next seeks the eyes, their color, light, depth—and last of all, the lips, those exquisite, sensitive organs, so expressive in their accentuated curves and ripe color.

As we have said before, cosmetics are desirable if applied with care and moderation. But Heaven save us from the sensational splash of violent, shocking scarlet and orange! We have seen those of the fair sex who really believed that the tint of their complexion was "heightened" by frightful dabs of vermillion pigment. Zounds! We can't understand the gullibility of such natures. Such unfortunates seek to replace their natural endowment of healthy color by an artificial charm compounded and prepared in the chemical laboratory. It is almost unbelievable, and yet undeniably true. It was once a common platitude to refer to a kiss as the melting of two souls in harmony; that saying would be inappropriate today—for often a kiss is but the melting of a scarlet lip-stick!

Out of this discussion we wish to emphasize two salient facts: cosmetics used discriminately and with a delicate sense of proportion are a means for adding charm to feminine beauty; used immoderately, they are the very devil for destroying whatever cutaneous attractiveness nature has endowed.

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### The Winthrop Journal

The December number of the Winthrop Journal was well balanced. However, we feel that another story would have added to it. The poems are fine. Especially did we enjoy "The Dark Side O' Wooin'," "Night," and "The Coquette." Of the essays, "Barrie Magic" seems to be the best. "The Lure of W. H. Hudson" shows that the writer has a thorough knowledge of her subject. We've always been fond of George Eliot, and were glad to see the appreciation of her work as shown in "George Eliot, An Analyst of Human Behavior." This issue of the Journal was pitiably weak in stories. There are only two of them, and neither of them are worthy of praise. "No Compromise" promises to be good, but gradually becomes weaker until it expires in a very weak ending. In "Values" the writer seems to have made the fatal mistake of selecting a subject which would lead her into explaining something which she seems to know very little about. Consequently, we find that when she intended to say that a baseball landed foul, she says it landed "on the wrong side of the line." In one place we find that some "outs had occurred," while in another place, "two 'outs' had been scored." In one breath-taking scene, several boys seem to have come coasting in, adroitly balanced on their respective bases. Something seems to have been left off the following sentence: "The game began where it had left off after the necessary details of who had been up and how many 'outs' had occurred." Neither can we grasp the idea of a grandstand full of people losing all interest in a major league game, jumping to their feet and concentrating their attention on several small boys who were scrambling after a fouled ball. The "Granfar" of the story must have been an awful liar. The two sketches are very good. "Charlotte" is a fine sketch of an old mountain woman. "The Gardener" has a beautiful thought, which is well expressed. C. I. C.

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**The Chicora Magazine**

The December-January number of the "Chicora Magazine" presents a well-balanced issue, containing six poems, four essays, three stories, one sketch, one book review, and two editorials. All of the material is of good quality.

"Broken Dreams," a poem, is a somewhat effective conception of "first love," and is to be commended for its metrical structure. The poem "Peace" is an excellent attempt at interpreting the gentle, restful calm of nature's peaceful mood. "The Old Fort" is our choice of the poems in this issue. Our preference rests, however, not upon the metrical scheme, but upon the picture the lines call up to us of an old fort on the Carolina coast, with its atmosphere of the departed Spaniard. In the poem "Your Absence" we are conscious of slight metrical "jars" in three of the lines, but we admit that the fault is very common to the college verse of today. " 'Way Down South" is a very delightful interpretation of the old plantation atmosphere of the old South. The theme is a very familiar one, and has been treated in many of our best Southern poems.

"The Plunderer" is a good story, but the plot is rather trite. There are several abrupt events and changes that are not properly worked in, such as Dorothy's sudden plunge over the cliff and Mary Alice's unreasonable attitude when she sees Ted bending over the limp form of the injured girl in grave concern. We do not think it very elegant to use seriously such colloquialisms as "date" and "folks." "Duty Before Love" has an ancient theme and a very familiar old plot, and though the story is well told, there is a complete lack of originality and ingenuity. We happened to notice two serious grammatical errors: one in the agreement of a pronoun with its antecedent, and the other in punctuation in the first line of the third paragraph. "Fort Motte" is technically a sketch, recording the casual meeting of an old lady and a young girl and their consequent conversation.

We wish to offer commendation to the writers of the well-developed essays of this issue. "Wordsworth as a Nature Poet" reveals, by means of illustrative selections, the love and admiration the great English poet felt toward nature and her moods. "Self Revelations in Childe Harold" is a most delightfully written essay, entertaining and instructive, and indicative of close study in the life and works of the unique Lord Byron, whose complex nature and unhappy disposition are very hard to be analyzed.

"The Lady of Belmont," by St. John Ervine, has been very ably reviewed, and shows an intimacy not only with the new play, but also Shapespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," the two major plots of which furnished Ervine with the inspiration for his creation.

We believe that the joke department should be confined to the weekly paper. E. H. G.

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# A GEM OF PUREST RAY

*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

*In sharing with you the foregoing wonderful guiding thoughts I feel that I am doing a real service which gives me great pleasure.*

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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Just a Tear (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 156 |
| International Aspects of the Phases of Christianity | Anonymous | 157 |
| Modern Trails to Immortality (Essay) | P. M. Camak | 160 |
| Youth's Vision of Womanhood (Poem) | H. M. Patrick | 162 |
| The "Rokkoon" (Story) | Howard Berry | 163 |
| The Grot (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 165 |
| Edgar Allan Poe (Essay) | F. H. Shuler | 166 |
| Under the White Robe (Story) | J. E. White | 168 |
| On Mr. Burbank and Religion (Essay) | J. C. Bailey | 173 |
| Lightning (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 174 |
| The Masked Marvel (Story) | Vicenzo Padula | 175 |
| Hope (Essay) | H. D. Inabinette | 181 |
| Fragments (Selected) | Ed Gregg | 183 |
| Editorials— | | |
| An Ideal Man | | 184 |
| A Life Philosophy | | 186 |
| Carolina Scenes | | 191 |
| Exchange Department | | 192 |

# JUST A TEAR

*By* Ed Gregg

Just a tear, a salty tear,
  Glistening on a pallid cheek
Like spray on weathered rock,
  Voicing agony that cannot speak.

Just a tear, a smiling tear,
  Glinting through half-lidded eye
Full of tender sentiment,
  Winsome as a raindrop from the sky.

Just a tear, a simple tear,
  Potent in impotency,
Whispering love no ear has heard,
  Mute, yet eloquent in misery.

# INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF THE PHASES OF CHRISTIANITY

ANONYMOUS

EUROPE has become impoverished by many losses consequent upon the war. Politically, she lost kings and emperors, and land groupings which they represented; economically, war expenses and waste destroyed much treasure and inflation wiped out endowments and savings which required two hundred years of restraint to accumulate; socially, she lost pre-war solidarity and class regimentation; esthetically, the Old World's illness was evidenced by post-war drama, novels, and painting. But in all these fields latent recuperative forces are causing the international blood stream once more to circulate. Political, economic, social, and esthetic maladies, however, do not complete the diagnosis. In fourteen countries, because of an accumulation of calamities, the Protestant Church is fighting for its life. In a day desperately in need of spiritual leadership and moral power, the serious impairment of either Protestantism or Catholicism must be recognized as a major disaster by all who love European culture.

The ideas of Protestantism, so vital to the intellectual and spiritual life of post-war Europe, are seriously jeopardized. Because political, military and economic disasters have been constantly before the eyes of the world, because bread and safety are immediate needs and have received the attention of statesmen, because the Church is less vocal in its hour of tribulation than many other interests, and because it stands essentially in a voluntary, elective relationship to life, the seriousness of the condition of European Protestantism has largely escaped the notice of the western world.

The Church suffers acutely in the general malaise which rests upon Europe. It is woven inseparably into the warp and woof of the common life of each country. In large sections of Europe it lives in an atmosphere of defeat, of hatred, of greed and of fear—the four outstanding characteristics of the post-war turmoil in each of the warring countries. Class struggles have been intensified since peace was established and constitute formidable barriers to healthy Church life. After every great conflict the competition of classes for power has been severe. There is no class in any country willing to assume responsibility for the war. Grave charges of war guilt are saddled by one group upon another, provoking bitter recrimination. Each class believes it has suffered disproportionately, and the situation is further aggravated by the fact that successive governments have been unable to restore health and vigor to economic life. The parties in power have become targets for popular complaint. National pride is still at high pitch, for understandable reasons. Each nation from its own viewpoint, surveying the last decade, has adequate grounds for alarm. In the midst of this turbulent and neurotic world

the churches of all faiths must pursue their way above the battle.

A series of unprecedented calamities directly impinge upon the Church in Europe. Not all these burdens are peculiar to Protestantism, although its position differs radically from Catholicism in certain important matters.

Disestablishment struck a serious blow at three of the strongest Churches in Europe at the close of hostilities. The Lutherans in Germany, the Catholics in the Dual Monarchy, and the Greek Orthodox Church in Russia were cut off from all state support in a day when they were in greater need of such subsidies than ever before in their history. In addition to these large church groups which were thus disestablished and left without their accustomed resources, there were the four Churches of Transylvania, including the Lutheran Church, both Saxon and Magyar, the Reformed or Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic and the Unitarian, all of which, under Rumanian rule, were wholly deprived of revenues which formerly were officially levied by the Hungarian Government. In addition, there are some scores of Lutheran parishes in old German Poland which are wholly adrift and penniless save for the meagre contributions which it is possible for a people to make in an overtaxed country. Their tax-raised revenues having ceased, these bodies must train their people to make voluntary contributions in a period of depreciated currency and unemployment. When this situation is made concrete in a parish in Saxony or Moravia, one sees in the local pastor and his stricken flock the drama of faith and poverty. In years to come it will be better for the Church to be wholly emancipated from state support, but the sudden necessity of changing its method of support is a grievous burden.

In addition to the financial shock, a serious loss has resulted in the prestige of the Church. The hostile social pressure of new Socialist Governments, such as has existed in Germany for several years has been a natural consequence of disestablishment. This unfriendly attitude has manifested itself in all degrees from indifference to downright oppression. The socialistic and atheistic influences appear to be declining. In the year 1920 over 350,000 persons left the Protestant Churches of Germany alone, in the year 1922 only 150,000, and since that year the number has rapidly declined. Disestablishment in the eyes of many was tantamount to a repudiation of Christianity.

Actual demolition of church buildings has been a grave loss in many regions. French churches were not the only ones to suffer from shell fire. In East Prussia the Russian and German troops together destroyed 117 churches, most of which are not yet rebuilt. In Latavia one-fourth of the church buildings were ruined. One sees the entire eastern front in ruin. One hundred and five Evangelical Churches and twenty-three schools were destroyed in Poland. Nearly all the church buildings in eastern and middle Galicia were wholly demolished or badly damaged, including serious harm to the important Rumania. Wherever the battle line swayed back and forth, one finds the wreck of chapels in which centered the religious aspirations of

generations of believers. Scores of churches were destroyed in Russia when Red and White forces grappled. Serbia and Bulgaria each has its quota of ruined church buildings, mute testimony of the passage of the Four Horsemen who knew no respect for faith or creed.

Many of the calamities that have been mentioned are shared by all faiths in Europe today, but there are outstanding differences between the position of Protestantism and that of Catholicism. The last five years have seen many surprising changes in Europe, but none greater than the diplomatic and ecclesiastical ascendency of the Vatican. With the peace conference the Papal dilemma came to an end. The head of the Roman Church could once more supervise religious activities and administer relief in all parts of the Catholic world, free from criticism.

It is important to notice that there is a growing Catholic sentiment throughout France and a recurrence of her historical attitude toward Catholicism, not only in the homeland but in Algiers, Tonkin, Cochin-China, Turkey and Syria. She has a Catholic champion in all these areas and is beginning once more to resume that role.

The Vatican has also achieved a better understanding with the Italian Government than has existed at any time since the law of the Italian Parliament in 1871 taking away the temporal power of the Pope, but leaving him spiritually independent. Since the war the Papal power has emerged diplomatically to the most powerful position it has occupied in a century, namely, the single head of millions of Catholics throughout the world, communicating its political and spiritual desires through a thoroughly organized and amazingly obedient system. Protestantism has not now and never has had a comparable diplomatic position.

The Protestant Churches, Greek Orthodox Church, and the Roman Catholic Church all strive to bring about better feelings between the nations of all the world. They try to encourage everything that lead to the banishment of wars and also everything that will help establish the rule of the brotherhood of man.

All hail to the Christian Churches for what they have done and still promise to do for the advancement of international friendship and good will! The day of human brotherhood draws nearer and nearer.

# MODERN TRAILS TO IMMORTALITY

*By* P. M. Camak

## I

INDEED, we young people are living in a modern age and we must think in modern ways. We follow our fathers and mothers through every phase of life and believe in their traditional habits and customs, religious principles, and moral codes of conduct; but we are forced to think for ourselves and give things our own modern interpretations. Thus we confront one of man's greatest questions: the attainment of immortality.

The people of today know so much more than the old philosophers ever dreamed of in the past centuries that revelations and Biblical technicalities are not as easy to accept as the past generations found them. The astronomer, the chemist, the biologist, the geologist, and the psychologist have torn down many old conceptions of the macrocosm and erected in the place of the God of our fathers a structure of unchangeable laws which seem to supersede the supernatural powers that have been ascribed to Him.

However, we should not condemn the viewpoint of the scientists, for they have explained a great problem by resolving matter itself into energy. They have also associated energy with immortality.

An atom has been proven to be composed of electrons, and is believed to be a modification of the universal ether. Of course it is not exactly known what ether is; but it is known to be a very remarkable medium, possessing properties that act as if it were pure force. It has been described as "a universal will." Prof. J. S. Haldane, a high scientific authority, maintains "the thesis that the material world, which has been taken for a world of blind mechanism, is in reality the spiritual world seen very partially and imperfectly, and that the only real world is the spiritual world." Mr. A. J. Balfour says, "We know too much about matter to be materialists." If these men are correct, is not the material world losing its horror and becoming a congenial world in which our faith in immortality may live and grow.

We know that atoms are composed of electrons and that these electrons possess energy. We also know that electrons make up every material thing on the earth and the earth itself. We realize that the other worlds that revolve with ours are thought to be made of similar electrons as the one on which we dwell, for meteorites that have made their way to our very front door have been analyzed and are found to contain the same substance out of which our own planet is made. Now, the only difference between a piece of wood and any other matter is that the electronic energy of the one is of a different type or degree from the other. Also, the ether possesses energy, very much as we know energy, because it transmits light to us. Therefore, some scientists say that when a person dies the electronic energy of the person is released out into the world of

ether, and that if immortality is not then attained, at least a step has been made in that direction.

II

The modern question is often asked: What hope does the theory of evolution contain for immortality? The first impression is that it holds very little. The theory teaches that man flourishes forth in bloom on the tree of life after passing through a slow and irresistible process, and then perishes in nature.

But the theory of evolution itself contains the hope of immortality, because evolution is a process of producing ends which emerge as means upon a higher plain of development. The electron is produced and taken into higher combinations in molecules and chemical compounds, then organized forms of life are transmuted from this inorganic matter. "The mineral is food for the vegetable, the vegetable for the animal, and the animal for man. The end of each stage of evolution marks a critical point where the product is cut off from the process and raised to a higher level."

It is obvious that evolution contains the idea that there is always a higher process, a higher plain to be attained. Therefore, if man, passing through the different stages at a great sacrifice, should not enter the realm of the immortal, would there be left any justification of either the end or the means of man's development? We can hardly conceive that God would bring man through all stages (if He has done it by stages) only to die and be cast off as waste matter, never to exist in the immortal world.

III

It is not imperative that we believe in immortality by either the etherial or the evolutionary method. But we cannot escape belief in it as a human instinct. Through the ages men of all races have manifested their beliefs in immortality in one form or another, and have built up great nations and placed man upon a higher ground than before, giving him always an ideal or theory of an ultimate, final, glorious life. Constantly, as man has made his sacrificial but ever upward climb, he has cried out instinctively for a life in another world. Before man could write there existed the hope, the cry. The Cro-Magnon man 20,000 years ago drew symbols of immortality upon the crude walls of what he thought his palatial caves. The Indians of our own country buried their dead with arms and provisions in order that they might stand noble and exalted in that mysterious realm of the dead. There is no denying that this faith and hope is as deep and permanent as any of the human instincts. It is the oldest of them all and is the strongest argument for immortality.

Whatever we may think of the trail of the physicist and the evolutionist, there is some instincitive something in us that whispers of a trail to a future, a richer and nobler life in a vast, colossal world.

# YOUTH'S VISION OF WOMANHOOD

*By* Harold M. Patrick

*"Your old men shall dream dreams,*
*And your young men shall see visions."*
—Joel, 2:28.

Youth, in its heedless dreaming, builds visions broad and bold,
Sees far Utopian grandeurs, tinged with the sunlight gold.
Castles of airy substance float upward in youthful dreams,
As the dews of life's bright morning converge into spirited schemes.

But youth in its heedless dreaming, ascending to infinite heights,
Sees more than vast visions of fancy, and wild ethereal sights.
Youth in its dreams reaches forward for the places its heart aspires,
Its dreams are but limitless grasping for the things that its soul desires.

Youth, reaching forward in visions, to the perfect, and noble, and true,
Sees a maiden with virginal virtues, and a soul that is pure like the dew;
Sees a maiden, untouched by the lustful, and coarse, in the quest after joy,
A woman respected and honored, not a plaything nor gay-colored toy.

Though about him are countless young maidens, for devotion and love caring nought,
But casting aside the sweet graces for frivolities carnally wrought;
Though he plays with his toys as he pleases, though profaning expressions of love,
Still the youth in his limitless dreaming sees a virtuous vision above.

So here's to the dreams of young manhood; here's to the visions of youth;
And here's to the dreamers' ideal, with her virtues, her graces, her truth;
And here's to the poor little plaything, who, amusing the youth for a time,
Will be soon cast aside and forgotten for the girl with the virtues sublime.

# THE "ROKKOON"

*By* Howard Berry

PERHAPS it was because I was a little tired of everything in general that I rode back to the plantation on Brown's Creek one afternoon two years ago. It may have been, however, merely that I wanted a change from the monotonous waiting for fairer weather. Regardless of what the reason might have been, two o'clock found me approaching the plantation on Bay Boy, my horse.

I rode out into a field of knee-high cotton which was truly in the "pink" of condition, for the blooms were showing a delicate pink beneath the maze of green leaves. Our tenants had kept the grass out of the crop well, especially well, since the wet spell had to be taken into consideration. Suddenly two hundred yards down the road I came upon a squat little negro, son of one of the tenants, wading in a puddle of water, who, as soon as he had recognized me, ran into a house which was only a few yards away, from which he presently emerged with seven or eight negro children closely following him. I knew what they wanted—candy—but for once I had to explain why I had not brought candy to the creek with me. As I rode off they stood in the road and looked sadly after me. Their hands were folded resignedly in front of them, while one or two dug their toes into the mud. I could not bear the pathetic sight of their gaze, so I turned back and gave each a penny. Once more smiles, such as I had noticed upon riding up, were in evidence. "T'enky, mistuh, t'enky," they called after me as I again rode off.

A few minutes later I was sitting on a pine stump, with Big Jim Saunders and Luke Punell, two typical Gullah negroes, sitting upon an upturned, unfinished boat a few yards in front of me. As I knew what was coming, I looked around for a more comfortable seat, and prepared to listen.

"Uh ent nebbuh tell oonuh 'bout de time w'en Jim en' Uh binnuh boy, en' us hab went tuh ketch de rokkoon obuh in Gum Swamp," began Luke, looking up at me. Jim cast a quick glance at him, as much as to say, "Are you going to tell that again?"—"Berrywellden," he continued, "We nyuse tuh hab t'ree dog w'ich bin good fuh ketch de rokkoon, en' dey bin dat good dat w'en nigger yeddy dey woice roll obuh de swamp, dey know fuh sho' dat Luke en' Jim hab rokkoon fuh dey bittle 'fo' sun'up. Yes suh, one night us ketch fibe rokkoon 'fo' daybruk. But dat w'en we binnuh boy, en' 'fo' Uh bruk my leg in de gin-house. Me en' Jim nyuse tuh be de bes' rokkoon ketchers in all ub Brown's Creek. We pa would tell us tuh bring 'um uh rokkoon, en' 'e yent want we tuh wu'k dat day.

"One day me en' Jim ent bin fuh ketch uh rokkoon fuh mo' den t'ree week, en' us jis' 'couldn' stan' de dogs uh-comin 'round, en' lookin' in us eye, en' den lookin' mo'nful luk at de swamp. Dey jis' kinduh

begged us tuh tek dey en' let 'um tree uh rokkoon. Eb'ry now en' den Uh notus Jim lok No'th at Gum Swamp, en' den 'e would look at Houn' en' Spot, en' look so dissatisfy. Uh know puhzackly wuh ben run t'ru dat nigger's min'; so Uh tell 'um tuh leh we go tuh sleep, en' go ketch rokkoon dat night. Dat wuh 'e want. We hunt uh ax' en' chop uh pile ub light 'ood fuh de torch, den lay down en' de sun en' grass en' sleep.

" 'Bout sundown we wake en' call de dogs w'en it git col' so dat we cyan' sleep no mo'. We git crokus bag en' go in de house fuh eat our bittle. Houn', Spot, en' Tige dey stan' at de do' en' whine, but us nebbuh gib 'um no bittle, 'cause dat duh mek 'um not want tuh trail rokkoon. Den us come out de house en' gedduh up de crokus bag, en' de light 'ood, en' de dogs en' leabe fuh Gum Swamp. Houn' 'e know wuh we bin staa't, so 'e lead de odduh dogs off fuh de swamp. But Uh whistle 'tell dey come back, en' Uh mek'um go 'long wid we.

"Uh bin walk uhhead toting de light 'ood torch wuh fuh shine de rokkoon eye. Jim 'e tote de crokus bag, en' de odduhs, de dogs, dey fuhr'ebbuh run out de paat'. Bimebye we uh ketch de edge of Gum Swamp en' Uh tell de dogs tuh go. Houn' 'e duh staa't likkuh bullet wuh bin shoot.

" 'Luke,' says Jim tuh me, 'leh we go en' wait fuh de dogs.'

" 'Nebber, boy', Uh tells 'um, 'fuh ole Houn' boun' tuh light 'puntop uh rokkoon trail in no time.' En' bless my Jedus, Uh hab jis' say dat w'en all ub uh sudd'n Uh yerry ole Houn' cry, en' den de odduh dogs jine in, en' all t'ree dey woice roll obuh de swamp. Jim 'e duh jump jis' disso high en' cry: 'Speak to 'um, Houn'! Tree 'um!' We liss'n tuh dey runnin' en' Uh notus dat dey run in uh sukkle 'cross de swamp, en' den mek anodduh sukkle in same way lukkuh torruh.

" 'Jim,' Uh say, 'dem dog ent after no rokkoon.'

" 'Oh yes, dey iz. Cyan' oonuh yeddy ole Houn'? 'E nebbuh run nutt'n 'cept rokkoon.'

" 'Puhhaps dat bin rabbit wuh dey run.'

" 'No it ent. Rabbit don' run in uh sukkle 'cross de swamp en' den back 'gin. Dat uh rokkoon wuh bin out ebbuh since fus' daa'k en' de dogs jis' ent ketch up wid dem yet!'

" 'Uh tell oonuh dat dem dog 'puntop one hot trail. Dat duh waa'ment duh dem dog bin run.'

" 'Luke,' says he tuh me, 'you iz foolish. Dat be nutt'n but uh rokkoon. We hab rokkoon fuh bittle now sho'.'

"'Bout dat time de dogs 'gin tuh roll dey woice obuh Gum Swamp tuh gedduh, en' dey soun' dat loud oonuh could yeddy dey fuh fibe mile. Me en' Jim light out lukkuh deer t'ru de t'icket, en' us fetch up at de foot ub uh tuckrey oak. Uh look, en' Uh look, en' de dog dey baa'k, en' bimebye Uh see two eyes wuh duh shine 'puntop one limb in de werry top duh oak.

" 'Wuh Uh tell oonuh?' Jim queschun me. 'Ent dat duh rokkoon?'

" 'Sho' dat duh rokkoon. Look at 'e yeye shine!'

"Uh gib' de light 'ood tuh Jim, en' den Uh climb de tree. Jim en' de dogs stay at duh foot ub duh oak, en' Jim fuh hol' duh

light 'ood. Bimebye Uh climb tuh de limb wuh de rokkoon 'puntop, en' staa't out on it. Uh git t'ree or fo' foot frum 'um, en' bless my Jedus, Uh see by duh light ub duh staa'r en' t'ing up in de ellyment dat ent bin no rokkoon. 'E bin duh bigges' wil'cat wuh ebbuh Uh put my eyes 'pun. Uh skay-to-de't' fuh trute. Bofe 'e yeye fuh shine lukkuh duh Boogluh strain* duh daa'k night. Uh know all tow we cyan' stay 'puntop duh 'dentical limb. Uh 'gin tuh mek 'ace backwuds on de limb, en' Uh so skay'd en' Uh shake so haa'd duh wil'cat fuh fall off duh limb, en' Uh ent hab time fer wawn Jim 'e yent binnuh rokkoon. So w'en de waa'ment hit 'e hit spang 'puntop Jim. Den de dogs mek 'ace en' jump pun Jim and de wil'cat alltwo same time, en' day all duh hit du't kerplunk. Jim 'e duh seem tuh hab berry 'pawtun' bizness 'way frum dere, but 'e cyan' leabe. De wil'cat tear 'e britchiz en' scratch 'e face. Dey all duh roll tuhgedduh in de leabe en' grass en' t'ing 'tell oonuh couldn' 'stinguish dem. Uh binnuh hang tuh de limb all de time fuh Uh don' want tuh get in dat rukkus. 'Bout dat time Uh notus dat half de time Jim en' de dogs bin on the bottom, en' de odduh half de time de wil'cat bin on de top. De du't, en' leabe en' t'ing jis' fly. Bimebye Uh look down 'gin en' feel sorrow 'bout Jim en' de dogs, so Uh ax'um: 'Jim, duh oonuh want me tuh come dey en' help oonuh hol' dat woo'ment?'

" 'No, oonuh black buzzut,' Jim holluh, 'Uh want oonuh tuh come down en' help me tu'n him loose.' "

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# THE GROT

*By* Ed Gregg

I know a lake, a lake,
Where the silver star-gleams shake
On its breast.
I know a spot, a spot,
A dreamy, secluded grot,
For love's rest.

*Boogluh strain, a logging train of the Beaufort Lumber Company.

# EDGAR ALLAN POE

*By* Frederick Shuler

EDGAR ALLAN POE, the greatest man of letters America has yet produced, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. His father, David, of Irish lineage, at one time read for the bar, but, disliking the legal profession, he cast his lot with a company of strolling players. Shortly after, he married Elizabeth Arnold Hopkins, an actress of English birth and parentage.

Three children were born to them—William, Edgar, and Rosalie. In 1811, both mother and father died within a few weeks of each other. William was adopted by his grandfather and became a midshipman in the navy. Rosalie, who was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Mackensey, eventually became insane. Edgar, with whom this treatise deals, found a home with John Allan, wealthy tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia, whose surname he later incorporated into his own.

Scarce had he attained the tender age of six when he went to England with his foster parents, where he remained for five years. After a somewhat intermittent period of study under several masters, he entered the University of Virginia. Although an excellent student of languages, his insatiable passion for gambling and love of the flowing bowl kept him from attaining the heights to which he was capable. However, his gambling debts soon brought on a quarrel with Mr. Allan, and he left for Boston. In 1827, he enlisted in the army, and was stationed for a time at Sullivan's Island, Charleston, South Carolina. A short time later "Tamerlane and Other Poems" was published anonymously. Poe and Mr. Allan patched up their differences after the death of the latter's wife, and Poe secured an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Shortly after, he was dismissed because of his old habits. It was about this time, too, that he married Virginia Clemm, who was but fourteen years old.

During this time, however, the young poet's pen was not idle. That his work was gaining some measure of recognition is attested by the fact that, a year later, he became an editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. When, in 1837, he severed his connection with this magazine, its circulation had been greatly increased. From then until his unfortunate demise he had no peer in the field of American letters.

Two years after the death of his girl-wife, Edgar Allan Poe died of delirium tremens, October 7, 1849.

Were it for his short stories alone, immortality would be his. Indeed, it was he who caused the short story to gain recognition as a new literary form. With a very few exceptions his tales may be divided into two general classes—those which deal with Beauty and Death, and those of Mystery and Horror, products of the imagination rivaled only by one of De Quincey's opium phantasmagorias. This undercurrent of horrible "dreams no mortal ever dared to

dream before" may be called the common denominator of Poe's tales. With all of his morbidness he is never sensational. He created no characters because he had no need of them.

But it is as a poet that Poe is known and loved now. Even in his stories there is a certain poetical element that constantly clamors for the hackneyed form—prose-poem. Indeed in the preface to his metaphysical "Eureka," he says that he wanted it to be considered a prose-poem after his death.

Throughout his poems, the two dominant chords of Love and Beauty still sound through the harmony of lesser notes. How can we overpraise him who, at the age of fourteen, could compose such a paradigm of pure aesthetic beauty as "To Helen"? Who, after reading Anabelle Lee, can help but sense the plaintive longing of a questioning soul. And yet in "Lenore" we read his triumphant cry of love victorious over death.

"Avaunt! tonight my heart is light,
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pean of old days!"

We can think of no more fitting way of ending this sketch than by quoting Hervy Allen's tribute to him:

"Heralded by ravens from another air,
The master will pass, pacing here,
Wrapped in a cape dark as the unborn
moon.
There will be lightning underneath a star;
And he will speak to me
Of archipelagoes forgot,
Atalk in a sailless sea,
Where dreams have married thought."

# UNDER THE WHITE ROBE

*By* J. E. White

IT WAS A SULTRY DAY in the middle of July. A hot midday sun rode high in the heavens and fairly blistered the streets of the county seat with its shimmering rays. Even here in the sheriff's office in the little dingy courthouse the heat was oppressive and could not be driven away in spite of all the efforts of the whirring electric fan that buzzed from the top of the safe. It was one of those hot, lifeless days that make men hate even to stir and lead them to gather into small groups in some supposedly cool place and curse the weather, politics, or any subject that may be brought up for discussion.

Such was the occupation of these three men who were sitting together in the sheriff's office, except they were not cursing politics, but were commending that subject in a very flattering manner. And well they might, for wasn't it just—But, wait, let us have them tell it.

"Men," said Sheriff Bates, as he languidly removed his feet from the top of his roller desk and set them on the floor, causing his swivel chair to creak as he shifted his weight in it, "Men, unless something mighty unusual happens 'twixt now and election, we are sittin' pretty. I jest got back from Richardson about an hour ago (had to go over after a nigger chicken-thief, durn him!), and they say that I am shorely going to carry that box. You know that is the center of the Ku Klux activities in this county, and I was mighty doubtful about their vote. I kinda thought they would support that Roberts boy. It shore is a relief to find out they ain't. What do you know, Sam, anything new?"

Sam, a powerfully built, sunburned fellow, who sat next to the window in his shirt sleeves, luxuriously stretched his arms above his head, revealing a ponderous blue-steel revolver strapped tightly under his armpit, and smiled before answering. Then he said, "Wal, Sheriff, don't know as I know anything new, but we have got to watch that Roberts bunch. They are making a big effort to get the Klan on their side, but from what I can hear, they ain't done so this far. If nothing turns up 'tween now and election, which, come to think about it, is only a month off, we ought to win out easy. But we have got to watch our step, ain't we, Dave?"

"You shore said it, Sam," responded the individual addressed, a small, wiry man, who sat with his hands folded in his lap, gazing pensively out of the window, "But I believe that we have got 'em runnin' right now. That bunch shore looks sick to me."

"Dave, wasn't you over at Ridgeway's yesterday?"

"Yes, Sheriff, I was, but that is a close-mouth bunch over there and they didn't say nothing."

"I wish I knew what that bunch is going to do, Dave. That's one of the doubtful boxes. Sam, get a piece of paper and a pencil and let's see how we stand."

But before Sam could get the paper the telephone rang sharply. The sheriff turned in his chair and reached for it. "Wait, boys, till I get through with this," he said to the other two men. Then he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello."

"Yes, this is him."

"All right, Ed."

"What! The hell you say!"

"Where? At Medlands? Any trace of him? Think I'd better get some dogs? All right, form a posse and I'll be there as soon as I can get there."

"Bang!" the receiver was slammed on the hook. The sheriff leaped to his feet and reached for his guns, giving orders to his two deputies at the same time. "There has been hell to pay at Medlands. Young girl attacked by a strange negro. Whole countryside up with blood in their eyes. Ed Rogers just 'phoned. He says we will have to have dogs. Dave, you go get them and go with me. My car is out at the back. Better get your other gun, too."

Dave rushed out. By this time the sheriff had his gun buckled around his waist and was reaching for his handcuffs. Then he turned to Sam, his other deputy and jailer.

"Sam," he said, "you stay here till I call you up. Then you go down to the jail and get things fixed down there. Man, there's trouble brewing and we've got to get ready."

"All right, sir. I guess you'll want the riot bar put across the gates?"

"Yes," the sheriff flung back over his shoulder as he ran from his office. A few minutes later a car roared out of the courthouse yard, accompanied by the howling of two blood-hounds.

As soon as Sam heard the car leave the yard, he called the Clerk of Court and explained what had happened and asked him to watch out for the telephone.

"There's trouble in the wind, as shore as you're livin'," he said, "and I am goin' down to the jail to put out the rifles and ammunition and put the riot bars on the gates. I expect that I had better put the night lock on all the cells, too; so watch out for our 'phone. I'll be back in about an hour."

He hurried out on his way to the jail.

An hour passed, and he came back. No news yet. He sat down in the chair at the desk to wait. Time passed slowly. He picked up a paper and tried to read, but his mind wandered. He couldn't read. Another hour came and went. Three o'clock. Why didn't the sheriff telephone? But, then, he had barely had time yet to catch his man. He'd hear from him in another hour maybe. He watched the people passing the office door. The Clerk of Court had spread the news, and a tense excitement prevailed. Four o'clock came and passed. Nothing yet from the sheriff. Five o'clock, and Sam was worried. The sheriff must have missed his man. Sam was about to call up Medlands and ask for news. Then the telephone rang.

"Hello! Yes, sir. Got him, did you? Trying to lynch him! Who? The Ku Klux. I've got the jail ready. Yes, sir; guns and everything. You'll be here in about an hour. All right, sir."

"Bang!" The receiver clanged against the

hook, and Sam was out the door, running at top speed for the jail.

Some two or three hours later, just as everything was becoming indistinct in the dusk, a car with steaming radiator and dust-covered body drew up to the rear entrance of the jail. A small, wiry man leaped out, clutching a rifle in one hand and with the other jerking out a small negro, whose hands were handcuffed behind his back. From the other side of the car, the sheriff jumped out with a rifle in his hand also. He seized the prisoner on the side opposite from Dave, and between them they dragged the negro to the gate. As soon as they reached the gate, it opened to receive them, and, when they had entered, it quickly closed behind them.

The sheriff and Sam half dragged and half carried the prisoner into the jail office. There, as the prisoner came face to face with six heavily armed and grim-faced men, he uttered a startled exclamation, and, with the expression on his face of a man who is scared out of his wits, tried to run. But the sheriff, with a grim laugh, jerked him back.

"No use to run from them men. They won't hurt you. They are here to keep you from getting hurt. Here, Sam, take this boy and lock him up. Put him in a cell by himself on the third floor. Hurry up and come back. We've got a night's work cut out for us."

Sam unlocked the door to the main body of the jail and pushed his prisoner in. In a few minutes he was back in the office.

"Sheriff, I have done all that I could. The riot bars are up and the rifles are ready. I've got six of the boys here to help us. They are all that I could get. I called up the Chief of Police, but he says he can't spare any men. Bull! he's scared he'll lose his job! Are they coming, Sheriff, sure enough?"

"They are! They may get here any minute. Dave and I had to travel every side road between here and Medlands to keep them from catching us. They are right behind us."

"Who is it, anyhow, Sheriff?" asked one of the other men.

"The Ku Klux," answered Sheriff Bates. "Now, men, here is my plan. Sam, you and Dave take these six men and go up on the top floor where you can shoot over the wall, but don't shoot till I tell you to. I'll stay down here and try to reason with them. If I fail, and it gets too hot down here, I'll come up, too, and we'll start shooting. I don't want to shoot at them if I can help it, though. Now then, you all get your rifles and plenty of ammunition and go on up, so I can lock the door."

Each man picked up his rifle and went into the jail. The sheriff locked the doors after them. He took the key and went out into the jail yard. Then he did a strange thing. With a pick that he secured from a pile lying in the yard, he dug a small hole. Then he dropped something in it, covered it up, and firmly packed the earth over it. After doing this, he replaced the pick and entered the office again. He unbuckled the belt that held his guns and laid them on the desk. Then he went back into the yard and began pacing back and forth across the length of it, waiting for the mob.

For perhaps half an hour he paced back

and forth. Suddenly he stopped and listened intently. Then, "Here they come, boys, get ready," he shouted up to his deputies. Sure enough, one could hear at a distance, but drawing nearer, the steady tramp, tramp of marching feet. The sheriff drew back into the shadow of the jail to wait, nor did he have to wait long. In a few minutes shadowy forms in long white robes marched up and halted before the gate in the jail wall. The sheriff came out of the shadows and walked up to the gate.

"Well, boys," he said.

The one who seemed to be the spokesman of the mob strode forward. He was dressed in a white robe and on his breast he wore the emblem of the K. K. K. On his head was the tall, pointed hat of that order, and his face was covered by a mask.

"Sheriff, you know why we are here. A negro has attacked a white woman. Nothing can atone for that except his life. We, the members of the local K. K. K., have come to take that life. Mean to have it, even if we have to resort to force. We are two hundred strong. All of us are armed, and we have several pounds of dynamite to force an entrance if necessary. But we don't want to use force. Let us have our man, and it will save yourself and us a lot of trouble. Am I right, men?"

"You are." The answer rumbled from the throats of two hundred men.

"Boys," the sheriff spoke again, "I know nearly every one of you. I can't pick you out now, when all of you are masked, but if you were to take off your masks, I could call you each by name. Now let me talk to you a while, not as Sheriff Bates, of Edmonton County, but as Jim Bates, the man you all know. You see I am unarmed. I stand out here in front of you and I am not afraid. What I want to do is to show you boys that you are doing the wrong thing. A negro, a member of a race that is not the social equal of ours, has committed a crime that calls for his life in payment. He has been taken by the law and is now in its custody. In due course of time, he will be brought before a jury of twelve fair-minded and just men. There he can present his defense, if he has any. There, too, the state can set forth its evidence. If he is proven guilty, he will pay the penalty. If he is innocent, he will be acquitted. Now, here you men are, members of an organization which is pledged to support the law in all cases, and you wish to take this prisoner from the hands of the law. This is not in keeping with the purpose of your order, and if men who are pledged to support the law, break it, who is there who will abide by it? Men, listen to reason. I promise that this prisoner will have a speedy and just trial, and that he will pay the penalty if he is guilty. Now, you boys turn around and go back home and I will forget about everything that has happened tonight."

A murmur of disapproval ran through the crowd as the sheriff finished speaking. The spokesman spoke again.

"Sheriff, I suppose that you have already realized that this is no ordinary mob. My men have been silent, and they are silent because they are set in their purpose. We intend to get our man. Now think what

this night may mean to you. Without the Ku Klux vote in this county you will be defeated. Give us our man, and I pledge you the support of every Ku Klux in this county. Refuse us, and you know what will happen. You had better think about that for a while."

"Boys," the sheriff spoke again, "my mind is made up. Now I speak as the sheriff of this county. I have tried to reason with you and have failed. Listen to this. Though I am unarmed myself, right now you are covered by eight men who are just as determined as you are with eight high-powered rifles. They are stationed on the top floor of the jail and are well barricaded. At the first hint of violence they will start firing. You may kill me, but they will have you at their mercy. They have plenty of ammunition and are dead shots. You know that you all have dynamite, but you can't get enough dynamite in this county to blow a hole through these walls. You can't batter this gate down, because it is made of steel plates two inches thick and triply fastened. Even if you were to get inside these walls, you could go no further. The keys to the jail are hidden and nobody in this world knows where except me, and I swear before God that I shall never tell you where they are.

"You have offered to assure me of my victory on election day, but it has been at the price of the blood of perhaps an innocent man. Gentlemen, I refuse your offer. I despise you for making it. It is not one worthy of your order. I did not think that an honest man would make such an offer to another honest man. By God! I am tempted to raise my hand and give the order to commence firing, but I won't. I am sorry for you all. You are actuated by passion, and that passion has made you do and say things that you would not do and say if you were in your right minds. Now think over what I have said, and let me know your decision."

The spokesman of the mob turned slowly around and faced his men.

"Men," he said, "as strange as it may seem to you, I know that the sheriff is right. We have made a serious mistake in coming here. It is not too late to correct that mistake. Let us mend it. If you wish to go on with this thing you will do so without my aid. What do you all think? Are we men enough to acknowledge our error and do our best to correct it? Come on, men, let's go home and, before we go, let's pledge our support to the sheriff. What do you say?"

At first silence reigned among the members of the mob. Then a buzz of talk arose, and finally some one yelled out, "I am with you." This shout was caught up by the entire mob.

The leader turned back to the sheriff and said, "Sir, you are right and we are wrong. Permit us to correct our mistake. We will return home quietly. In the morning, if you wish, I will bring you a list of the men who compose this mob. Then you can take whatever action you may see fit. But you can be sure of the support of the Ku Klux Klan on election day."

"Go home quietly, boys, and forget all about tonight," the sheriff replied. "You have made a mistake, but you have proven yourselves men."

# ON MR. BURBANK AND RELIGION

*By* J. C. Bailey

I HAVE SEEN IN THE PAPERS recently many articles concerning Mr. Luther Burbank and his views on religion. It is highly probable that Mr. Burbank has been mis-quoted and mis-interpreted; but taking all of the articles as a whole, I gather from them that Mr. Burbank is an out and out infidel. He does not believe that there is a true and living God. In his experience with life, he has not yet found conclusive proof of the existence of a divine and all-wise Creator.

In the beginning of this article, I wish to state that I am no theologian. The experience that I have had with religion has come through life and living. In my daily contact with life and men, I have felt and seen some power that cannot be of earthly origin. I have seen men and women sink to the lowest depths of human society, and then be raised up again. I have seen men who were slaves to vices and habits overcome these vices, and throw off these habits. I have seen families made happy again by the regeneration of a drunken father. How were these lives made over again? What force or power entered into these souls? Was it something put there by man? I do not see how it could be. There is no way to explain these facts except through the acknowledgment of a higher power than man, and if there is a higher power than man there must be a God. I say to you that religion is a very vital factor in the lives of men.

We all recognize the genius of Mr. Burbank. In the field of horticulture he has done a wonderful work. He has given to the world many new fruits by the combination of other fruits; he has produced a violet-odored lily—in fact, it seems that he is almost a magician in his work with nature. Under his magic touch new flowers spring forth to make the world brighter; new roses flourish, giving off their sweet perfumes.

I am willing to render all due tribute to Mr. Burbank. He deserves much praise and distinction for his accomplishments; but in the matter of religion, I think that he should have kept silent. Why should he have made his religious views public? The public is easily influenced. If "Babe" Ruth smokes a certain brand of cigar, the public will almost fight to buy that brand. Advertisers pay Mr. Ruth great sums of money to endorse their goods. His name on their products is a great drawing card. Now, "Babe" Ruth may be a great ball player, but is that fact any indication that he is an authority on good cigars? The public does not stop to think about this; the average man is easily influenced by greatness, no matter of what nature. Mr. Burbank knows plants, but is that fact any indication that he is an authority on religion? I say that it is not. He does not know as much about religion as the most simple child of God. He does not believe in what he himself does. He has performed scores and scores of miracles, yet he does not believe in

miracles. He sees his plants grow about him, yet he cannot explain their source of life. Of course he cannot. He does not believe in God. God is life.

How pregnant with meaning are these lines from Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

In closing, I wish to say: Let us not be influenced by Mr. Burbank when it comes to as vital a factor in life as religion. He is no authority on that subject. He knows plants, but he does not know God. To him life is just living. When Mr. Burbank dies, will he leave to the generations that are to follow him anything but material gain? With his present views, he will not. When he is gone, the plants that he has left will wither, and the flowers will fade; and, as far as he is concerned, that great longing in the souls of men for that which gives life will still be unsatisfied. I quote Tennyson again:

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

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## LIGHTNING

*By* Ed Gregg

Glittering,
A tongue of blue-gold flame darts swiftly
From the threatening sky.
Black folds of convoluted cloud,
Piled mass on billowed mass,
Are riven by the forked flame
That, hissing, leaps downward thru the cleft.
Scintillating,
The cruel lash writhes and quivers
In all its savage splendor;
Mad illuminations race among the crags,
With ghastly radiance
Lighting all the sky.
Jagged gleams flash and play—
Then pale.
Darkness—and the storm breaks.

# THE MASKED MARVEL

*By* Vincenzo Padula

IT WAS A SWELTERING August afternoon. A small group of circus performers were gathered around a restaurant table.

"And you know that no other man in the wourld could possibly handle those eighteen lions as easily as the Masked Marvel does," said Curly, the clown leader. "He's the king of animal trainers."

"Where does he come from?" asked another, gnawing a piece of chicken breast.

"That I don't know. He first appeared with our show last week. But, outside of the manager, no one has yet seen him without a mask. There is some mystery surrounding his identity. But believe me," and he pointed his fork at his comrades in order to put more force in his words, "there is no doubt that he is the champion of dare-devils."

Bozo, a large, raw-boned clown, shook his head with a smile.

"It's nothing but confidence," he reproved. "Just children's play—that's all. If a person has the determination to succeed, he can attain success in any profession."

Rippling laughter encircled the group.

"Present your brave boy who can do this," challenged Curly.

Bozo again shook his head and smiled, while his fingers drew an imaginary circle on the table.

"I didn't say I would," he corrected. "I said a lad could do it."

"Well, throw us a champion and back your bluff. Why, man, you're crazy! You know that one of those lions came within a hair's breadth of clawing the Masked Marvel last night. And yet he fought and subdued the defiant beast before the other beasts, who were only awaiting a leader to leap on the trainer, could even snarl."

"Still, I hold that any man is capable of doing the same."

"We'd like to see you do it," retorted another.

"I think I can do it," answered Bozo.

"That's the best I've heard yet," laughed Curly.

Bozo turned an indignant red and a scowl dropped on his features.

"I'll back my bluff," he protested. "I am willing to wager one hundred dollars that I can enter that arena, make those lions act, and come out without a scratch." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and tossed it on the table. "There's one hundred dollars flat," he added, "and if you all might wish to cover more, I've got another two hundred in the ticket wagon, which will further support my statement."

Curly placed a hand on Bozo's shoulder.

"Buddy," he said, "we'll admit that you've got the nerve, but you must confess that you have spoken without consideration. You know that you can't chance placing your head in a lion's mouth, as the Masked Marvel does during his performance."

"Nevertheless, I'll back my bluff," stubbornly answered Bozo. "You—"

"I'll take that hundred," cut in another of the group, "and the other two hundred if you are still game."

Bozo nodded, and Curly shook his head in disapproval.

"I don't want to see you take this chance, pal," he reproved, addressing the boaster. "You'll be taking the chance of your life. Withdraw your bluff before it's too late."

But Bozo refused. "I have spoken and it stands," he said.

"How do you expect to make the change?" asked the one who had covered the money. "You know that the big boss will not allow you to take the Marvel's place in the steel arena."

"That is simple," explained Bozo. "My act does not go on while the Masked Marvel is performing. I shall arrange with him to let me take his place in the arena."

"But what if he refuses?"

"In that case I shall be compelled to use force. The manager will know nothing of my impersonation. I shall wear the Marvel's clothes and mask."

The group stared at their brother-clown, too dumbfounded with surprise to utter a word. Never before had Bozo acted so. Besides, when he passed the cages of the savage, carnivorous beasts, he would turn his head. Could it be that he had had previous experience with animals?

"Is this satisfactory?" he asked after a brief silence.

"It is," nodded his adversary. "But when will this be pulled?"

"Tonight," stated Bozo.

. . . . . .

The performance of the circus was in progress.

"Mr. Al G. Barnes presents his famous troupe of 'Dancing Horses and Dancing Girls,' " shouted the announcer in a loud, lusty voice, while five thousand people lent interested ears.

The drums clattered and rolled for applause, and then all eyes turned to the exit, where the gigantic spot-lights had directed their brilliant rays.

A long file of girls, mounted on shiny, spirited steeds, encircled the track, and the prima donna entered on the back of Tusko, the world's largest elephant.

"Mr. Al G. Barnes presents Miss Lottie LeClaire!" again rolled the announcer's voice.

The elephant ponderously trod before the grandstand, faced it, and remained motionless while the seductive spot-lights played on the slender figure of the charming lassie. The beauty and attractiveness of her features, the fascinating twinkle in her flashy blue eyes, that seemed like priceless jewels, the golden hair streaming like a silken wave over her pretty shoulders, and the aristocratic manner in which she kept her head and shoulders erect, enhanced her stately loveliness. Costly silks and satins covered the back of her giant steed—silks and satins ornamented with the quaintest and weirdest of Chinese designs, and sedulously and cleverly arranged to produce the best color effects. On her figure was a rhinestone gown that caught the brilliant light rays and projected them in a

dazzling manner upon the audience. And at the first notes of Lottie's sweet voice, pigeons, which seemed to appear from nowhere, fluttered and swooped around, until they nestled and cooed on her shoulders and outstretched, welcoming arms.

All the other mounted beauties burst into song at the chorus, accompanied by the numerous instruments of the band, while groups of clever clowns gesticulated with great animation around the motionless horses. A few moments later the maidens retreated amidst loud rounds of sincere applause.

Then the announcer's notes pierced through all other clatter and chatter, and the high pitch of his tone caused a gripping silence.

"Mr. Al G. Barnes will now present the Masked Marvel"—a loud drawled rumble on the name—"the world's champeen and most fearless lion trainer, who will battle and subdue his group of eighteen forest-bred, black-maned, Nubian lions!"

All eyes turned as one towards the steel arena, while a masked form in a blue and garnet uniform, with a whip in hand, and a burdened holster slung on his hip, sprang lightly within. The barred gate that was to lock him into a death struggle was snapped shut after he entered, and several guards, with drawn revolvers for use in an emergency, stood around the enclosure.

On the hippodrome track, the numerous groups of clowns were faltering in their steps, and a close observer could have noticed that they were nervously interested in the calm figure that bowed to the audience.

At the signal, the gate of the steel run which led to the lions' cages in the menagerie was lifted, and several shots bursting from the outside of the big top revealed the fact that the beasts were being forced into it.

Calmly and silently the masked form awaited the beasts' presences. He stood opposite the run-entrance and riveted his eyes upon it.

A few seconds later the giant cats roared and snarled their way into the steel arena, while the tall, dauntless trainer slashed and whipped at them as they protested his presence savagely. Boldly and slowly he drew the revolver from his holster whenever one of them appeared too boisterous and dangerous, and immediately the defiant animal slunk away. Eighteen kings of beasts were no easy number to handle. One false move—one neglect of attention—one unconscious turn—and six guards would have been battling the savage group in an endeavor to obtain the remains of a mutilated body.

But with the grim determination and confidence he possessed, the Masked Marvel boldly compelled the rapacious man-eaters to take their respective positions. Then as he passed beneath a pedestal, the lion crouched on it shot out a crushing paw, ripping the trainer's coat sleeve into shreds, yet the bold performer held his wits and wheeled away just in time to check an anticipated spring.

The youngest of the lions, and by far the most hostile and ferocious, refused to move from the pedestal as the command was given. The Marvel whipped at it mercilessly. It exhibited a frightening pair of crunching jaws in hateful defiance, crouched low, and hurled itself through space, straight for the throat

of the human being. But again wit was displayed, and while the lion was still in mid-air, a stool caught it on the tip of its nose. The lion seized the stool in its jaws and with fury crunched it into splinters as it hit the ground.

This served the purpose. It allowed the watchful trainer ample time to pick up a steel rod. With this he battled the beast, while the others, exhibiting hungry fangs, awaited anxiously for their champion to strike. Then all of a sudden the defiant lion quieted.

The trainer knew only too well what this meant. He whipped out his revolver and leveled it point-blank at the tricky animal. It reared on its haunches and snarled in madness, then skulked to its pedestal. Every lion which has ever performed with man knows that that weapon which the human being draws from his hip is dangerous. And every one of these trained beasts has felt the scorching power of a revolver when it was fired.

A lion can be trained, but never tamed. No matter how quiet and obedient the kings of the jungles might seem, the day will come, nevertheless, when their savage madness will arise to the surface, and when they by chance get their first craving and taste of human flesh and blood.

And the trainer knew this. Cautiously through the sides of his eyes he watched the every move of his dangerous group. This he did in an endeavor to leave the impression on the beasts that he was unconcerned; otherwise, if they noticed even a hint of fear in his motions, they would have lost no time in pouncing upon him.

Several thousand pairs of eyes were directed on the steel arena. Several thousand bodies swayed and shook nervously whenever the trainer appeared to be in a dangerous position. Yet he succeeded in subduing the roaring cats every time before the quiet ones could even growl. These silent monarchs were the ones he mostly feared and watched. He could never know when they would attack, and from previous experiences, he had learned that a quiet lion is far more dangerous and treacherous than a roaring lion. These sober kings were eyeing him, intent upon seizing the first opportunity to satisfy a bloodthirsty desire. They had already tasted flesh and blood. They were the ones who really awaited for the time to come when the creature who commanded them would be off guard. The noisy beasts were only conquered and protesting; these quiet ones were conquered, hurt, and wild for revenge.

A few moments later cries of abject fear rang through the tent.

"Wild lion in the run!" shouted a terrified circus hand as he rushed within. Commotion reigned supreme. Children in the audience cringed against their parents, mothers clutched babies closer to their breasts, and a mob tumbled and scrambled for the exit. But a group of sedulous clowns checked a probable human stampede by entertaining the crowds, and those who remained forgot all about the excitement.

Several assistants dashed for the rope which held the run-gate. But too late! The

untrained man-eater had already entered the arena. Six pistols were raised like a flash, yet the trainer waved a protest. These lions were worth too much to kill unnecessarily. Every one of these monarchs had meant dangerous and cautious labor on the part of the dauntless hunters who had captured them. Many a life was lost during the capture. He could not possibly allow the death of one of these costly beasts. Calmly he turned to the new arrival.

The lion roared and stared about—bewildered for a moment. Those other brother-lions crouched on the pedestals, and the shrieking, bobbing people on the outside puzzled it. Then it caught sight of the trainer standing a few feet away, strained every muscle in its body, and sprang towards the form. But the Masked Marvel was prepared for the occasion. He jumped behind a steel frame on which his troupe was wont to act, and hurled a steel rod at the enraged animal. Then he fired his blank pistol. The man-eater was not frightened. It had not been taught the fatality which that weapon carried. The trainer came out in the open again. Cartridge after cartridge was fired, stool after stool was hurled, steel rod after steel rod was thrown, but all in vain. The lion nourished that desire for revenge against these creatures who had brought it from its forest home where it had reigned as king. No matter how many times it sprang, nor how many times the trainer slipped away from it, it cared not to let this apparent prey slip by.

Towards the mouth of the steel run the desperate Masked Marvel forced it. There the angered cat stood its ground, pawed, crunched at the steel rod that hit it so often, and after clawing the rod out of the trainer's hands, it leaped once more. The other lions, who until now had only growled and snarled, sprang down from their pedestals.

The trainer leaped behind the steel frame in time. The infuriated beasts crashed against it. One caught him in the back, ripping off coat and flesh. The trainer fell on his knees and rolled senselessly under the steel frame.

Triumphant roars followed as the defiant and victorious lions pawed through the frame in an endeavor to claw and withdraw their prey.

Shots upon shots were fired by the desperate guards. The audience tumbled from their seats and dashed wildly over one another in an effort to escape sight of the tragedy.

But as suddenly as it had started, the lions became frightened and hurt by the clatter, and retreated into the steel run. The gate was dropped, and a first-aid man rushed to the bloody, motionless figure laying on the ground.

Calmly the clowns endeavored to soothe the remaining nervous spectators, while a group of the bolder men flocked around the arena.

Curly dashed up to the manager, who stood outside with the onlookers.

"It's—it's—Bozo!" he gasped, his face white with terror at stating what he thought would be an astounding confession.

"I know it," answered the manager sadly.

A few weeks later several clowns had as-

sembled near the bed of the convalescing Bozo.

"That certainly surprised me, pal," admitted Curly, "to find out that you were the Masked Marvel. Why did you conceal your identity from us? And how did you happen to become a lion trainer without our knowledge?"

"Well, you know that mystery is the spice of life," drawled Bozo, as he stretched his weakened knees. "I am a writer by profession. I joined this circus to gain experience and new things to write about. However, I have had some previous experience with lions. When I heard the manager mention that he was hunting something for a new publicity stunt, I told him of my previous experience, and the result was the mysterious Masked Marvel. It went over great until this accident, and it also helped me out with a new story to write about which is far better than fiction."

# HOPE

*By* H. D. Inabinette

AS AN OLD MAN reached his humble home in a small town in which he lived, he shook his head, and uttered these words: "No, he did not come." Two years before his son had left home and day after day the father would meet the only train which passed through the small town and hope to see his son arrive. Although two years had passed, he was not to be discouraged. He was still optimistic, and each day his hope was greater. There was something that would not let him give up.

We can hardly estimate the value of optimism, or seeing the bright side of everything. There are times when we are disappointed, discouraged, and apparently beaten; but we still have something to which we can look forward. Unless there is some high aim or ideal that leads us on, we do not get very far in life, and life means very little to us.

One often hears of building "air castles;" and, usually, they are considered idle dreams. If we really think of them, however, we learn that such is not the case. For instance, an invention or a building must be visualized in the mind of the builder before the actual structure can be produced.

As college students, we are building great air castles of our future lives and careers. We were not satisfied simply to live as we had been living, but we, or our parents, saw the great hope in us for a future; and, as a result, we are here. Our plans are before us and, day after day, they inspire and lead us on. Such inspiration will help us to do our best, that our dreams may come true and that we may accomplish most. As we study lives about us, it seems as if the builders of some of them are not constructing their air castles as large as they might; and that their aims, their ideals, are not as great as they have the power to make them. Then there are the hopes of our parents and those who are interested in us. They are building castles for us which are perhaps far greater than our own. This in itself sets up a great hope for us, and helps us to enlarge our aims.

Poets and other writers give us new thoughts and ideas about hope from day to day. The German poet, Schiller, has well expressed the purpose and value of hope in one of his poems. He pictures hope as that which leads one into life. Then it leads and allures the growing child. It entices the youth, inspires the young man, and leads the old man to do and accomplish the best that is in him. Then at the grave, hope is not lost, for it has never been interred with the bones. There is a hope for the hereafter which has been growing upon us all of our lives.

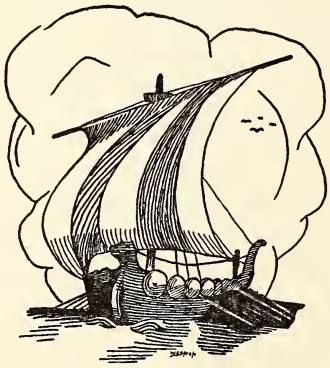
From day to day as we pick up our newspaper, we see where some poor fellow-being has lost hope, at least temporarily, and has committed suicide. The two are usually inseparable, because life without a hope is un-

bearable. There must be a ray of hope for us. Our clouds of doubt and darkness must, and will, show to us a silver lining if we will only trust and not lose sight of the hopes that are ours. Sometimes when the shadows come, they test us severly; but one of our tests is to be optimistic, and not to lose sight of that which is better and brighter.

We must not be contented to be idle, however, and only build our air castles. We must be up and doing if they are ever to be real. Hope alone can accomplish nothing, except to lead us on and encourage us to strive as never before. The story is told of two students who were taking the same courses. One hoped, prayed, and worked for her success day by day, and made a very good record. The other looked on, and determined to try the same method. She did, except for the work, and lost out.

Thus, we should consider the place of hope in our lives, remember its value, and make our lives as optimistic as possible. Also we should bear in mind the words of our English poet, Coleridge:

"Work without Hope draws nectar in a seive,
And Hope without an object cannot live."



# FRAGMENTS

*By* Ed Gregg

"Spring had returned, piecing out its mosaics of showers and sunshine."

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"I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Nothing could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her—
Love but her, and love forever."

---

"A man is a man when he thinks. Him nature solicits with all her placid, monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites."

---

"In a golden twilight flowed the green, pellucid river, beautiful in itself, marvelous from the strange tints thrown by the vivid light from above, filtered and tempered in its fall through the leafy archway. Clear as crystal, motionless as a sheet of glass, green as the edge of an iceberg, it stretched serenely in front of us."

"Her air so sweet, an' shape complete,
Wi' no proportion wanting;
The queen of love did never move
Wi' motion more enchanting."

---

[A SPANISH DANCER]

"Her supple body curved, swayed, and glided; her fair arms were like lazy snakes uncoiling; her exquisitely poised head moved in perfect concord with her undulating hips. Her eyes grew brighter, her lips redder."

---

"The consciousness of the presence of a human mind which has worked over the matter which we are reading is one of the greatest sources of pleasure in literature."

---

"The frothy reef cuts out into the surf,
Like a curved scimitar of silvered steel,
As though the island were an armored hand
That hews the long-backed, white, complaining waves."

(From Yale Literary Magazine.)

# Wofford College Journal

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## EDITORIALS

### An Ideal Man

The students of Converse College have recently announced their consensus of the traits, capacities, and physical qualities that constitute a REAL man. Their crystallized opinion has caused a great deal of discussion among those of the masculine sex, especially here at Wofford. The result of the statistics was amazing, to say the least, and truly the most remarkable part of the whole proceeding. In this editorial, however, we shall view the question with philosophical calmness, knowing that the feminine mind is one of the great enigmas of life.

Since the consensus was announced, Wofford College has been in the throes of excitement, and justly so, for no one ever dreamed that Converse maidens would have conceived such a creature as their Ideal Man. Young Lochinvars have vainly gazed into their mirrors for dark brown, wavy hair; they


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have measured the angles of their foreheads to see if the poetic slant is there; they have dropped countless pennies in the weighing stands in the vain hope of "tipping the beam" with one hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois; they have pined for the manly height of six full feet; they have dreamed of the golden age of twenty-six ripe summers; and they have enviously admired the perfect feet of negro janitors, incased in number "ten" shoes! Verily, it is not a perfect man that our fair friends admire, but a perfect brute! To say the least, such a paragon of masculinity would be a prodigy indeed.

Evidently most of the Converse girls had in mind the typical cowpuncher of a western ranch, whom they would invest with certain mythical characteristics, veneer with social manners and clothe in fashionable dress. Such a personage, we believe, would more nearly measure up to the standard than a Wofford student!

The idea of a slanting poetical forehead calls to our attention the fact that the anthropoid ape has just such a physical attribute, and man, at least, has no taste for the physiological marks of his pre-human forbears.

Fair ones of Converse, you have indeed taken the "she" out of "sheik," but you have proven yourselves woefully ignorant of what a REAL man ought to be.

---

### A Life Philosophy

Recently in our reading we came across this remarkable and very interesting maxim: "You must make your own life as you would any other work of art." A careful con-

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templation reveals in this statement a wealth of meaning that is very pertinent to the building of a philosophy of life, a mental environment for the existence of each individual consciousness. Each of us must realize how necessary it is to form some sort of philosophical conception of life upon which we may build our personality in its reaction to the physical world without.

Living is an art—the greatest of arts, and it requires the moulding force of well-grounded convictions evolving from a logical process of reasoning. The sculptor never sets about chiselling delicate, sensitive features of a marble physiognomy in a helter-skelter, haphazard sort of manner. First of all he studies the technique of his art in all of its various phases, striving to master the principles and technicalties of sculpturing, so that when he sets his burin to the statue, he feels confident assurance in his knowledge and plies his skill to an effective advantage. Thus it is with the painter, who diligently pores over the theories of light, shades, and tints in an endeavor to grasp the fundamental relationships of effects produced by the suggestive tones of colors. And so it is with every creator of art—the poet, the novelist, the musician, the architect.

Since life is indeed the greatest and most universal of the arts—an art which each human being must develop with more or less skill and perfection—the necessity of devolving abstract technicalties to assist in its pursuit is clearly of high importance. But living is such a complex matter that few of us ever grasp any of its fundamental relationships and principles. Still fewer of us ever

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form definite philosophies by which we may mould our lives to our own wills as the potter moulds the clay into beautiful, picturesque urns. The great trouble with people is that they are more or less passively submissive to external influences such as prejudice, convention, dogma, imitation, etc. These forces exercise, in many cases, an almost despotic coercion, especially in weak, vacillating minds, often to the extent that the individual personality loses itself completely in the synthesis of common aims and ideals and modes of living. This is the sad fate of many human beings today—the tragedy of unexpressed individuality; and the bitterness of the truth is that such unfortunates never wake to a realization of their sad state until it is too late to apply a remedy.

By a logical process of reasoning, colored by a developing sense of the beautiful, one may create for himself a bulwark of personal conceptions to withstand those external influences that will storm the citadel of individuality. Behind this mental fortress, as it were, the "ego" may securely codify its principles of artistic living—principles that comply with the delicate, intricate personality of the individual. Thus a veritable mental haven is formed in the consciousness, and in this safe retreat the "ego" may react harmoniously and pleasurably upon the outside world, fashioning the behavior of the individual to respond to the technical for-

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mulas of the mind. Then truly life becomes an art of a high degree and living a skilfully wrought pattern of pleasure and delight.

## Carolina Scenes

How few of us ever realize the natural beauties of "ye ole Palmetto State"! We long for a trip abroad, with all of its possible novelties of scenery and majestic panoramas of castles, and winding streams, and snow-clad peaks rising from purple depths, and tinted glaciers, etc., ad infinitum. We usually consider our own state very barren indeed when it comes to the question of natural beauty, but this prejudice springs from an ignorance of our terrain, especially the coastal regions.

The coast line of South Carolina presents an amazing variety of ocean views. The beach from the North Carolina border to Georgetown stretches in one long, unbroken crescent of gleaming strand, where the broad Atlantic lazily flings itself, affording excellent facilities for safe and delightful surf bathing. Myrtle Beach, once a tiny hamlet of some four or five cottages, has grown with startling rapidity, and its popularity has increased proportionately. It is now considered the safest beach on the Atlantic Coast, and plans are being forwarded toward making it the "Atlantic City of the South."

The southern portion of the coast is more irregular, broken here and there by numerous coves, inlets, estuaries, and bays. Just off the coast are low-lying islands that break the monotony of the open sea, and lend an enchanting tone to the scene, floating, as they seem, on the blue waters of the Atlantic. From the coast of Beaufort county one may obtain glimpses of a view that is unrivalled in its mellow, haunting beauty of outline and its harmony of perspective. The scenes from the Battery in Charleston have always drawn the admiration of beauty-seekers, who gaze pensively at the sights of sea and sky when the summer stars mirror themselves in the moving water.

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But the haunting beauty of the coast is not all. Not far from Charleston is Magnolia-on-the-Ashley, the famous Magnolia Gardens, unsurpassed by any of the famous gardens of Europe. Japonicas, azaleas, masses of semi-tropical shrubs and flowers, native magnolias and stately oaks hung with gray moss, lawns that have been carefully tended for generations, all blend and commingle in patterns of color and harmony to make this the Mecca of flower-lovers. We would recommend March and April as the time for a visit to this wonderland, when the japonicas, and after them the azaleas, are in bloom, filling the nostrils with perfumed odors and delighting the eyes with kaleidoscopic vistas of color.

Charleston itself is a grand old city, imbued with an historic past and wrapped in the atmosphere of departed glory. Along its streets stand quaint old buildings, dating back to Colonial days when Carolinian aristocracy was at its height. Great gates of wrought iron and weather-beaten walls guard old world gardens and semi-tropical trees and flowers.. Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter keep watchful vigil over the homes they have protected in bygone days, and add the memories of their past to the historic background of the city.

Winding majestically from the northwest, the broad Santee—the home of the "Swamp Fox," General Francis Marion—meets the waters of the Atlantic below Georgetown. Journeying up this river we come to the well-known Eutaw Springs, where the water, limpidly crystal, gushes out of the earth in great volumes, only to disappear again under a hill nearby. Here the British regulars were defeated in a battle by the Carolinian Sons of Liberty.

In other parts of the state are such historic places as: Camden, Kings Mountain, Cheraw, Cowpens, Parris Island.

Dull and uninteresting though "ye ole Palmetto State" may seem to some, we know its rare scenery, its historical points of interest and its panoramas of natural beauty.

---

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We acknowledge the following publications: "The Carolina Magazine," "The Aurora," "The Criterion," "The Concept," "The Bailey Bayonet," "The Echoes of the Foothills," "The College of Charleston Magazine," and "The William and Mary Literary Magazine."

# A GEM OF PUREST RAY

*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

*In sharing with you the foregoing wonderful guiding thoughts I feel that I am doing a real service which gives me great pleasure.*

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For the above reason we are also sowing the good seed. Water them.


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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Thought (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 194 |
| Our Gang (Story) | V. D. Padula | 195 |
| The Bells of Wofford (Poem) | Anonymous | 202 |
| The Effects of Character on Salesmanship (Essay) | T. M. Nelson | 203 |
| A Day at Dr. Samuel Johnson's (Sketch) | A. L. Allen | 206 |
| The Search (Poem) | Howard Berry | 208 |
| The Flaw (Story) | Adair Little Childe, | 209 |
| Twilight (Poem) | Howard Berry | 219 |
| The White Elephant (Sketch) | M. K. Medlock | 220 |
| Is the World Growing Worse (Essay) | Clyde J. Lever | 223 |
| Fire (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 225 |
| Mr. Allison's Regeneration (Story) | H. B. Looney | 226 |
| The Spell of the Sea (Sketch) | Ed Gregg | 230 |
| Book Review ("Caste and Outcast") | R. C. Major | 232 |

Editorials—

1. Why College? ..... 234
2. Vocabularies ..... 237

Exchange Reviews—

1. *The Carolinian* ..... 240
2. *The Chicora Magazine* ..... 241

# THOUGHT

*By* Ed Gregg

O storms that shake my consciousness
With bitter blasts of doubt and fear,
And with tumultuous trumpeting
Of nature warring with itself,
Spend thy fury and be still!
Once, locked within a child-like faith,
Did sweet contentment lie becalm,
Till, with the fury of the gale,
Descended all the flood of thought
And rocked and tossed with savage surge
A mind that never felt the shock
Of grinding wave.
And yet a final day shall come
When that same mind, though sorely bruised
And battered by the storms of life,
With sturdy mariner at helm,
Will sail secure through reef and shoal.

# OUR GANG

*By* Vincent D. Padula

## NEW MEMBERS

### I.

"GO on home, Charlie!"

"I don't wanna."

"You can't come 'round with my gang; yer too small to go with big boys."

The small child was stubborn and held his ground.

"I wanna go wi' you," said he. "Mommuh tole you you gotta take me wi' you. If you don't, I'm gonna tell that you an' Nickie go behind the garage an' smoke."

The older lad's heart sank within him and he grunted in despair and hopelessness. He ran his barefoot around in a circle, his toes wreaking havoc on a peaceful nest of industrious ants, and his keen eyes following the course of the excited warriors. For a moment all his "kid" brother's bluster and sourness could have been directed to a stone wall as far a Joe was concerned; the fleeing insects seeming to present an old sport in a new light. He bent low and plugged up the mouth of the minute hill with sand; and with a certain degree of satisfaction in his performance, he waited patiently to see if the entombed insects would be powerful enough to struggle through the accumulation. Charlie followed his brother's eyes; and then he, too, bent down and became interested in the location. At last one of the ants squirmed out, threw its pinhead in all directions, and started on its race for life. The hand of temptation branded Charlie. He reached out with his finger, crushed the insect, and uttered a guttural tone of exultation.

"Leave them ants alone," warned Joe.

"I will not!" defied his brother.

"You will too. This is my ant hill; I 'scovered it first."

"I don't care; you don't own the ants."

"That's all right, though, by jimmie. It's my ant hill an' maybe I ain't goin' to take care of them—oh, no!"

"Aw—w, what I care 'bout yer ole ants," grumbled Charlie, sourly. "I'll find me a whole bunch of ant hills all to myself, anen maybe I won't tell you something."

"Well, why don't you? Cuz you can't," answered Joe to his own question.

"Aw shucks, I cin find a lot of 'em."

"Where?"

"On Frankie's lawn."

"You better not go there no more; his mother is mad cuz you stepped all ontop of the flowers."

"I didn't do it," protested Charlie. "Gilmore done it."

"Well, you better keep away from that house, anyway. You tied the cans on her dorg's tail. You make all the trouble. That's why I don't wanter take you with me."

"Well, I'm gonna go wi' you, an' you ain't gonna stop me."

"Lissen, Charlie, I'll give you a piece of lollipop if you go home."

"Let's see ut."

Joe exhibited the carefully wrapped relic of better days. By the fading of its many colors it showed that undoubtedly many satisfied tongues had curled around it.

"Aw—w, that's too small," grumbled Charlie.

"I'll give you my sling-shot."

"Aw, what I want wi' yer ole sling-shot? 'Sides, you stole it from Jakie; I know."

Joe turned a wry face in depair. This little clinging vine proved an intolerable burden indeed.

"Go on home," he snarled.

"I won't."

"I'll make you."

"And I'll tell pa."

Thus the controversy continued with neither party seeming to succeed in his purpose. Joe's heart burnt within him. The gang was waiting; he could even now hear their far-off, shrill whistles and bursting cries of joy. But he could not risk the companionship of his brother—the "family telegraph," as he had labeled Charlie. And was it not so? Was not Joe compelled to compensate him for his silence? Even now, Charlie was still drawing a salary for keeping "mum" about the time he discovered his older flesh and blood sharing a smoke, as best befits a man, with Charlie, the tough. The blackmailer was drawing every ounce of blood from the opportunity—so Joe had expressed himself. Only yesterday, when Charlie threatened again, Joe was compelled to loan his bicycle (built of odds and ends which the gang had pieced together), and Charlie had made a debris of the entire thing. Joe liked the forbidden company of Nickie, the tough; yet he dared not be seen with such a roughneck when Charlie was around. If Joe did anything, papa would use the old trusty switch; if Charlie did anything, Joe would catch "hell" for teaching him such tricks.

"Heck, Charlie, yer only eight years old. Yu'd be afraid to do what we're gawnter," explained Joe.

"Yer on'y ten years old, yer own self."

"Yeh, but I got to go some place where yu'd be scared."

"Aw, I ain't scared o' nothin'. What yer gonna do?"

"We're gonna go up the hill and hunt snakes."

"I ain't 'fraid o' no snakes."

"Yer not afraid—oh, no! Yu'd yell, 'Mommer, mommer!' "

"I would not; I—"

"Toot! toot!" came the sound of a boyish voice imitating a horn.

Charlie cut off abruptly after hearing the call and turned around. Gilmore was speeding down the sidewalk in a toy automobile, and hitting high at that, with feet manipulating the peddles so rapidly that even a "six-days' bicycle rider" would have concluded a victory impossible.

"Toot—toot—chung—chung!" he shouted as he tore through space.

Charlie and Joe turned up derisive noses and attempted to appear unconcerned. Of all boys in the world, Gilmore was the mistake—so they thought. His name was on the lips of every mother, his courtesy being the subject of general interest, and his sayings reputed to be clever indeed. He al-

ways shunned the association with the rough boys; all the girls loved him and admired his gentlemanly qualities; he attended Sunday school every Sabbath day and knew his verses to perfection; he had never played "hookey" from school or failed to get under an **A** in any class; and, to top his glory, mothers would request that he escort their daughters to and from school because he was a model gentleman.

"Hong—kong!" he cried as he jammed on his imaginary brakes and stopped within hailing distance.

Charlie and Joe stared at him.

"Hello!" he called sharply.

"Sissy," sniffed Joe.

"Sticks and stones will hurt my bones, but words will never hurt me," quoted the new-comer from memory.

"Sissy—plays wi' the girls," scoffed Charlie.

"I do not."

"You do, too," put in Joe, taking his brother's part. "You walked down the street with Anna Taksar yesterday."

"I walked with her because she enjoys my company," admitted the small gentleman, boastfully.

"Lissen, Charlie," whispered Joe, while Gilmore still held his position of safety. "C'mere, I'm gonna tell you something."

Then followed a hurried conversation and Charlie's features brightened. "Is that all right?" asked Joe.

"Sure," grinned his brother, "we'll make him sorry he goes wi' the girls."

"C'mere, Gilmore," shouted Joe, "Wanter see some ants?"

"You want to hit me," explained Gilmore. "You said so yesterday."

"Aw, shucks, I was only kiddin'," retorted Joe with a forced sincere laugh. "Honest, I ain't mad at you. You know I was only foolin', don't you?"

Gilmore shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"Aw, c'mon," said Charlie. "Joe ain't gonna hit you. We want to play wi' you. Honest and God."

Gilmore considered the invitation seriously. Joe walked toward him and he fell back. Charlie trailed along.

"Don't be afraid, Gilmore," reassured Joe with a big deceitful smile. "We jus' wanna see yer new autymobile."

Gilmore sighed in relief. He straightened in his seat with the behavior of an exile who has been misunderstood and expects long-due credit and glory. For the next few moments he seemed to bathe in celestial happiness. His vehicle was the topic of interest and he did not fail to seize all the compliments. The brothers had approached, intent upon revenge and "pullin' off" a trick on the lad; but had remained to admire and run their hands over the glossy finish of the toy, instead. What greater glory can a youth hope for than the consolation that he receives when other youngsters whom he had considered to be his sworn enemies, acknowledge his exceeding greatness? In Gilmore's case, it was food and drink—in fact, a real feast, for to have the youths who had ridiculed and scorned his goodness, marvelling at his property, was a far greater dream than he had ever expected could come true. He

drew a large, red apple from his pocket and buried his teeth deep into its area.

"Cores!" yelled Charlie immediately. This idiom secures for the utterer the indisputable title to the seedy remains of the fruit, and protects him from a possible choice of donation which might have otherwise been made by the proprietor. No boy denies this right; it seems to be an unwritten law. However, if the owner is avaricious and desires to consume the fruit in its entirety, he can say, "No cores today," and this phrase makes even a taste unavailable.

"Gosh, that's a good automobile," remarked Joe, who had become too interested in the car to notice the apple.

"Yes, sir," assented Gilmore, "It cost 'most as much as a real one."

"Does she go fast?"

"Does she go fast?" repeated the other, somewhat surprised and amused at the apparent absurdity of this question. "I'll tell anybody she'll go fast. If I don't put on my brakes, she'll go faster'n a train."

"Golly!" exclaimed Joe.

"Cin I have a ride?" asked Charlie. "You know, Gilmore," he added, sincerely, "we ain't never been real mad wi' you, even if you ain't in our gang. You'll give me a ride, won't you?"

"Sure," answered Gilmore. "Soon's I finish my apple."

"Don't ferget cores," reminded the small lad.

"Yer a reg'lar guy," said Joe. "You don't really like girls, do you?"

"No, sir," confessed Gilmore. "I just have to be good to them and to everybody else, because my big brother who goes to high school will hit me if I don't. But I always did like you," he admitted, "even if my brother said I couldn't play with you."

Thus was Gilmore's real character interpreted, and all forms of enmity were forgotten by his new friends. He wasn't a snob or a "goody-goody" boy after all. The longer the brothers lingered in his company the higher they esteemed his qualities. And to effect a rapid and conscientious redemption, he left a goodly portion of the apple for them—yea, even forsaking another bite while his mouth watered. Then he exhibited a lollipop—a stick of candy which had not yet left the original wrapper—and invited his comrades to a lick. But with this confection he was nervously cautious, fearing lest they might attempt to dig their teeth into it, and voluntarily violate the limits of his generosity. He suggested that they stick out their tongues, and then he gently ran the sticky mass over that portion of their anatomies several times. Joe tried to curl his tongue around the crystallized sugar and to suck it into his mouth, but Gilmore held too tight a grip. Consequently, Joe was disgraced as best befits an unlucky and detected would-be thief, and received one lick less than his allotted number, the penalized taste being awarded to Charlie according to the judge's decision as a compliance to the former's plea that his good-behavior deserved it.

Shortly afterwards Gilmore's car was eating the dust, while Charlie shared the driver's seat, and Joe sat like a statue as a look-out on the hood (a mean proportional arrange-

ment), and the awaiting gang was wiped out of the thoughts of the brothers.

In order to stop at the end of the sidewalk, and thus save the fast-rolling vehicle from plunging into the brook that formed the street's southern boundary, the youngsters were compelled to swerve onto the lawn of an Italian family whose little daughter was the scourge of the district. She limped on her right leg on account of an accident which had occured in her infancy; but this proved no handicap or hindrance in her play. In fact, she was the eight-year-old "terror of the street," and woe to the urchin or girl who dared defy her superiority. She was agile and sly as a cat, and wherever children dared one another to perform a hazardous stunt, she surprised them all by taking the perilous stand. If commotion raged in the community, Angeline Parano was sure to be there, and the way her lower extremities manipulated on such occasions would have put all future contenders for the sprinting record to shame.

On the first trip, when the three passengers ceased progress by cutting onto the lawn, Angeline appeared and threatened them. They fled and cautiously held their distance until she reentered the house. Then they chanced a ride once more, concluding that safety and quiet now existed. But, alas—too late! They had just pulled onto the lawn when Angeline rushed out, with broom in hand. With this weapon she chased the marauders who scampered away without their vehicle. She took possession and defied them to come and get it. The crest-fallen urchins, whose happiness until now had been supreme, retreated to the other side of the street and sat on the curbing, undecided how to attack. Joe, inspired by the praise awarded him by his brother and Gilmore, set forth empty-handed to recapture the spoils of war. His head met with a sweeping thwack from the swinging broom that sent him sprawling on his back. He took to his heels and joined his brother-warriors, while Angeline, happy and triumphant, seated herself in the toy automobile.

Nickie, the tough, appeared on the scene, and a round of applause and hearty cheers burst from the lips of the other boys. After being informed of the present state of affairs, and understanding that the foe had opened battle, he threw out his chest and boasted, "Youse guys ain't big enough; watch me get it." But they could have watched all night and all the next day if they really thought him capable of the enterprise. He walked boldly toward the enemy, with fists clenched.

"Gimme that autymobile," he demanded, a darkened scowl on his features.

"You ain't gonna get it," she retorted.

"I will too."

"You will not."

He dared one step nearer, but kept clear of the swinging broom.

"Gimme that autymobile or I'll kill you," he growled, hoping to frighten her.

This threat infuriated the girl and she made a flying charge. Nickie was too slow, as had been the other belated warrior, and he picked himself up, turned tail, and retreated to his comrades. Then the party scratched their heads (although empty), and tried to

think of some scheme or method which might aid their cause.

During their moments of desperate conversation, Angeline called her five-year-old brother, Salvatore, and invited him to ride the vehicle. Then she followed him up the street as a body-guard, the broom on her shoulder. Silently and with hate, the plotters watched the dauntless girl's every move, and swore that they would get that "little shrimp" (Salvatore), if it would be the last thing they would do on this earth.

A new plan of skirmish was voted upon and adopted. They were to scatter and attack from all directions. This failed also. Angeline was too fast for them.

"Please, Angeline," pleaded Gilmore, "give me my autymobile."

"I don't want to," she retorted defiantly. "I'm gonna let my brother take a lot of rides first." Salvatore snickered at the gang, feeling safe under his sister's protection. To make matters worse he stuck out his tongue and uttered a tone of scorn that sounded like a cow's call to its calf.

"I'm gonna get you," threatened Nickie, the tough.

"Yer gonna get my brother—will you?—oh, yeh!" sneered Angeline, and then she chased the offending lad far down the street. She turned in time to see the others about to regain possession of the prize, and dashed back to the rescue.

"Once you said I can't join yer gang cuz I'm a wop," she said. "Now I'm gonna show you."

"Aw, shucks, Angeline," explained Joe as he returned, "I didn't say on 'count of that. I said cuz you are a girl. We don't want no girls on our gang."

"Aw, like fun," she said, sniffing. "I cin lick any boy what wants to fight."

"I'd like to see you lick Nickie," returned Joe.

"I cin lick him, too," she answered calmly.

Nickie's face dropped a few degrees at this bold statement.

"If you put that broom down, I'll show you," he growled.

Angeline dropped the broom and folded her arms across her breast.

"Hooray! Fight! Fight!" reverberated through the atmosphere, while Frankie and Jim rushed to the scene.

"Hit me—hit me," defied Nickie, "and I'll break yer jaw."

"Why don't you hit me first?"

"Cuz I don't never hit no girls first."

"Aw, yer scared," she scoffed.

"I'll murder you," he muttered almost between clinched teeth, as he towered over her, his features glowing with hate. "I'll—I'll—kill you—if you even hit me first."

"Knock a chip off his shoulder," suggested a voice from the audience.

This met with instant approval, and a truce was signed until the necessary piece of wood could be located. But a few moments later the group again assembled sorrowfully as a bit of lumber was unavailable. All sat on the curbing, and silence reigned while the juvenile brains thought deeply. At last some one struck the only genuine idea of the afternoon. He proposed that the broom be substituted. The ones who were to participate in the encounter approved of it, and the

object was balanced on Nickie's shoulder. Then hostilities were again excited by the hostile factions (Gilmore, Frankie, and Charlie supporting Nickie, and Joe and Jim supporting Angeline out of pity).

"I dare you to knock it off," roared Nickie savagely. "I just dare yu."

Angeline was silent and angry.

"Knock the chip off! Knock it off," continued the male participator of the argument, "You ole Eyetalian!"

This aroused the nature of the girl, but she did not knock the broom off her foe's shoulder. Instead, she grabbed the handle, and before Nickie could get over his surprise, she struck him with the bushy end. Nickie dropped to his haunches.

"Drop that broom," cried the truculent lad as he regained his feet. "Drop that broom, you ole Guinea!"

Like a thunderbolt from the sky an idea struck Joe with tempestuous suddenness and he intervened, nor without anguish, for a well-directed swing from the broom, intended for Nickie, caught him square between "the shoulders, and he uttered a sudden "Ooph," a combined exclamation of surprise and pain.

"Wait a minit!" he shouted, "wait a minit. I got a good idear."

The armistice was affected after much coaxing. The next moment the entire gang were sitting on the curbing and listening attentively to all Joe had to tell them.

For a while Angeline disapproved of the plan; she had resolved to show her superiority at the present time; but when Joe stated that all the best of fighters capitalized their talent, and after she had been voted an honorary member of the club, she consented.

"See," explained Joe, "no use fightin' fer nothin'. We'll make a show, and charge admission, and make a lot of money."

"My little brother gotta be in it," she said, as Salvatore, who had been uninterested in the argument, drove up to them in Gilmore's automobile.

"Aw, heck, we don't want no kids," grumbled Joe.

"Yer right," added Nickie.

"Well, I won't be in it, then," she announced sourly, rising to exercise her broom, but was disappointed to find everyone with his "fingers crossed"; thereby she was hindered by superstition from administering bodily injury.

Finally, after a hurried straw vote according to custom (Angeline being allowed as many votes as all the others combined; the broom playing a prominent part in the decision), they agreed to register Salvatore as a pledge member. This conclusion met with little or no pleased attention from the lad in question, who was then trying to cut a sharp curve with the automobile. After the general compromise the group discussed the proposed performance, arranged the date, and figured out the financial income of each which would be derived from the occasion.

Then they retreated to the shadows of the Parano's barn, where Angeline was elected extemporaneous speaker. She certainly impressed her brother club-members, who almost reverenced her ability to use so many flowery words which they did not understand,

a smooth flow of Italian and ignorance mixed, whenever she was on the verge of stage-fright. Then the audience applauded generously (the broom was still in her possession).

Frankie's sister called him for supper; then came the far-off faint summons from Jim's home, followed by the loud and lusty voice of Angeline's mother, and the gang decided to call it a day.

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# THE BELLS OF WOFFORD

(Anonymous)

Again I hear the bells of Wofford,
But as I heard them not before;
Their sound first reached my heart when I
Was but a Freshman, years ago.

Then the stately towers of Wofford
Stood out against a sky of blue;
And were bathed in radiant light
That came from Carolina's sun.

Now, I look between two rows
Of oaks, and see these towers stand
Majestic and serene as through
The clouds there shines a Southern moon.

I see the tower that holds the bell,
The bell that called us once to class,
The bell that spoke of victory;
This bell we heard but never saw.

Beside this tower I see another,
The silent tower of Wofford;
From its windows never came
The mellow sound of swinging bell.

Silent tower? Is it silent
In the hush of evening? No!
From its depths, unseen,
The silent bells of Wofford ring.

From whence come these bells?
The voice of him who sleeps
Beneath the shadow of the oaks,
The first awakening bell of Wofford;

The voice of him who once rested
Beneath this silent tower,
While the golden leaves of autumn wrapt
His body in the colors that he loved.

These and many others,
Are the silent bells of Wofford.
Silent bells? Nay! Silent only
To the unappreciative ear.

The echoes of these bells will last
When iron long has passed into decay;
The tones these bells have uttered
Will sound as long as Wofford lives.

That is why I love to stand
Between two rows of oaks and catch
That deep and soothing melody
From the living bells of Wofford.

# THE EFFECT OF CHARACTER ON SALESMANSHIP

*By* T. M. Nelson

TO THOSE who watch the trend of advertising in our busy and expanding America, nothing is more noticeable than the increasing emphasis that is being placed by business men upon honesty and fairness in dealing with customers. Gone are the days when corporations could count upon making huge dividends by cheating the public—by putting sand in the sugar, for example, or diluting the stock until it was thinner than alcohol. Gone are the days when palming off cheap articles on the public was a swift and sure way to wealth. And gone, too, are the days of the glib, lying salesman who made salesmanship a synonym for fraud and deception. Today we hear such significant slogans as: "We want you for our permanent customer," "Quality is our first concern," "Once our customer, always our customer," and "Take our goods on trial—we trust you." Everywhere there is an attempt to be open and above board—to avoid deception—to take the public into confidence. Banks are publishing complete and full accounts of their holdings; Swift and Company, the Armours, the steel and oil companies, have all adopted the policy of explaining wherein their profits consist, and what they are. On all sides the business man seems inclined to set store on morality and character.

The truth is that in our present age business success for either a corporation or an individual depends upon holding a large and steady body of customers, upon re-selling year after year to a large clientele. It is not enough to unload this year a great mass of manufactured articles; that must be done every year if dividends are to be forthcoming. Now, in order to do this, the corporation or salesman must deal honestly with the public—must let the customers know by many proofs that the business has not only capital and brains, but character as well.

What is true of the whole business world is, I feel sure, also true of that small part of it represented by the salesman class. Perhaps among salesmen character counts for even more, for the salesman comes into direct contact with his public, and hence shows immediately and surely what he is. Today, when salesmen no longer, any of them, have the field to themselves, but must meet keen competition, they must count more than ever on what they are—on their honesty, their personality, their reliability. A salesman's character is, I contend, his greatest asset. This is my modest thesis, and to make clear what I mean, let me offer here a brief discussion of the traits a salesman must have if he makes a success of his work.

In the first place, the salesman must be absolutely truthful. He must not even exaggerate overmuch, unless in jest. Before customers will trust the salesman, they must know that he will stick to facts, and above all that he will not misrepresent just for the sake of making a sale. Sooner or later all

liars are caught in the act, most of all the salesman, who will thereafter have to work hard to live down his offense. Just the other day I heard a man saying that he would never again trade in such and such a store. Inquisitive to know his reason, I asked him why; whereupon, he complained that one of the clerks in the store had lied about an article, and hence the whole establishment had come under distrust. Such happenings occur every day, and will continue to happen except among those merchants who insist upon morality and honesty from their employees. To do this is to gain that confidence of the public, is to avoid the complications lying always brings, and is to raise the moral level of the business world. Truthfulness is, I say, an absolute essential to the salesman today.

In the second place, and closely allied to the regard for truth, is the sense of fair play which must belong to the first rate salesman. By this I mean he must not try to make his customers believe that because another is his rival the man is necessarily a villian. Most of us in America today are good sports, and we like to see every man a good sport—one willing to give others a chance under the sun. The salesman who cries out blatantly, "Oh, that fellow Jones! He's no salesman! His goods are rotten—absolutely rotten—nothing at all right about them! And Jones is a grand rascal into the bargain!" I say a salesman who always speaks in this tone will not have many purchasers. People prefer to deal with the other fellow who can declare, "Yes, Jones' goods have some fine qualities, but mine are better. Let me tell you what some of the advantages I have are." The man who can speak in this strain—in a calm, fair-minded tone—will be more listened to. People will naturally trust him more easily, for is not his sense of fairness an indication of strength of character and a good recommendation in itself? Most assuredly it is, and an asset to any salesman.

Again, the salesman who affects a part, who assumes too much friendliness or cordiality, is apt to come to grief. We should, on all occasions, be ourselves—natural, unaffected, honest. Of course we should be friendly—the friendlier the better—but this should be genuine, not feigned. A man's acting is evident; it rarely deceives others. People naturally sense when a man is taking a part, and unless the part is humorous, they dislike it. How all of us hate the handshaking politician, who pretends to like us, or the flattering parasite who wants to borrow our money. They are almost in the same class with the traitorous Judas or the smooth-tongued Satan! Nobody has a good word for them—except sometimes in jest—for they represent the hypocritical, the false. All such acting as that of which I speak is the result of the spirit of deception, and means, of course, a flaw in character. Submitting to it will bring trouble; and conversely overcoming it, or avoiding it, will make possible the friendship and trust of one's fellows. The salesman of character will rise superior to such shallow acting, and will accordingly be a better salesman for it.

Other qualities, such as calm independence, a fearless attitude, openness of mind—all

these help the successful salesman. They are all strong traits of character, and all combine to give the man an appearance of genuineness which brings respect. No customer wants to buy from a man who is wishy-washy, ready to agree with anything said, the prey of any wind that blows. We like to see a man with a mind of his own, even though he happen to be selling us something at the moment; one who can give an intelligent opinion, and is not afraid to say what he thinks. Such qualities, again, mean strength, and contribute toward successful salesmanship. To be independent, able to weigh and consider, and yet not set in one's opinions; to take the pros and cons of an article and discuss it calmly, with open mind, to listen to its objections, and not try to prove a flimsy article perfect; to be absolutely honest and at the same time intelligent—this is to win the respect and confidence of a customer. Character counts heavily in the end. Other things being equal, the intelligent salesman of character will many times outstrip his shallow, dishonest brother. The former, the world will come to trust; the latter, never.

More than this, I should say that not only character, but personality as well, influences one's success in salesmanship. Personality and character are indeed closely akin; it is hard to say where one begins and the other ends, so that perhaps it would be better to consider them here together. I believe, then, that a man's appearance, his smile (if it be genuine), his conduct among people, in short all those intagible qualities which go to make up personality—that all this forms an invaluable asset. All of us have seen men who inspire confidence and liking at first sight. The man walks into a room, and instantly, as if by instinct, everybody feels, "I like that fellow!" Such a man, if other necessary qualities are not lacking, could make a wonderful salesman; he has the "salesmanship personality." Now, I do not believe that we can change our personalities completely, yet it is true that we can make the most of what providence has allowed us. By associating much with men and watching our conduct toward them, we can learn how to be agreeable; we can approach a customer in a spirit of friendliness, of open-heartedness; we can present always a neat appearance, and always try to be ourselves—natural, at ease, honest. And this is, if not to change our personalities, at least (as I say) to make the most of what we have; and that is much.

Yes, personality and character count heavily in salesmanship, as indeed they do everywhere in the world. Especially in dealing with people, as salesmen must, is it necessary to be open and above board; we have to be unaffected, or we shall be instinctively distrusted—in short, we must have character if we are to gain the confidence of the world and keep it. Doing this is the only way ultimately to succeed—this year, next year, and for all the years to come. If, as a summary to my piece, I were asked to name all the requisites of a successful salesman I should say INTELLIGENCE, INDUSTRY and, most of all, CHARACTER.

# A DAY AT DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S

*By* Albert L. Allen

WHILE JOURNEYING in the vicinity of the London suburbs, I was unfortunate enough to be overtaken by a snowstorm. Seeing no signs of its abatement, I halted at the nearest hut, and rapped on the door. I heard a fierce, wolf-like growl from within, and as the door opened, I beheld the ugliest and most uncouth of all men. He bade me enter in a friendly grumble.

Johnson (for it was none other) resumed his seat at one end of a circle around the fire. A wiry, emaciated man, who was writing on a billet, sat next to him. Then came one whom I recognized as Mrs. Williams, his private housekeeper, and Polly. The negro, Frank, with "Hodge" between his legs, completed the list. Johnson gazed dreamily into the fire. The lean one was bent over his notebook. The housekeeper did not turn her head. And there I stood alone in my unspeakable embarrassment. The thoughtful negro, perceiving my diffidence, asked his master where I might sit. The doctor glanced up from his reverie, looked around, and muttered: "Viviparous biped, all soap-containers are at present occupied. However, our hostess is blind. You might effect a sedentary position in her lap. She will think you Polly."

Frightened into obedience by the order, I attempted to ease into the latter's lap. Blind though she was, she was certainly not deaf. As I prepared to take my seat, she swerved from under me like a rhinoceros, and as I hit the floor, gave me a blow in the spare ribs, the like of which I have never experienced after. The doctor told me, then, to come get on his knee.

The wiry one looked up at the ceiling. He pointed his quill at each rafter in succession by way of counting. He took the number down. He counted the four legs to the doctor's bed, and put it in his notes. He pulled a tape line from his pocket, measured the fireplace, mantelpiece, and the height of the chairs, with their number of rounds, and wrote down the measurements. He lifted up the doctor's foot, and began measuring it. But since his line was too short, he guessed at the rest, and wrote it down. He counted the buttons and patches of his lordship's coat, and took note of it. He looked at the dirty shirt, rubbed it between his fingers, muttered "Two months since," and wrote it down. He went over to Hodge, counted the whiskers on his nose, his feet, one by one, and his tail. He wrote it down. He wound up his business by ascertaining, not without serious scorching of his visage, the species of wood on the fire. He sat back, alert, and waited, Johnson remained silent. This could not last.

"Sir," began Scrawny, "how would your lordship proceed to act, if Hodge, three mice, and a skunk, stuffed with Limburgher cheese and wild onions, and squealing with all their might, were attached to your honor's coattail?"

"O cadaverous fasciculation of bones, answered Johnson, "in such a complicitly and intricately involved exigency, by dint of of almost imperceptible celerity, I would eftsoons strive to relieve my olfactory glands of the unendurable odoriferosity, in divesting myself of the aforesaid corporal mantle, to which were attached the vociferous and obstreporous, carminivorous or graminivorous rodents and quadrupeds, even though such a contortion be attended with voluminous exudation of sudoriferosity through my epidermis."

Scrawny's faithful goosequill was a streak of ligntning, and continued to be, even though breakfast was announced. Thus I received Wiry's place at the able. We had cornbread, fat back, and black molasses. Johnson took a pone of cornbread in each paw, and placed them out of sight in the two sides of his mouth, with the respective hand. Taking the pail of tar-like fluid, he filled the vacuum intervening between the pones. Having taxed his mouth to its uttermost capacity, he took three more mouthfuls. Then followed a noise I have never since heard reproduced, except in a partial manner by some diligent farmers while threshing out a huge pile of peas with heavy flails. Johnson turned the bucket up thrice more, and passed it to me. I told him I was suffering from catarrhal bronchitis, and couldn't eat any. He gave it to Mrs. Williams and Polly, who filled their plates, and hid their heads in it like ostriches chased for life. I told Mr. Johnson, that, if he'd pass around the bottle, we'd all take a drink. As he hid two more pones and almost a whole flitch of hog, he stated he didn't believe in wine: temperance was his motto. I asked him, then, to pass the ambrosia and fruit cake. He said he didn't believe in that either. I told him, as I arose, that I would take my meal from the well.

"Ephemeral auxiliar of Beelzebub, (transla litiously speaking), take care that you do not come in violent contact with, and submerge yourself in its uttermost profundity," he observed.

When I drew the pail full of water to the top, I dashed it back into the well with all force. Then, with many cries for aid, I leapt behind the wellbox. I heard a rumble of distant thunder, and outrushed Johnson. He entreated me, in his sesquepedolian words, not to give up, even though I was at the bottom "through his instrumentality, his instrumentality." At length he seized the rope, and was about to rescue me, when I emerged from the wellbox and prevented him. He looked at me, and I looked at him. Crestfallen and humiliated, he returned to the fire. Slim was still scribbling. He asked what had happened. Johnson held his peace. He told the doctor that he thought he heard him cry out, and asked what he had said. The window crashed, and Scrawny took a taste of an armful of snow. He arose, came back to the fire, sat down, and went to writing.

The day wore on. At noon we all gathered around the table for dinner. Polly went into the kitchen and brought back, at the first turn, cornbread; at the second, fat back; at the third, that fatal bucket of black molasses. I seized mine and dispatched it before Johnson got started. Then I leaped

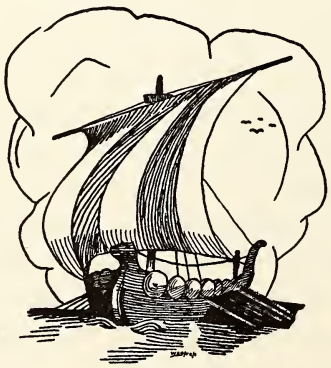
behind Wiry, shut my eyes, and stopped my ears. That was dinner. All did without supper except me. I took up my belt about three holes.

Frank arose and stated he was sleepy. The doctor pointed to the narrow bed. I asked him where mine was. He said it was beside Frank. We were both resting easy, when Johnson pulled on his overcoat, and retired. Ordinarily, when a person in a room with one, goes to bed, it helps one to sleep. Well, this time Johnson did keep Frank and me warm. I would have been content if he had put a third of his weight on Frank. As it was, I sailed merrily off into the land of Nod, to the tune of Boswell's pen.

## THE SEARCH

*By* Howard Berry

Through secret pathways, dim and hidden,
Through murky swamps and deadly fens,
Where woes unknown, on dark blasts ridden,
Bring sorrow, grief, and darkest sins,
O'er hills whose heights are lost in storm-clouds.
Into ravines where torrents foam,
By human lives whom night enshrouds,
And o'er whose past sin's dark blots loom,
Yea, o'er these all with step full slow,
The soul which seeks for peace must go.



# THE FLAW

*By* Adair Little Childe

IT ALL BEGAN in a very romantic way indeed. He had been on a trip home for the week-end, and was now returning to Vayerville in his little runabout. His thoughts were aimlessly roaming from one subject to another. "Gee, I wish it would clear up. This business of so much unseasonable rain gets on my nerves. Talk about deserted roads, I haven't seen a car in the last half-hour. The old fellows back home were—

"Hullo! Somebody's in a hurry!" the speaker ejaculated as a blood-curdling siren with an insistent crescendo approached from the rear.

"That fellow has his nerve; if he should slip into a skid on this road, the undertaker would have a nice little job on his hands. For goodness' sake, why don't you stop that racket; you've got all the road you need. Hope you don't think I'm going to run into the ditch for—. Well of all things!" he gasped, as the velvety purr of the high-powered engine shot past. "A girl! I might have known it. A law ought to be made prohibiting women from driving cars. They're a menace to public safety. I think I'll get myself elected to the Legislature and introduce a bill to that effect." His half-humorous, half-cynical trend of thought came to an abrupt end. For, far down the long, straight road ahead, the rear wheels of the girl's car swerved sickeningly as she tried to avoid hitting a large stone that lay on the asphalt. The heavy machine failed to follow the direction of the front wheels; it swished around broadside to the road and plunged full into the ditch.

"God!" he cried, pulling open the throttle.

"Wonder if she's dead,"—as he brought his machine to a stop by the rock which had caused the mishap. Jumping out, he went over to the capsized car and stopped its merrily spinning wheels by cutting off the ignition switch.

"Where's the girl?" he asked himself. "She's not under the car. Oh, yonder she is." He found her half imbedded in the mud of the cottonfield that bordered the road. Part of his heart stood still in his breast, while the rest made a lump in his throat, when he saw the huddled form which had, but a few moments before, been so full of carefree life.

As he started toward her, she moved and sat up. He saw with relief that she was not hurt.

"You seem to have had a slight accident."

She glanced at her overturned machine, and then at her muddy clothes.

"Why, it does seem so, doesn't it?" and she laughed such a frank mischievous little laugh that he could but do the same. He held out his hand, and helped her to her feet.

"Were you bruised badly?" he inquired.

"Not in the least. The reason I didn't get up immediately was that the ground felt so soft, I couldn't resist the temptation to lie

there a while. Then, too, I was positive every bone in my body was broken; and I thought moving would prove it. But, as you see, it disproved it instead."

"Exactly. By the way, may I be so bold as to ask your name? Mine's Wright—Daniel J. Wright; or, if you will, just Dan."

"Why, surely," she replied. "I'm Margaret Armstrong."

"Fine; and now that we're introduced I'm anxious to know if you'll permit me to escort you to your destination."

"You are very kind. I think I shall accept your invitation, if you mean it as such, for I don't see how I could get there in 'Pet' (that's what I call my car); she has one of her front wheels pretty well mashed up."

Dan helped her into his little machine and started off at a noticeably moderate rate of speed.

"Where were you going?" he asked her. "You seemed to be in a hurry."

"No hurry at all," she answered. "I have been to Barnwell on a visit to my aunt. I was returning home to Vayerville when I skidded."

"Well, this is quite a coincidence. I have been on a visit to Barnwell; and I, too, am returning to Vayerville. Do you know Mildred Adson who lives on Market Street?"

"Oh, yes, I—" and so on. They found that they had many friends in common. The conversation which ensued consisted of discussions of the weather and its effect on crops and pleasure, politics, books, and the rest of the usual topics of a casual conversation.

Upon arriving in Vayerville, she directed him to her home, which proved to be a handsome, brown-stone residence, fronted by a spacious lawn, dotted, here and there, with fine old oaks and elms.

Wright walked to the door with her; but, of course, declined her invitation to come in.

"I certainly do thank you for your kindness in giving me this lift," she said gratefully.

"The pleasure's all mine," he returned gallantly. "I was only too glad of having the opportunity."

"Oh, so you were?"

"Aw, that's not what I mean," he laughed. "I'm sorry you had the accident; but glad I happened along just when I did."

"Oh," in mock relief.

"Well, goodbye. I hope we see more of each other." She held out her hand to him.

"Goodbye," taking it in his and pressing it warmly. "I hope your wish comes true sooner than you expect."

. . . . . .

"And talk about beauty; you didn't notice her eyes, did you? Oh, no, not at all." Wright thus addressed himself that evening as he meditatively poked the fire in his room. It was in early October; just cold enough to make a little blaze enjoyable. "Limpid depths? Inexpressive words!"

He set the poker down and, leaning luxuriously back in the deep cushions of his Morris chair, closed his eyes and lived over again the events of the day. Once he tried to arouse within himself enough energy to get out his law books and study them; but he failed. Instead, he watched in the flames

the smile of a dark-haired, blue-eyed girl. He half-consciously listened to the wind, moaning intermittently outside; and the soft, intangible swishing of falling leaves. All the while the cozy, lonely, melancholy creak of a window made its haunting music to him.

Suddenly he got to his feet, and with a laugh, tore a piece out of a newspaper, folded it several times and silenced the creak.

"More than probably she never gave me a second thought," he said aloud. "Why should she? And," a new thought struck him, "why should I think of her again?"

"Daniel," he reproved himself, "My dear young fellow, you have gone absolutely daffy. If it were not for the fact that I have been with you constantly for the last few days, I should think you had, by some sad mischance, gotten hold of some of this ambrosial North Carolina mountain dew, which our friends, the moonshiners, are so proficient in producing. What in the world is wrong with you, that you should be set to dreaming just because you met a young lady, even though she is so attractive and charming? As you are determined not to study, I advise you to do the late Sir Walter an honor in perusing his delightful poems." Thus soliloquizing, he took a volume of "The Lady of the Lake" from the table and made himself comfortable in his chair. After reading for almost ten minutes, he began comparing his new acquaintance with the daughter of Douglas—

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace
Of finer form or lovlier face,"

quoth he, as again his thoughts wandered away.

"It's no use," he muttered; and, casting the book on the table in disgust, he went to bed, only to dream of himself as a knight-errant rescuing a beautiful princess with dark brown hair and deep blue eyes from a monster giant, whose dungeon was a brownstone mansion surrounded by a forest of oaks and elms.

Wright did not see Margaret again that week. On the following Sunday, after the morning service, and as he was speaking to some friends, the minister introduced him to a tall gentleman with a fine, strong face, surmounted by iron-gray hair.

"Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Wright, who is one of our most promising young lawyers."

"Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Wright." Dan was shaking hands with a lady whose deep blue eyes imparted a youngness to an otherwise middle-aged face.

"And where is—O, Miss Margaret, come here a moment, won't you? Meet Mr. Wright,—Miss Margaret Armstrong."

"I believe we've met before," she said in a voice whose richness gave him a thrill. "Daddy, this is the gentleman who drove me home the day I tore 'Pet' up."

"Is that so?" said the father as the two young people shook hands. "She has been telling me what a handsome young man she'd met."

A month later Wright locked the door of the shed which served him as a garage; and looked up at the stars. The moon was sending its rays down to him through a filmy

mist of soft, pearly cloud. He was exuberantly happy. A desire possessed him to run, to jump, to shout, to sing, to laugh; anything which would give vent to his bubbling feelings. Instead, he leaned against a fence-post; and, with deep gulps, drank in the beauty of the night. How brilliant was the moon. How soft the sheen that reflected from that tall cedar. How bright the glint that came from the remaining leaves of the old oak that stood so near the house. How white the roofs of the woodshed and the old out-house. How softened all harsh angles. How beautifully blended—everything!

The crisp air gave spring to his steps as he went into the house. He tried to walk deliberately; but the temptation became too great when he got to the stairway. Four steps at a time seemed stupidly slow.

After getting in bed and pulling the covers close around him, he gazed long at the flickering fire, and the grotesque, unsteady shadows it cast upon the walls and ceiling. Had a keen ear been present then, it would have heard a wondering:

"Gee! O, gee," then, "Just think. Just think." And, in a whisper: "She kissed me."

Gradually, his almost painful joyousness melted away and he slept. But the moon, as its beams illumined his face a little later, still showed a broad smile on his face. Then a cloud hid the silver light. All was darkness until rosy-fingered dawn sent its brighter rays through another window, and lit up his face anew.

Four o'clock next afternoon saw a gray roadster roll to a stop before an office building down town. Margaret jumped lithely out and tripped lightly through the door to the elevator.

"Fourth," she said to the grinning darky; and proceeded to powder her pretty nose before a mirror on the wall of the elevator. Upon reaching the desired floor, she went to a door upon which appeared the information that within were the offices of Mr. R. M. Arnold, attorney-at-law. Without lengthy meditation upon this remarkable news, Miss Armstrong calmly walked through the portal, and accosted the young lady within.

" 'Evening, Dot. I want to see Da—ah—Mister Wright, if it won't disturb you."

"It will," Dot assured her blithely. "But if you'll be right good, I'll let you."

Margaret protested her entire willingness to be an angel. Dorothy thrust her head through the doorway of an adjoining room and, "Danny, dear," she called with mischievous softness.

Dan immediately appeared at the door, an expression of astonishment on his face.

"Miss Halswo—Oh, Marge," he paused a fraction of a moment in slight confusion at seeing her. Then, "Welcome to our city," he said in greeting. "You must excuse Miss Halsworthy; she's always teasing."

"I see," she retorted. "Dan, come let's take a ride into the country. It is an adorable day."

"Wish I could; but I am doing some writing for Mr. Arnold, and I'm afraid I can't."

At this juncture, Mr. Arnold, having heard their words, called: "Go ahead and take the ride, Dan; you've had your nose in books so long you wouldn't know a tree if you'd run into it. Go 'long with you! Scat!" in good-

natured banter. "Take him away, Miss Margaret."

"That's what I came for," returned Margaret. Snatching up his hat and coat from their resting place on the table, she took Wright by the hand and hustled him out of the room.

The keen air soon fanned roses into the cheeks of the two, as they sped down the road; and the panorama that constantly unfolded to their vision put a new sparkle in their eyes. What glorious riding it was. The roadway, endlessly curving and stretching before them, approached continually and rushed swiftly past. On either side, the cotton fields, with here and there a patch of woods, whirled past. The trees that bordered the neighboring stream, and the flowers of blue and gold that clustered its banks, seemed to move more deliberately; while the dark wall of mountain on the distant horizon stood almost still.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" said Margaret.

"Beyond words. You know, every time I see such a scene as this I try to store it up in my mind, assuring myself that nothing could possibly be more beautiful. But every succeeding time immeasurably surpasses the previous one. All of which," he added, "seems stilted and too polysyllabic; but I mean it."

Several miles out of town, the girl turned the car off the main highway and guided it along a narrow country road. After climbing steadily for a considerable time, the road suddenly began to fade. It ended in an open field surrounded by trees. The two young people left the machine; and Margaret led the way to the left-hand edge of the clearing. A few moments' walk brought them to its outer fringe.

"Aw—w," was the exclamation of surprised admiration that was involuntarily wrested from Dan.

Margaret laughed softly.

"Awe, is right," she said.

For a few yards from them the earth seemed to be lopped off. But, miles away, the ground reappeared, dimmed by the great distance.

They sat on the trunk of a fallen tree and gazed out over the country.

"It's singular, the way the farms and the different fields take a definite shape when we look at them from up here," remarked Wright.

"Yes," dreamily. "Isn't the road silly-looking, with its little cars creeping along?"

Conversation lagged; and, save for an occasional observation concerning some part of the landscape, the silence was complete. Their glance wandered from place to place, they remained thus while many minutes slipped into the past.

At length Margaret arose; and, with a little laugh, admonishing Wright to wait a bit, she darted off through the trees. When she returned she bore in her hands a box which she laid on a flat stone near the edge of the cliff.

"I brought along a lunch so we could have a picnic," she said, seating herself on the ground by the rock. "Sit down and help me unload it."

"It certainly was thoughtful of you to do this—"

"Fiddlesticks! Here, lay these sandwiches on the napkin over there."

A very jolly time they had. He affirmed that the lunch was so delicious that comparison with any other he had ever eaten was impossible; and even contrast, most difficult. She protested that everything had been spoiled.

By the time they finished the dainty repast, the sun had sunk low to the western horizon, and was tinting the clouds that were massed there with unspeakably beautiful tints and shades.

Margaret went over to the edge of the precipice and sat with her legs dangling against its walls. Wright stole over to her; and, seating himself beside her, he, too, faced the dying day.

Presently, with an infinitely courteous meekness and with almost boyish timidity, yet with an unassuming air of protection, he put his arm around her. And while the luminous clouds in the west slowly mushroomed, coalesced, and changed their tints, he poured into her ear, with his deep, soft, musical voice, those words which are old as the world, but which every generation makes new again.

Gradually the colors in the sky faded; and the huge sun settled amidst a haze of dark red.

"Margaret—" he loved to roll the word on his tongue and accent every mellow syllable —"Margaret, I love you;" and so saying he bent his head and kissed her hand reverently.

A few moments later they returned to the car and drove back to town through the twilight.

As they parted, Wright said to her: "On the day after tomorrow, I am to go with Mr. Arnold to the capitol, where we will attend court. Tomorrow evening, then, will be my last chance to see you before we leave. May I come around?"

"Of course. Oh, I am so sorry you are going away."

"I'll be gone only a little over a week, I think. But, to me, every hour seems a year when I'm not with you."

"Well, bye-bye 'till tomorrow."

"Au revoir."

Was it an accident that caused a little flimsy handkerchief to flutter to the road, and be blown to the sidewalk by the wind of the departing car? Certainly it was not an accident that Wright retrieved it; and, flicking the dust from it, put it in his pocket, a dreamy smile of ineffable joy on his face.

For a long time he stood, gazing down the street. The car had long since vanished; and the stars were beginning to dot the purple darkness above when he finally emerged from the mental fog in which he had been immersed.

He grinned sheepishly, muttered something concerning himself which was, to say the least, uncomplimentary; and walked meditatively into the house.

Next day, in the office, Wright's thoughts insisted upon leaving the confines of the room. They roamed through fields of daffodils and daisies, only to reject them ere long in preference to an exploration of regions of castles in the air and in Spain. But ever in his journeys, the most beautiful girl in the world, who was, of course, Margaret, walked

by his side. Valiant endeavor failed to keep his mind concentrated on the papers in front of him; but, by a superhuman effort, he captured his imagination each time it bolted, and brought it, struggling, back to earth before it succeeded in remaining free for more than ten minutes.

During one of these reveries, Mr. Arnold, who had been engrossed in his work, happened to glance up. Elbows on desk, and jaws resting in cupped hands, the younger man was permitting his eyes to be glued on infinity with that vacant stare which is common to lovers and the mentally deficient. At first he was a bit angry. What did that boy mean by sitting there dreaming when there was work to be done? Impatience quickly changed to amusement; and then to understanding.

"Rather hard hit, aren't you, Dan?" he said at last, kindly.

"Eh! Yes, sir; I reckon so," Wright admitted, coming to earth with a jolt, and flushing to a painful red.

"Well, I hope you luck. I think, though, that it would be best to attend to the business at hand now."

"Yes, sir." Thereafter his mind consented to be tractable. It remained concentrated in its proper channel for the rest of the day.

For this, much credit was due to the older man. A laugh would have hurt the sensitized feelings. Anger, though possibly justified, would have aroused resentment. As it was, the comradely suggestion not only accomplished its purpose but aroused in the younger man an increased liking for his "boss," as he affectionately called him.

If genius is the art of taking pains, Wright was a Shakespeare in the business of "dolling up" that evening. He consumed fully half an hour in tying his cravat satisfactorily. This operation being finally accomplished, he turned his attention to his hair. After experimenting several minutes on side and middle "parts," he decided to brush it straight back. Cocking to one side and the other, he watched the gleam from the electric light glint on the polished surface. Then, with the aid of a hand-mirror, he obtained a view of his profile. A chuckle evinced his satisfaction.

"Every last one of them parallel," he murmured.

Coat, overcoat, scarf and hat having been carefully donned and repeatedly adjusted, he started down-stairs, only to discover, as he reached the front door, that he had forgotten his watch. He hastened back to the room to get this important article, and upon reaching it, found the light still burning. The young man fumed silently. Finally the watch and garments it had been necessary to remove were put on again; and he was ready to go. But no—an obsession seized him that he had disarranged the carefully brushed hair. Off came the hat, disclosing the offending hair—perfectly groomed. Still another minute was consumed in replacing the headgear with necessary care.

"I'm through," disgustedly. "If some one told me my coat was on wrong side out I'll be blamed if I would change it."

A minute later he was in the street, swinging briskly along. Then, stopping suddenly, he became plaintive.

"Have I gone raving mad?" he asked the stars. Turning, he walked back toward the house.

The reason for this last outburst becomes apparent when we learn that Wright's car was in perfect condition (that is, as nearly so as possible) and that Margaret's home was two miles distant. At last he reached his destination, and was immediately recompensed for all his trouble by the greeting he received.

Here we will leave him and her for a while, for it is not polite to eavesdrop while lovers are talking. However, we will drop part of our reticence, and we find ourselves listening to the conversation of Margaret's parents an hour or so later. The father sat, almost reclining, in the great, comfortable chair under the floor-lamp. He was perusing the evening paper; and occasionally he puffed at a cigar which rested on a mahogany smoking tray beside his chair. On the other side of the lamp sat his wife, who had been reading, but who now was holding the book in her lap. She was gazing at the floor.

"Steve," she said at length. Her husband looked up. "Don't you think Margaret has been going with that young fellow a little bit too much lately?"

"What young fellow?"

"The one in the sitting room."

"Oh! And which one is he?"

"Dan Wright."

"He's a nice boy, I think."

"No doubt," she admitted, "but he calls so often that one would think they were in love, almost."

"They do seem to be rather fond of each other," folding up his newspaper, and taking a draw at his cigar. He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone; but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Steve!" she was aghast. "You sound as though you took it as a matter of course."

"I admire his taste."

"That's not the question. What would George and his father say if they knew about it?"

"Whatever they pleased to. For all I care, this abominable engagement could be broken up immediately." He was in earnest now.

It is not polite for us to listen, unasked, to a conversation of "family affairs." Therefore, we leave Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong momentarily and take up the thread of conversation a little later.

"By the way, Steve, what time is it?"

"Two thirty-five. Hm!" he grunted, "My watch has stopped. I must have forgotten to wind it up this morning."

"Why not set it by Wright's? It will, more than likely, be right."

He grinned. "All right, I will—right away."

With a chuckle at the pun, he walked to the front of the house. He arrived at the door of the parlor just in time to see Dan, in overcoat and muffler, touch his lips to Margaret's willing ones in a lingering, sweet kiss. An inarticulate exclamation of surprise escaped him; and, in his amazement, he dropped the time-piece, shivering its crystal into numberless fragments. Anger replaced amazement. He advanced, struggling to restrain his wrath.

Wright was informed that his presence was no longer in demand; and that if he were ever seen on the Armstrong premises at any subsequent time the consequences might prove to be unpleasant, if not disastrous. Half stunned, he listened until the parent had finished; then picked up his hat and stumbled out of the house.

The next day came; and with it the few necessary preparations for the trip to the capitol. Wright did not go to the office; but stayed at his boarding-house and packed his valise with leisurely care. When this had been done, it was still an hour and a half before train time. He decided to stroll down to the depot in hopes that something might "turn up" to help him dispose of the intervening time.

As luck would have it, he met Margaret coming out of one of the stores. An idea struck him.

"Morning," he greeted her. "Say, I've simply got to speak to you a few minutes. Won't you have a chocolate with me?"

She hesitated slightly; then accepted.

"Well?" she said inquiringly as they took seats in a drug store.

He leaned over the table and began, desperately:

"What kind of a pass have things come to, Marge? Does your father mean that I can't see you at all? Hasn't he relented any? Please say he has."

Margaret replied that she was afraid "daddy" had meant exactly what he said; and that there were no signs of his "easing up."

"At least I can write to you, can't I?"

"It seems not. He said that if you did he would tear the letters to bits without letting me read them."

"Thunder! Well, he means business, doesn't he?" said Wright ruefully; and fell to gazing at his chocolate as if it were a magic crystal. Margaret, more practical, sipped hers thoughtfully. Her matter-of-fact attitude made no impression on Dan. He was entirely unaware of it.

Presently she looked up eagerly.

"I have an idea," she said. "You know that low stone wall that is the boundary between the Atkins' yard and ours? Under the first top rock behind the post is a cavity in the masonry where the mortar has been removed. When you come back from your trip, we can exchange letters by putting them in there. I don't think anyone will disturb them, because, unless he had the secret, it would be difficult for anyone to find that the wall was not absolutely solid. I am pretty sure you and I are the only ones who know about it."

The plan struck Dan as being somewhat childish; but he agreed readily enough, for the simple reason that he could suggest nothing better.

After a few more minutes they parted: he to continue on his way to the railway station, where his train was now nearly due; she to proceed with her shopping. As we have said, Wright noticed no change in her demeanor.

. . . . . .

Three weeks later, Wright returned; and, using a roundabout method of reaching his boarding-house, he passed the Armstrong

residence. Looking about and seeing no one, he looked for the cavity which Margaret had said he would find. At first he could not locate it, and a fear possessed him that there had been a mistake. Closer search, however, resulted in the discovery of a hole between the stones which nature's colors had cleverly concealed. Dan inserted an envelope which, almost round in its bulkiness, fitted snugly in its hiding place.

Next day Wright delivered another letter to the "Post Office;" and, with something of the exultation of a small boy who finds a prize in his box of candy, secured one directed to himself. This interchange of messages continued daily for a fortnight.

In the meantime, the love-sick young man longed vainly for a sight of his Margaret. Vainly he lingered in the street in front of her home each time he passed; and vainly he watched the streets from the window of the office. "I shall perish if I don't see her soon," he often repeated. "Just one glimpse of her; just one." Once he contemplated boldly storming the house and riding off with his lady-love like some medieval knight; which resolve reminded him of his dream on that first night after he met her.

Again, he vowed that if he should ever see her on the street, he would snatch her up and carry her away from the domination of those cruel people, her parents, to some fair region where she should be free. Instead, when he finally did meet her, while she was on a shopping expedition with her mother, he merely nodded, returned her smile, tipped his hat, and passed on.

A few days afterward, he missed his daily letter from her. He immediately assured himself that she was sick unto death. However, the usual missive in the cache on the following day disproved this doleful thought.

The messages came from her less and less frequently until—

One night, after a longer day's work than usual, Dan turned his little machine faithfully down the little street, hoping fervently for one of the now infrequent letters. His heart skipped a beat as he felt the smooth paper in his hand. Joyously he kissed the envelope and placed it in his breast pocket—over his heart. He felt peculiarly exultant. She hadn't forgoten him, had she?

He locked his garage door; and, before passing into the house, marked how bleak the trees were, and how ghastly they looked in the light of the moon. And the moon itself, how cold it was. Somehow, too, the very stars were aloof. Strangely the thought struck him (hardly a thought, it was; rather an almost subconscious fancy) that they had the attitude toward him that is characteristic of those creatures known as "fair-weather" friends in foul weather. These momentary reflections, however, made little impression on his exultant spirits; in fact, as he mounted the stairs with springing tread, they had completely left him.

Once in his room, he turned on the light; and, settling himself with delicious comfort in the deep-cushioned Morris chair, he eagerly opened the letter. The words which met his eyes stunned him momentarily. A coldness assailed his head. Slowly he passed his hand over his face; and, quivering, drew a long, shuddering breath. Then, with a vain, des-

perate hope, like that of the murderer who believes his ears have deceived him when the foreman of a jury brings in a verdict of "Guilty," Dan re-read the sheet in his hand. "Mr. and Mrs. David Armstrong—announce the marriage—marriage—of their daughter, Margaret—to Mr. George Bradford—Bradford—Brad—ford—Brad—Bra-a-ad—."

Dully his voice dwindled. Finally, without volition on his part, he peered once more into the envelope; and mechanically drew therefrom another slip of paper, upon which was written one word: "Ta! Ta!"

He leaned forward and stirred the fire. Sadly and wistfully he watched in the flames the smile of a dark-haired, blue-eyed girl; and he half-consciously listened to the wind, moaning intermittently outside, and the soft, intangible swish of falling leaves, while the lonely, cozy, melancholy creak of a window made its haunting music to him.

On the following morning the flaw in the wall was permanently sealed up.

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# TWILIGHT

*By* Howard Berry

Twilight, oh thou sweetest hour,
Most loved hour of all the day!
Full of songs and sights enchanting,
Full of words and sounds of beauty;
End of day, and yet not night,
End of sorrow, end of strife,
While peace begins to reign.

Colors, orange and vermilion,
Blend with blue and green of earth,
Changing ling'ring clouds to beauty,
Changing landscapes, vales, and hillsides;
Day still lingers in the west,
Day still smiling at her best,
While sinking into night.

Slowly rising o'er the meadows,
Gathering 'round the forest's edge,
Wreaths of smoke unite in halos,
Wreaths which come from homes now fading;
Homeward now the husband wends,
Homeward now fond glances sends
To those around the door.

O'er the hill the evening star,
Herald fair of deep'ning night,
Bids adieu to parting sunbeams,
Bids the night in coyness welcome;
Twilight soothes each troubled breast,
Twilight leaves the world at rest,
Wrapped in shadows of the night.

# THE WHITE ELEPHANT

*By* M. K. Medlock

"AND git off my land and don't you never come back! If I ever catch you hunting on my land again, it's going to be me and you and my friend."

The speaker was a rather large and heavy-set woman of about fifty years, who displayed remarkable athletic abilities for one of her age. She lived in a small cabin, far up in the woods, and woe to the trespasser who dared enter the domain without her permission! She had come here from the North, where she had once been a trained nurse, and she had been a curiosity and a terror to the inhabitants of the small South Carolina town where she lived. Indeed, she had many individual idiosyncrasies, and one of them was a horror of anyone trespassing on her land, or of finding chicken or stock on the premises, beside her own.

Meanwhile, the cause of her anger, in the person of Hiram Johnson, a loafer and hunter of the "Rip-Van-Winkle" type, had shambled off, muttering abusive epithets under his breath, but not daring to say anything loud enough for Miss Belle Tate to hear. He thought it would be a good excuse to gossip a while with old Mrs. Barnes, a widow, who kept a small country store near the land of Miss Tate, so thither he directed his steps. Mrs. Barnes was in the garden adjoining her store. "Howdy, Mis' Barnes," he ventured.

"Mornin,' Hiram, ye huntin' this morning?"

"Yeah, just tried to slip in ole Miss Tate's woods and hunt a few squirrels, but she was on the job and commenced waving her old sword at me. Calls that sword her friend."

Mrs. Barnes pricked up her ears. This was more news, and news was what she craved. It was said that she knew every exciting event that had happened in Waterloo in the last nineteen years. She at once threw down her hoe, and started toward the store. "Come in and set a spell, Hiram."

Mrs. Barnes was the ancient enemy of Miss Tate. They had quarreled for ten years over some of Mrs. Barnes' chickens, which were forever leaving the limits of their four acre square, and invading the prohibited woods on the other side. Mrs. Barnes had dubbed her enemy "The White Elephant," because of the fact that she was of a bulky frame, and habitually wore immaculately clean white garments.

"Hiram," Mrs. Barnes finally expostulated, "I tell you, the White Elephant is jest gettin' too plum-down mean. They ain't no one can live in peace with that hot-air bag. I done tried it fer ten years, and it jest can't be done. Lor', would you look, here she comes a sassin' up the road, with that big black umbrella over her, now."

When Miss Tate got to the store, she shook her finger warningly at the couple seated on the porch and began: "Looks like a peaceable person jest can't be let alone. Here I find Hiram traipsin' aroun' in my woods this

mornin', and to aggravate me more, old Mrs. Perkins' cows have took possession of the place, not to speak about your chickens, Mrs. Barnes. Seems like you people'd have some feelings for a poor lone woman. All this ain't goin' to last long though. I'm gonna spring a surprise on all you folks. Jest you wait and see ef I don't." With these few remarks, old Miss Tate resumed her solitary way with all the pomp and dignity she could assume.

Miss Tate really was planning to spring a surprise on her offending neighbors. A few days before, she had received a letter from an old beau who had intimated that he would like to help her manage her place, and Miss Tate, after considering it for a short while, thought it a good idea, for, although her place was covered mostly with woods and undergrowth, her new assistant manager could help patrol the land, and thus reduce the raids of cows, chickens, and hunters to a minimum.

The arrival of the newcomer caused a great deal of excitement and comment in the neighborhood. The day after his coming, Hiram Johnson dropped in Mrs. Barnes' grocery to have a chat. At once the conversation turned to the stranger. "Yes," Hiram ventured, "ole Miss Tate's done handed us a surprise, but I wouldn't be surprised if thet Tom Stroud, what's up there actin' as her game warden, don't surprise her some. He's been talkin' to Jake Boyd some, and it don't 'pear that he's so satisfied. Says the old lady ain't like what she was when he knew her back in Laurinburg, Indiana. From what Jake could gather, it looks like she and Stroud were in love once, and had a bust-up. I 'spec' thet's why she come down to these parts. Anyhow, I heard 'im choppin' wood up there this mornin', so I guess maybe she's goin' to make him work a-plenty. I think I'll drop by and pass the time of day with him, when I go home. It's on my way, and I kin jest do it casual-like."

Hiram was as good as his word. He climbed the hill to Miss Tate's woods, however, with a rather sneaky feeling. Soon he was within sight of Tom Stroud, the interesting stranger. Stroud was busy hewing down a tall pine. He was a small man, with a stubby black beard, eyes set far apart, and a prominent Roman nose. He was wearing a pair of overalls.

"Howdy," Hiram said, "How you like our neighborhood?"

The other took out a plug of tobacco, cut off a corner, and took a copious amount in the corner of his mouth. Then, looking around, as if to see if he was observed, he spoke. "To tell the truth, I ain't had much chance of seein' it as yet. Belle's been keepin' me hot at work since I been here."

"Been knowin' Miss Tate long?" Hiram ventured.

"Yeh," the stranger said. "Been knowin' her ever since I'se a kid. Fact is, we hed a little misunderstandin' once (you see, I used to set a right smart store by her, when we was young), and I went off and joined the army. Well, I jest got out six months ago, and heard that Belle was off down here, and had a place. Well, I wrote her, and here I am."

They were suddenly interrupted by the outraged and reproving voice of Miss Tate. "Hey there, Tom Stroud," she squalled, "Maybe you think I'm a hirin' you to set around and talk to loafers like thet lazy, no-count, shif'less Hiram Johnson. I jest knew somethin' would happen if I'd leave you here by yerself. Now, I wanta hear that axe ring out." With these parting words she walked ceremoniously away, assuming all the dignity that she could command.

Tom started to work. "Now don't that beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed. "How folks can change! Ain't I done missed a lot by remaining single? She a hoppin' on me that a way, and me working for a pittance, just for accommodation's sake!" Hiram walked slowly off, shaking his head.

The next morning, while Hiram was walking to the village, he saw a curious sight. Tom Stroud passed him, running as fast as his nimble pedal extremities would carry him. He shouted "Good-bye" to Hiram, and continued his flight. About a quarter of a mile behind, Miss Tate was driving her old one-eyed mule, Maud, as fast as she dared. In her hand was her sword, which, at one moment, she used to prod the old mule on to further exertions, while again, she would shake it at the fleeing figure, all the while hurling threats and epithets at him.

The "White Elephant" was on the warpath. It seemed that she was about to win the race, but fate intervened. The north-bound morning freight was just blowing its whistle for the Waterloo crossing. The fugitive put more and more energy into the race, and reached the crossing just as the train did. He grasped the rung of a box-car, and waved a fond farewell to his pursuer. "The White Elephant" was outwitted and she mumbled to herself as she rode home: "And to think that the triflin' rascal prefers to go back to the army, rather than stay here and marry me. Git up there, Maud! There's Mrs. Barnes' chickens scratchin' round my woods. Git up, I say, git up!"

# IS THE WORLD GROWING WORSE?

*By* Clyde J. Lever

A CERTAIN QUESTION arises in the minds of the people of today just as it did in the days gone by. Preachers preach about it, writers write about it, and in the conversation of the people in general there arises this same question, "Is the World Growing Worse?"

It is the same old question that arose in the long past. Even before Christ the wise men said, "Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this?" There it is—a habit in humanity to look back at better days than the days in which one lives. Solomon said that it was not wise.

We think of God's cause making headway and progress in the world. The theory that things are going to the bad is a confession that the gospel has been a failure. Why should a Christian man of today acknowledge such a thing?

God told Elijah that there were still seven thousand faithful ones who had not bowed down to Baal; still we find Elijah under the juniper tree, about to give up hope and let the world "go to the dogs." It is needless to say that the number of Elijahs, in that sense, is a big one today; we find them everywhere. It is a bad mistake.

The modern inventions of today put all parts of the world so close together that we learn today of the assassination of an ambassador in some European country yesterday. The crime and vice of the day afford the newspapers, and all other news spreaders, the sensational and exciting stories that seem to appeal to the people of today. In this way we hear the worst; but, on the other hand, the news of the erection of a good cause, the starting of a worthy movement, or other things of worthy note, seem to travel slowly. "Crime travels as the lightnings, virtue like the snail."

Every day has its crime and vice. In the days of the Bible we see that the crime and vice practiced, even in open, was taken lightly. The world was once so wicked that God destroyed it with a flood, and Sodom and Gomorrah were burned with fire. Jehovah had to wink at polygamy, so blind were the leaders of sentiment, but nowadays all reputable governments outlaw polygamy. Is this not a great step in the direction of better morals?

Slavery held sway till recent years, when it had to give way to crystallized sentiment against it. Now we wonder how any nation could have sold human beings in bondage. The liquor traffic is constitutionally outlawed in the leading government of this earth. The enemies say that there is more liquor sold than ever, but if this is true, what lover of liquor would blindly fight the constitutional amendment? War is about to be put out of commission. If the present world court does not do something to help the world get rid

of war, some other conference or combination of forces will do something.

I quote Dhan Gopal Mukerji, who spoke to us through the Lyceum, in saying that "the Greeks became civilized and they died, the Romans became civilized and likewise died, and now what is to become of the people of the civilization of this day? Shall we let the question of the future civilization be determined by the mechanical rule, which names the law and considers that law fixed, or shall we apply the moral rule, making this the law for better living and better civilization?" If we look upon the morals of our young people of today do we see a better or a worse United States, a better or a worse world of tomorrow?

But let us look upon the silver lining of this seemingly dark question. The Bible is being studied as never before in the history of the world. More books are being written, or have been written, about the Bible than ever before. More followers of Christ, the man of Nazareth, have enlisted under his leadership than the Old World could ever have dreamed of. More millions of money are being expended for the betterment of conditions among the poor and needy, for the old, the blind, the fatherless, the helpless, than ever before. More men and women are in Christian service than ever before. Magazines and editorials are full of pleas for improved morals and human betterment. By stress of Christian organizations, colleges everywhere are taking up the work of making this world a better place in which to live. These activities make the lives of the students better, and when they enter the higher services of the graduates the good is carried on through the realm of their services.

We can see that the tone has changed for even a better sound. In a material sense our forefathers left the world better than they found it; their fathers left it better for them; and so on back through the ages there has been this betterment of the conveniences of mankind. But what of the spiritual side of man's life? We see that on the material side he has grown spiritually, but is it what it should be, at that?

There is still too much sin and sorrow among men, but more is being done to better these conditions than the world ever saw before. The Master predicted strife and discord, but He also said that the gates of hell should not prevail against His cause. Therefore, why should we be despondent and discouraged? Are we expecting the world to make a change for the better without our trying to make it so? If we don't wake up to the fact that we must get to work and forget our troubles, we will leave this world in a worse condition than we found it; but if we do wake up and press on, forgetting the past and striving to help our own day, we will, some day, come to the reward of those who have accomplished something for the good and betterment of mankind. So let us cheer up and renew the battle, life's battle, with a smile.

"My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs,
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandpa, in his house of logs,
Said things were going to the dogs.

His grandpa, in the Flemish bogs,
Said things were going to the dogs.
His grandpa, in his hairy togs,
Said things were going to the dogs.

But this is what I wish to state,
The dogs have had an awful wait."
(Bulletin New York Sabbath Committee)

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## FIRE

*By* Ed Gregg

The flames! The flames!
And the ghoul of the ruby glare
That reddens the midnight air,
And spreads alarm
Of pending harm
With the vague morbidezza of fear,
With the weirdness and horror of fear.
Woman and child,
Wide-eyed and wild,
Are torn from their phantom dreams
As the baleful siren screams,
With fiendish delight
Interrupting the night
In its silent flight.
The flames! How they dance
In a fierce, ecstatic trance;
In enraptured circumstance
How they dance!
Ne'er did so well
The imps of Hell
To redden their halls of pain
With a more diabolical strain—
To garnish their halls of pain
With colors that wax and wane.

# MR. ALLISON'S REGENERATION

*By* H. B. Looney

IT was one of those cold January days, and a cold day it was, too. John Allison sat deeply buried in his large, comfortable reading chair, eagerly perusing the evening paper. He was so intensely interested in the financial section of the "Daily" that he did not hear the doorbell when it rang.

"A lady to see Mr. Allison," announced the butler.

"Show her in," said the gentleman curtly, without raising his eyes from his reading.

A moment later a small figure, clad in black, entered the palatial home. Her frail body shivered with cold; also, a feeling of anxiety seemed to add to her trembling. However, she seemed to take on a look of hope and determination, and stepped into the room where Mr. Allison sat. For a moment he did not seem to be aware of her presence; then, suddenly turning toward her, he said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Martin. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, Mr. Allison—I just came to see you about the money that is due."

"Well, I think it is time. You know it was due two days ago. I had planned to call around to see you tomorrow," he said sneeringly, as he drew a cigar from his pocket, and, with his gold chain-knife, prepared it for smoking.

Mrs. Martin made no reply. She sat with drooped head and seemed to be in deep thought. She gazed fixedly at—nothing particularly. Her cheeks were pale and showed signs of much grief, worry, and hardship. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of her three small children at home, and of her dear husband, who had been dead a year, and who had been so good to her during the seven years following their marriage. She could not understand why fate had dealt so cruelly with her as to take him away. The rearing of her children would have been an enormous task for her, but to have in addition the burden of paying off the debt which still hung over her home was too much for her.

Mr. Allison slowly lighted his cigar, twirled the flickering match into the fire, and filled the room with huge puffs of smoke.

"I suppose you have the money to pay off the mortgage?"

Again she noticed the sneering tone of his voice. She remained silent a moment.

"No, I haven't, Mr. Allison."

"Well, what do you wish to do about it?" He tried to hide the smile of satisfaction which stole over his face.

"Well—I—I—thought maybe—you would give a—a little more time," she faltered. "If Edward had lived a little longer, we could have paid it all right, but it took all of our savings to pay the doctors and the burial expenses. I—"

Here she broke down and could say no more. Her heart was too heavy, and the love for her husband was too intense for her

to say more. She buried her face in her bony hands and wept bitterly.

"I am indeed sorry, Mrs. Martin, that it is as it is, but times are pretty tight now, and I need the money. Furthermore, I don't see how you will ever be able to raise the money, and to give you more time would only make bad matters worse, as the interest would run up so high. So I think it best to sell the house and get matters settled," he said in a bold manner. "However, if you wish, I will give you thirty days to see what you can do," he added.

Mrs. Martin earnestly thanked him, and then set out for her home. As she hurried down the street, there was a faint hope in her heart, but this hope was shadowed by doubt and gloom. She well knew that there was no way possible for her to raise the money, except through the kindness of some friend, and she did not entertain much hope of that. However, when she reached home and put her children in bed, she felt re-inspired. She placed a kiss upon the tender cheeks of the children, and made a new determination to put forth every effort to save her home and her children.

The next morning she arose early, prepared her crude meal, and was at her work in the department store at eight o'clock. It was the same every morning. Her sixteen-year-old sister lived with her and cared for the children while she worked. It was indeed a hard life, but she was willing to make any sacrifice for her children. She owed the money, and she would pay it, she thought to herself.

At the end of the thirty days, she had been able to save only a small amount compared to the amount due—and this she had been able to save only by intense sacrifice. She had denied herself many of the necessities of life, in addition to all of comfort and ease. In vain she had tried to secure the money from a number of persons. Everyone sympathized greatly with her, but none seemed to be able or willing to aid her. Her hopes were shattered. Her heart was sad. Her health was fast declining. She calmly awaited the arrival of the man at whose mercy she lay, and wondered what her fate would be; but she did not have very long to wait. Soon she saw a large limousine halt before her door, and a husky man come forward. She did not wait for him to knock—for she well knew who he was and what he wanted—but instead she met him at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Allison," she said with a sweet voice.

The man made no reply, but stepped into the house rather hastily, removed his heavy coat, drew a bundle of papers from his pocket, and seated himself before the smouldering fire.

"Well, Mrs. Martin, if you are ready, we will now bring this matter to a close," he said as he unfolded the papers and drew a pen from his pocket.

Mrs. Martin lowered her head and stared fixedly at the floor for a moment; then she raised her eyes to meet his. She tried in vain to keep back the large tears which now appeared. For a moment she could not speak. It seemed that her heart was choking her; however, she braced up and resolved to endure whatever fate should befall her.

Since her husband's death she had undergone almost every sort of hardship; therefore, she felt that she would be able to undergo another.

"Yes, Mr. Allison, I am ready. I—"

"What, you mean to say that you have the money!" he interrupted in a startled voice.

"No," she mumbled. Then after a pause, "I have only two hundred dollars saved up."

They regarded each other for a moment. Both remained silent, and seemed to be in deep thought. The woman was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Allison, I have tried in every way possible to secure the money, but all in vain. What little I have has been saved by sacrifice, and I—"

"Yes, I know—I know." At this point he paused, for he saw a golden-haired little girl come tottering into the room. He watched it as it neared its mother and as it began to cry softly. He watched the mother as she stooped and tenderly raised the babe in her arms and crushed it to her breast. Then Mrs. Martin's sister appeared in the doorway, and took the child, very much against its wishes, into another room. All of this Mr. Allison observed with interest. His thoughts rambled back to the time when he could truly claim the love of a dear wife. He thought of what a fool he had been for not appreciating her even more than he had—but he had long ago repented of this. Then his thoughts rambled back to the birth of his darling little girl and her death two years later. Truly fate had dealt cruelly with him, but he had failed to profit by the lessons it taught. He had loved his wife sincerely and afforded her every comfort which money could obtain; and to have her snatched away from him had been indeed a bitter thing. Still, he had had something to look forward to, for his small daughter was the pride of his heart; and then to have her snatched from him, two years later, by the cruel pangs of death was almost more than he could bear. All of these thoughts passed through his mind like a flash, and he felt as if his heart was being torn out by its roots.

"Mrs. Martin, I came here to close out this mortgage and sell your home," he said slowly and distinctly as he nervously fumbled through his papers.

"Well, I expected that, Mr. Allison," she murmured, "I am—"

"But," he added as he flung the notes and mortgage papers into the fire, "I am—not—going to do it."

"Mr. Allison, what—why—what do you mean by burning the papers?" she cried as she rushed to the fire and tried to recover them.

"Let them go," he said, as he gently drew her back. "I have played the fool. I have spent all of my life in greed for riches. I was, for a while, successful, but I have paid my price. I have learned my lesson. I am ruined."

"Ruined! what do you mean?" she implored.

"I mean that I have lost everything. I am practically penniless. At any rate, I shall soon be—but I am going straight from now on," he said as he stared fixedly into the fire. Silence prevailed for a moment. The woman

was weeping. She did not understand what he meant, but still she sympathized with him, and wished to help him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Allison, that you have lost money on me. I would gladly pay—"

"That will do!" he interrupted. "It isn't that. What you owe wouldn't amount to very much; besides, it would do me no good if you did pay it."

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Perhaps you heard of the leading bank in town closing its doors last week?"

"Yes."

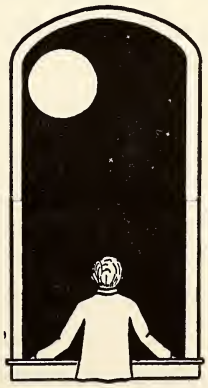
"Well, I was principal stockholder in it and had most of my money invested there. The matter has been investigated, and it was found that all of the money had been either stolen by crooked employees, or invested unwisely. The bank will never open its doors again. I have lost everything invested in stock; then, in addition, I am required by law to double the amount of my subscribed stock, and I haven't the money to do it. My property will be sold to pay it off. Everything must go! That is why I say your money would do me no good. They would snatch it from me. I would rather for you to have it than they. That's why I burned the papers. I have had my day. Now I must struggle through life like the rest. It is only what I deserve."

Saying this, he got up from his chair, put on his coat, and added as he went toward the hall door: "I trust, Mrs. Martin, your life will be more pleasant in the future since the burden of the mortgage is lifted."

"Thank you," she replied, "but I am sorry to see you lose in such a way, and I trust that it isn't as bad as you think."

"O, that's all right about me. I will get along O. K.," he said as he tipped his hat and moved toward his car.

Mrs. Martin closed the door with a happy heart, in that she should keep her home; but also, there was a bit of sorrow and pity for the man whose sacrifice had brought about her happiness.



# THE SPELL OF THE SEA

*By* Ed Gregg

THERE is always something majestic, inscrutable, in the haunting presence of the sea, a something that is omnipresent and permeating like ether, filling the consciousness with vague, indefinite sensory impressions. It is not a difficult matter for one who has enjoyed the companionship of the sea for any length of time to realize its magnetic influence, the subtle call of romance and adventure that rouses in the human mind the passion of wanderlust, of curiosity.

I recall, as vividly as though the experience happened yesterday, a certain excursion of exploration that I ventured upon one September morning along a lonely stretch of beach, far removed from any sign of human habitation. I sauntered along leisurely in the gray, wraithy mist of early morning, enjoying the fine, bracing vigor of the sea-scented air, occasionally pausing to examine some curious, odd-shaped shell, or an unfamiliar specimen of marine plant-life that had been washed ashore by the waves. Before me stretched the long, low, semi-circular line of beach, gleaming faintly through the early light like an illusion.

I was alone, with no other company than my own thoughts and the immensity of land, and sea, and sky wrapped in the diaphanous folds of a light mist. Indeed, I wished for no better company in the peculiar mood I found myself at that time, a state of mind induced, perhaps, by the low, haunting cadences of the sea that rose and fell with rhythmic continuity. Gradually the solitude and solemnity of the scene impressed themselves upon me to such an extent that I halted in sheer wonder and awe. I imagine I experienced somewhat the same vague sensations that would come to one in the presence of some capricious pagan divinity, surrounded by the sonorous chanting of litanies.

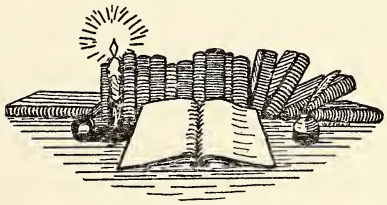
I must have remained in a state of immobility for an indefinite length of time, to all appearances lost in abstraction. Consciousness seemed to have lapsed into the dim, subliminal experiences of the subconscious processes, played upon indirectly by those volatile sensations that radiate from physical surroundings, but cannot be detected by the conscious mind alone. And like an undertone, vague and suggestive, brooded the low, haunting rhythm of the flinging sea.

Suddenly I noticed a small, whorled shell lying at my feet. I picked the object up and examined in detail its form, texture, sutures, and irridescent colors. I toyed it awhile in my hands; then tossed it into the sea.

Presently my attention was drawn seaward to a soft red glow that hinted the presence of the sun. I felt a curious inclination to venture out upon the undulating expanse, to revel in the excitement of contesting its supremacy, to seek, to explore. It was the call, the mysterious siren call of the sea, that has lured the race of man to discovery, to adventure, to romance. It was

the call that whispers of freedom, of unlimited reaches of sky and sea, of capricious storms and calm blue weather, of wild, rugged cliffs, of peaceful green islands, of strange lands and new climes. It was the voice that haunted the soul of gray-haired Ulysses, and at last drew him back to follow the unknown quest for romance and adventure upon distant seas.

As the sun rose above the horizon, great shafts of golden light struck the undulating water and shivered into millions of fragments that flashed and quivered and scintillated like jewels poured upon an azure field. I turned homeward, rejuvenated and wiser for the experience of the morning.



# BOOK REVIEW

*By* R. C. Major

## CASTE AND OUTCAST

*By* Dhan Gopal Mukerji

(E. P. Dutton & Company—303 pp.)

THERE is a man in America whose life has been oddly divided between two civilizations. His boyhood was spent amid the surroundings natural to every Brahmin lad of India. His maturer years have been spent largely in America. He is Dhan Gopal Mukerji, now a lyceum lecturer of note, whose addresses grip his audiences just as his book, "Caste and Outcast," grips his readers.

In the first division of his book, which he calls "Caste," Mr. Mukerji carries the reader with him to a small village near Calcutta. There he is acquainted with the customs and habits of thought of a people whose civilization has remained almost unchanged for forty centuries. The veil which has so long obscured the inner life of India is lifted, and the visitor is introduced to their beggars who keep alive the ponderous epics, and to their holy men who go about in their endless search for truth and the ultimate wisdom.

Throughout the book the author uses the incidents of his own life as a canvas upon which he paints the lights and shadows of the culture which surrounds him. Born a Brahmin, he has delved deeply into the natures of men. During one period of his boyhood, he followed a holy man in his wanderings, catching the words of wisdom which fell from his lips in much the same manner that Greek boys went to school in their day. Again, after he had taken the vows of the priesthood, he went on a begging tour that lasted two years. The impressions and rich experiences of the boy on his pilgrimage lose nothing in their telling.

In his observations and comments upon Indian life, one is struck by the closeness of the bond between religion and everyday life. The Hindu gives religious significance to everything. Workmen make the performance of their tasks a ceremony. All is done quietly, unhurriedly, meditatively, philosophically.

Returning from his begging tour, Mr. Mukerji began the administration of the affairs of his church. Soon, however, feeling that he was not in his right place, he abandoned the priesthood. Such occurrences are not uncommon there. Leaving India, he went to Japan and, after a brief sojourn there, came to America.

The second division of the book, which the author calls "Outcast," takes up the thread of the narrative upon his arrival in America. In describing his search for work, his experiences as a student in the University of California, and his intimate acquaintance with a group of radical Socialists, he unlocks a wealth of humor little suspected of the author of "Caste." He came to know American life in the rough and to feel the ebb and flow of the great currents which are at work in this country. While he was associated with

his radical friends he felt the pangs of hunger more than once. His experience has been broad enough to include a venture in spiritualism. His job was to create an atmosphere of Hindu mysticism by virtue of his presence in the medium's home. To cut short a true story that reads like a romance of old, he graduated from the University, shook loose his Socialist acquaintances, and began his lecture tours.

Mr. Mukerji is peculiarly fitted to contrast and compare the two civilizations, American and Indian. He has found them as widely separated as the poles. India is borne down with the weight of forty centuries of tradition. America's tradition is her future. He knows the great silences and the depth of the inner life of the Indian people. They meditate and recite epics while the western world rushes on headlong. Still stubbornly resisting the inroads of a new culture, they yet have knowledge of many things which we will learn only by taking time to think.

This enlightened Oriental also knows the spirit of America. He says that the American is a tool, conscious or unconscious, in the hands of a force that is carrying America through a materialistic cycle. To use his own words, "America is victorious; India is conquered. America is carefree; India is careworn. America lynches negroes; India illtreats her untouchables. India has caste; America aims at equality. Thus runs the resemblances and differences between the two countries."

The author sets out with two purposes—one, to translate the life and religion and philosophy of Oriental India into language which will be intelligible to the occidental mind; and the other, to picture the America which an Oriental sees on coming to this country. He accomplishes both with consummate skill. The fact that the story is a true story of his own life adds charm and interest to the work. His style is vivid and sincere. "Caste" is marked by the poetic and sonorous qualities of many of its sentences. "Outcast" is tinged with humor and, sometimes, with biting irony.

If it is good to know how people of another race live, then "Caste and Outcast" is invaluable. The reader realizes that America can learn much from India and give much to India. Mr. Mukerji loves India, but he has more faith in America. He says, "The voyage of Columbus ended in a mistake. The next five hundred years will prove that his error was an accuracy of the gods."

# Wofford College Journal

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## EDITORIALS

### Why College?

What is the main business of a student? What does a student come to college for, and what benefits does he derive therefrom? We hear upon all sides disparaging criticism of college life today, and a skeptical world asks the question: Does it pay? Does it? Ah! here is the hinge of the matter. Ask yourself the question, and answer it for yourself: Does it pay?

Why does a student come to college? Doubtless there is a multitude of answers to this question, answers ranging from the absurdly trival to the truly serious and worthy. This problem stares the student in the face at the beginning of his college career, and his life upon the campus blazons in bold letters the solution. Do you ever think seriously of your future and realize the opportunities that college offers towards improving your chances of success in the great game of life? Why


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do we come to college? It is a thought worth the thinking; it is a problem worth analyzing; it is a matter that spells, in the handwriting of fate, **Success** or **Failure**!

Did you come to college simply because your parents, realizing the necessity of education in this age of enlightened progress, packed you off? Was your attitude one of passive acquiescence to their authority and foresight? Or did you come to college to avoid the social stigma of being unrecognized as a college man? Or did you come for the attractions of social life and athletic activities? These are undoubtedly legitimate questions. It would be to your advantage to introspect a little and find out your attitude and purpose.

Now we come to a question that really means everything. Did you begin your college life with the conviction that intellectual culture is highly desired, and have you lived up to this conviction? If you have—excellent! Then you have realized the prime object of a college: the cultivation and development of intellect. A college education is intrinsically worthless unless it teaches the recipient how to think; and the success of a college education depends largely upon the recipient himself.

Were we asked to give what we considered the most essential factor of mental grasp, we should stress the sense of discrimination, of judgment. Learn to reason for yourself, to think. Accept nothing until you are satisfied with its intrinsic verity and substantiality. Do not rely too strongly upon others for your opinions and ideas. It is considerably more profitable to arrive at wrong

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conclusions than to reach no conclusions at all. That student is to be pitied who, like a porous sponge, simply absorbs and retains until he is squeezed, who glibly quotes from memory, and has on his tongue the pirated ideas of others. This type of person is popularly labelled the "bookworm," a very apt and suggestive epithet. But don't let the idea of "bookworm" scare you from wide reading—there is quite a difference between the "bookworm" and the "well-read man."

But our discussion is digressing. In conclusion we wish to leave this question before you in all of its stark significance: Why did **you** come to college?

---

### Vocabularies

The symbolical power of words has been one of the most vital and indispensable factors in the development of the human race. Try to imagine a civilization like ours without a language! The idea is preposterous. And yet how few of us think enough to realize the significance of our mother tongue! In very truth the main business of life is carried on largely by means of the words that we use in our intercourse with fellow beings. Yes, those English words of ours supply us with the facilities to impart to others our experiences, our inmost thoughts, our ideas, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, our subtlest feelings and emotions.

With such a conception of the tremendous power and influence of words in our daily life, we should realize the necessity of possessing adequate and efficient vocabularies. The English language is perhaps richer in

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its store of flexible words than any other language in existence today, and for that very reason we have access to a treasure-house and an armory where we may seek beauty and pleasure or power and influence.

It is not enough that we learn to use accurately the words with which we are familiar, and to avoid the mistakes common in careless speech and writing; but we should seek to increase our stock and make ourselves acquainted, as far as possible, with the vast resources of the English language. It is only by conscious industry and effort that one may build for himself a vocabulary that will be adequate to meet his business or professional needs, for practical business requires efficiency in the use of words quite as much as does the art of professional and literary writing. Of two applicants seeking a position, their ability in general being equal, the one possessing the easiest and most fluent command of his medium of expression (namely, words) is invariably chosen by the modern, competent business man. Hence, in this respect a good vocabulary means practical business power.

Then, too, in general writing and conversation, a command of words is an essential and indispensable factor. If you have an anecdote to tell or a reminiscence to recall, how can you do so effectively and interestingly without the facilities of a good vocabulary? In everyday life, numerous occasions will continually present themselves to a person, in which the demand for adequate expression is imperative. No one likes to meet cultured people when he realizes that his speech is colorless, that his words are clumsy and awkward, that his conversation lacks ease and poise.

The matter of building a vocabulary is not that of a month, or even of a year. It is no task for the shirker and "easy-goer." It is an accomplishment that repays the diligent worker a hundred fold, but has no alms for the indolent beggar.

Let us suggest some very profitable methods by which one may increase the stock of his vocabulary. First let us recommend to you a program of extensive reading of the best literature, for it is only in this way than one comes in contact with the approved usage of words, the standardized application of their meanings in their full literal and connotative qualities. Broad reading gives one a feeling for words, a subtle, analytic faculty for detecting the varied and delicate shades of analogy, suggestion, comparison, and contrast. This "feeling" is in itself an intellectual perfection worth striving for, and a source of unlimited pleasure.

Next we should suggest the conscious and deliberate effort to use words that are new. In this way one may, by constant use and practice, put to very definite work unfamiliar words and expressions. When a word is fully grasped and conceived in its entirety, it becomes a part and parcel of the possessor's mental equipment, and lies at his disposal.

Perhaps the most effective method to understand a word and fasten its meaning indelibly is to study its etymology. Etymology is nothing more or less than the analysis of a word into its component parts and the determination of its original meaning. Most of our words have been derived from the

Latin, Greek and French languages, and it is important that we know these words in the light of their native sources. The study of word etymology tends to give one a sense of intimacy and familiarity that makes for a confident accuracy in their use.

In conclusion, let us suggest to you the habit of browsing in the dictionary. Glance leisurely down the columns, taking mental notes of words that seem of special value and effectiveness. On every page there is a host of them, and even a casual survey will fix in your mind definite bits of information that will be of considerable value in your general reading and experience.

Having touched upon the necessity and significance of a broad, flexible vocabulary, and having advanced some of the means by which one may be acquired, we leave it to you to realize the opportunities that are yours for improvement and progressive efficiency.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

### "The Carolinian"

We liked the February "Carolinian" very much—in spots. It is a well-arranged and interesting magazine, and has several good features, the best of which is the sketches. These add tone to the magazine and are indeed excellent.

"The Triumph of Darkness," a grotesque allegory, is fairly good, but hardly deserves

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the premier place which is accorded it. "Why the Rooster Has Spurs" is Uncle Remus in the form of a play. The dialect is a little overdone, but, on the whole, deserves commendation.

One of the best poems to appear in a college magazine in lo! these many moons is "The Little House." Also good, but not on a par, was "Awakening."

We are now going to take out our little hatchet and chop. "Books and Dreams," by Scavenger, caused us to see red. The author tells in his preamble that he (we suppose it is a "he") is merely going to make some remarks about books. Here is a sample of his remarks: "We have not read Carl Sandburg's 'Abe Lincoln,'—and, dear radical, be not offended, for we never expect to; we are firmly convinced that it is banal bunk, selling too high." This is the motif throughout: "We've never read, and never expect to." The author brings us several new words, such as "bryanesque," and uses some of the most "be-ootiful langwidge" we've ever read. He says of Dreiser: "He stands as the first who had the courage to withstand the excoriations of Bryanesque blatherskites in his attempt to interpret fictitiously Freudian psychology which should scintillate across the panoroma of middle western conservation." Correct, Brother Scavenger.

We enjoyed reading "Unrest" and "Guerdon." Both poems were characterized by good thought and form.

"Williamina" (here in our humble opinion) is the best thing in the magazine. If probed far enough, we might use superlatives about this story.

We suppose "Padding" was very good. "The Street of the Sun," a story, didn't cause us to go into paroxysms of delight.

On the whole, the magazine was good, although unbalanced by an abundance of poems and a dearth of essays.

F. H. S., Jr.

---

**"The Chicora Magazine"**

The spring number of "The Chicora Magazine" is good. However, more variety, certainly a play and a sketch or two, would add to its attractiveness.

Among the essays, "How Columbia Has Solved the Charity Problem" deserves special praise. Not only is the subject matter alive and interesting, but the English used is commendable—except for the rather awkward repetition of "indigence." The author has evidently studied the sociological question of charities in Columbia, and has given to us very timely information concerning this phase of city life. "Chivalry in 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman' " is good in so far as material is concerned, but the style lacks vigor of expression. "Women in Industry" is a well-written and interesting essay on a very up-to-date, lively problem. "Literary References to Superstition" is an excellent study in literary research along a special field. We commend the author.

Tht stories in this issue are, as a whole, disappointing. "The Great Lesson" is technically a sketch; it lacks two very essential elements of the short-story: suspense and climax. Though well-written, it is rather didactic and inartistic. "The Wages of Sin" falls into the same grave error: namely, an

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obtrusive didacticism. The technique, however, is good; and except for one or two awkward sentence structures, the style is commendable. "Being a Sport" is too short and lacks atmosphere and vigor. It has a "hollowness" to it, without any conviction of reality in the characters and events.

Of the poems we prefer "March." This piece of verse possesses originality and interprets very effectively the spirit of March. The other poems are weak. "Winter Thoughts" is trite. "The Dream That Passed" contains hackneyed thought, but the style is a redeeming feature and the metrical scheme is well-handled. "A Dream" is rather jingling, and lacks vigor and originality. The rhymes are forced.

The editorials are very creditable, timely, and well-written. The one on criticism is especially good and highly instructive to those who give, as well as to those who receive, criticism.

We do not believe that a joke department adds any attractiveness to a literary magazine of this kind. The proper place for jokes is in the weekly paper.

---

Acknowledgment: "The Criterion," "The Chicora Magazine," "The William and Mary Magazine," "The Aurora," "The Carolinian," "Chronicle."

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# A GEM OF PUREST RAY

*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

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# CONTENTS


| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| Sonnet (Poem) | B. P. Ramsay | 246 |
| Modern Literature (Essay) | M. K. Medlock | 247 |
| The Sailor's Song (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 248 |
| Two Translations From the German (Poems) | B. P. Ramsay | 249 |
| Spring Holidays (Play) | Howard Berry | 250 |
| To Lake Opatchi (Sketch) | Ed Gregg | 261 |
| I Know Just What and Why (Poem) | B. P. Ramsay | 262 |
| The Reorganization of Old Governments in Europe (Essay) | E. C. Morgan | 263 |
| Southward Ho! (Sketch) | E. B. Stevenson | 266 |
| Life (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 269 |
| The Romance of Being a Man (Essay) | Anonymous | 270 |
| The Dullard (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 270 |
| Joseph Conrad, the Artist (Essay) | Ed Gregg | 271 |
| Requiescat (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 274 |
| Out Where the West Begins (Sketch) | F. S. James | 275 |
| To Poe (Poem) | Ed Gregg | 276 |
| Rags (Story) | V. D. Padula | 277 |
| The Ideal School (Essay) | T. M. Nelson | 283 |
| Editorials— | | |
| Reading for Culture | | 286 |
| Good-Bye | | 289 |
| Exchange Department | | 289 |

## SONNET

*By* Bertrand P. Ramsay

While yet the ungreaved flesh remained a boy
To play in Ida's shadows, left behind,
Athena made a captive of this mind,
In stronger walls besieging it than Troy.
I am restrained by parapeted Tomes,
But thru a loophole looking, roadways see
Uncharted lead o'er hillock, lake, and lea,
And where with ether mingle Nereids' foams.
O friendly prison walls of piled-up books!
Where shall I find the thoughts I cannot reach?
How know emotions ye can never teach?
Release me now to search sequestered nooks;
To meditate upon the eternal sky
And read the open lives of those who die.

# MODERN LITERATURE

*By* M. K. Medlock

It is interesting to compare the literature that was read forty years ago with that which is being read today. It is a fact to be regretted that the popular literature of that time was far superior to that which is now being read. If we would judge a people by what they read, it would seem that there has recently been a great intellectual decline among the American people, for the best sellers today are those novels and magazines that are little better than the old dime novel from a literary standpoint. We have only to look over the magazines for sale at any news stand to verify this statement. For every magazine of real worth, one will find ten that are not worth the reading.

Many reasons have been given in an attempt to explain the sudden appearance of this avalanche of inferior literature. The truth of the matter seems to be that the average person of today reads only to be entertained, and not as a source of food for thought. We are in too big a hurry to read works that require much time and thought. Never before in the history of civilization has there been such a tendency toward rapidity as at the present time. We are apt to wonder where the drivers of the speeding automobiles are going, and the reason for their apparent haste. It is simply the spirit of the times. We can thus see the influence of this tendency upon the reading public. The average reader cares little for the intellectual value of an article or story. He desires action, variety, and interest. He requires that the article be reasonably short, and thus we have the short-story as the prevailing literature.

The American public, not the editors of the magazines, are to be blamed for the quality of the stories and articles to be found in our periodicals today. If there were no great sales for these stories, they would not be printed. The publishing houses are simply trying to give the reading public what it desires. There are two types of this modern literature that are being read extensively today.

The first type is that which appeals to the less educated class—the dime novel type of story. This type of reading matter, although almost worthless from a literary standpoint, is not degrading for the most part, but at the same time casts a reflection upon our literature as a whole. The latter class of literature is that which is positively degrading. Our news stands are flooded with it, while the sales are increasing daily. Such literature should be banned. Some cities have realized this, and have taken steps to prohibit the sale of such magazines. A few weeks ago the city of Greensboro, realizing the effect that some of the so called "true story" magazines were having on the young people of that city, passed a law forbidding the sale of these perverting periodicals.

It is said that every story leaves a distinct impression upon the mind of the reader, and

we have every reason to believe that the reading of the sentimental, emotional, and trashy magazines is one of the greatest causes of immorality. A sentiment for better literature should be established, for it is an established fact that a person can be judged by what he reads, and the same thing will naturally apply to a nation. We must realize our responsibility in regard to this matter. The degrading magazines must be outlawed. However, one must remember that these latter will continue to be printed until the publishers are convinced that the reading public desires the better literature.

We wonder if, amidst the great activity and hustle of modern civilization, we, as a whole, are losing our taste for those great masterpieces which were so enjoyed by preceding generations. Are we so busy that we have lost the power of serious reflection while reading? If that is so, we have lost the best method of gaining useful knowledge, for in the words of Sir Philip Sidney, "It is manifest that all government of action must be obtained by knowledge, and knowledge, best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading."

---

## THE SAILOR'S SONG

*By* Ed Gregg

The gale is driving fierce tonight,
  The wind-whipped waves run strong;
Yet I, a sailor lad by birth,
  Count it but a song.

The howling storm's wild blast to me
  Is music strange and deep,
That haunts my restless, roving soul
  Even in my sleep.

The Viking strain is in my blood;
  The love of salty foam
Makes me a wand'rer of the winds,
  And the sea my home.

Oh, give to me the heaving deep!
  The elements so free!
And let me be a sailor lad,
  Free upon the sea!

# TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN

*By* Bertrand P. Ramsay

## DIE LORELEI

(HEINE)

I know not why my heart is heavy,
  Or why my spirit's frail,
Or why my musing takes in levy
  That melancholy tale. . . .

The river Rhine is slow and lucid,
  The evening sun is bright;
And tho the air is cool and humid
  A mount is bathed in light.

And on that lofty buttress, laden
  With locks of golden hair,
A young and lovely fairy maiden
  Combs her tresses fair.

With golden comb, she smooths her tresses;
  And with her twilight songs
The restless breezes she caresses—
  And so the day prolongs.

A skilful boatman stops his rowing
  To listen in the dark;
He sees not where the Rhine is flowing
  Nor danger to his barque.

Perchance the forceful waves in flinging
  Took away his breath.
I think the fairy by her singing
  Brought the boatman death.

---

## DER ERLKONIG

(GOETHE)

Who gallops through the night so wild?
A father with his only child,
Whom he embraces with an arm,
And with a love secure and warm.

"My son, what terror pales thy face?"
"The Erlking joins us in a race,
My father, robed in silver shroud."
"My son, 'tis but an evening cloud."

["Come darling! Come with me and play
Thrice merry games tonight—and aye.
We'll garner flowers from the lea
And golden garments I'll give to thee."]

"Dear Father. . .Father, hear you what
The Erlking whispers?"
"I hear not,
My child. Be quiet: 'Tis the breeze
Astir among the willow trees."

["And will you follow me, my boy,
To share my lovely daughter's joy?
She waits in moonbeam robes—perchance
For thee to join her nightly dance."]

"The princess of the elfin lands,
My father, by the roadside stands."
"Dear son, my eyes quite clearly see:
'Tis but a weeping willow tree."

["I love thee, child; thy beauty charms:
Resist my prayers? Yield to my harms!"]
"The Erlking takes me, Father dear.
I go with him; I leave thee here."

The father's love and mighty arm
Cannot preserve his child from harm:
His only son is cold, is dead
And speechless hangs the curly head.

# SPRING HOLIDAYS

## (IN TWO ACTS)

*By* Howard Berry

CHARACTERS:

Esther Craig, Katherine Holmes, Beatrice Shuler — Young College Students.

James Craig, Arthur Henderson, Boyd Hayes — Young Men Who Attend College.

Mr. Sam Craig, father of Esther and James.
Mrs. Craig, his wife.

### ACT ONE

(The curtain slowly rises, disclosing a partly darkened room, with a reading lamp turned low sitting on table in center. A piano stands on left. On the right is a settee, while arranged about the room are several richly upholstered chairs. For a few moments the room remains dark and silent, then a gentle tapping is heard at the window at back of room. The window slowly rises, and a head appears.)

Esther (with finger to lips)—Sh-h-h, girls! Some one else may be in the house. Our best plan is to be sure, for, although the door is locked, some one may be here.

Voice (from outside)—Hurry, and find out. (She clambers into the room, tiptoes to the door on the right, and goes out for a moment. Returning, she goes to door at left, then rushes to window.)

Esther—We're in luck, girls! Everybody is gone—father, mother, the cook, and even the dog! Come on in. (She assists two girls to enter the room through the window. Both are beautiful college girls.)

Beatrice—Quick, Esther, let us have more light so that we may see where we are.

Esther—Just a moment. Give me time to lower the shades. (She pulls down shades and switches the reading lamp on bright, also switching on other lights in the room. All three girls are beautiful, dressed in latest collegiate styles.)

Esther—Three cheers for home, girls, and a thousand for Dad, who has left so opportunely!—But we must hurry, for he will be returning soon. It will never do to be caught in here. Just think how surprised he will be when he finds us here.

Beatrice—Were not the faculty the sweetest old dears in the world to move up the holidays a day? (All laugh softly.)

Katherine—True, dearie; but what will your dad have to say, Esther, when we tramp down to breakfast in the morning?

Esther (laughing)—To say? Girls, I can't even imagine what he is going to say, he is such a perfect old dear. Our coming home a day earlier than he expected us will certainly be one on him. (All laugh.) But come, we must get those things which the taxi driver left on the porch. (They go out door on left. In a moment they return, carrying each a portmanteau and numerous packages—candy and the like. Katherine enters first.)

Katherine—Lock the door, girls. (The others enter and drop their burdens about the room.) What are we not going to do with these Spring Holidays? The faculty never thought of our having to slip into a house like this, when they gave us that day extra.

Beatrice—No, and what would Miss Caldwell say if she could see us for only a moment right now? 'Twould give the poor dear hysterics. (They laugh.)

Esther—Time to go to our room. We can talk there, and—laugh when Dad comes! (Beatrice and Katherine take up bags and start out door on right. Esther, who is busy arranging room and switching off lights, calls to them.)

Esther—Go up stairs, Katherine. My room is the first one on the right.

Katherine (from doorway)—Yes, dear; first room on the right, Beatrice, upstairs. (Esther has turned out the lights, with the exception of the reading lamp, which she lowers. She now raises the shade, gathers up the baggage, and follows the girls out. They are heard to laugh repeatedly as they grope their way upstairs. For a few moments only the laughter of the girls is heard, then all becomes quiet again. Suddenly the window is raised from without.)

James—Throw me in, boys, but do it quietly. Cook or some one else may be here, although the front door was locked. That's it; now wait while I see whether anyone is here. (He goes out doors, returns, switches on lights, and assists two young men to enter. The boys all look as though they had attended college recently, from the style of their suits, and other articles of clothing.)

James—Wasn't it the best of luck that I saw Dad in town? Ha, ha, the old top! He did not expect us home until tomorrow night.

Boyd—Let's bring our valises in, and be sure that nothing is left outside. (He and James go out door and return with three valises and a package. Arthur has brought a package in with him through the window.)

Arthur—Do not make any unnecessary noise, boys. We must be able to hear your father's car should he suddenly decide to return home.

James—That's true; go about this as quietly as possible.

Arthur—On what train will the girls come tomorrow, James?

James—On the nine-twenty tomorrow night. Our train would have arrived at ten minutes after ten, almost an hour later, had we not finished our examinations so early this morning and caught the first train out. Ha, I can see them now, entering the house and finding us all here. Sister was counting so much on arriving an hour sooner that we did. She'll be surprised!

Boyd—I am thinking your father is going to be the surprised one when he discovers that he has three hungry boys to feed at breakfast. I'm almost famished.

James—Yes, I must get up early and let the cook into the secret so that she will prepare breakfast for us. Then when

Dad comes in to breakfast, instead of dining alone, he will have three able "assistants" who can show him what a really healthy appetite is.

Arthur—Just where do we sleep tonight? I believe that it will be best for us to retire early, so that your father will have no chance to discover that we are here. (He begins to pick up the bags.)

James—We will sleep upstairs tonight in—let me see—in the room—ah, I have it! Let's use Esther's room tonight! It is ready for us I know. The girls will not get here for it tonight, so we will use it. Sister will never know the difference, will never know about it, unless she tries to pull some of her wise pranks on us during the holidays. Then that will quiet her. Calling to Arthur who starts out door.) It is the first door on the right.

Arthur (returning and standing in doorway) —Are you quiet sure that Esther will not mind our going into her room and using it? You know how girls are.

Boyd—I do not think that she would mind our occupying it.

James—Why no, sister would not object. And more than that, she will never know about it. I had rather sleep in that room tonight than in any other room in the house; first, because it will be a good joke on Esther and the girls, and because the rising sun will wake me in time to tell the cook about our breakfast.

Arthur—Yes,—but—

Boyd—Oh come, Arthur! Surely you do not mind having some new experience during these holidays! Spending the night in a lady's boudoir, will not that be a good one, kind of unique? To sleep in that room tonight would be a sure enough experience.

James—Yes, I would not care if Esther should find it out, and try to get angry. I would only be repaying her for some of the thousand tom-boyish pranks she used to play on me. Arthur, let me tell you something: Do not be afraid to sleep in that room tonight just because you like Esther. It will never do to let girls get the upper hand.

Boyd—But he is safe. Those girls will never know about it. Isn't it going to be a night for us in that room with those perfumes, powders, and everything that makes a girl so charming?

Arthur—I do not yet believe it will be proper to sleep in that room tonight, just as things are now. Somehow—something—oh hang it all!—I feel that Esther would resent our going to her room tonight. There is something so feminine, so personal, so much of one's own self about a girl's room that most of the time it is—well a little sacred. Still, since you wish it—

James—Oh come on; forget about that, Arthur, for what is the harm? You would really enjoy the night in there. Amongst all those things so like girls you would undoubtedly spend a pleasant night—possibly sweet dreams of Esther!

Arthur—All right, it will be as you say. Perhaps you are wanting to dream of your Katherine, who (half sarcastically) will not arrive till that far-off day, tomorrow. Such a long time! First door to the right, up-

stairs, eh? (He starts toward door. James nods affirmatively. Then, while Arthur and Boyd are starting out, he appears to be seriously thinking. Suddenly he checks them.)

James—Wait, Boyd; I believe that, after all, it will be best to sleep downstairs tonight. We will take that room on down the hall, the one on the left. Dad will not go in there tonight, so we are perfectly safe from any intrusion.

Arthur—Yes; will it not be easier to get around and tell the cook about breakfast?

James—I had forgotten that! We must sleep down here, so come! (For a few moments the room is quiet, deserted. James has switched off lights as he went out. Now the door on right opens, and James enters. Switching on light, he comes to center of the stage.)

James—I wonder where we left that package. (He searches for it. Suddenly he straightens up and listens.) What is that? I'd swear that I heard a step on the stairs. (Listening.) It is! My God, who could that be? It will never do to be caught in here. (Switching off light, he hides behind settee. A moment later Esther enters, and switches on light.)

Esther—I must find that vanity. If Dad should come home and discover it, he would quickly end our little show before morning. (Stopping short.) What in the world is the matter with this room? This chair is not where I left it. And the shade! I did not leave it like that. Some one has been in here — somebody, perhaps a burglar. (Frightened. During this time James' face has registered just about all the emotions.)

James (softly)—Esther! (She starts, looks frightened. James calls again.) Esther!

Esther (in frightened whisper)—What—what? Who—where—are you?

James (coming from his hiding place)—Sister!

Esther—James! Is that really you?

James—Truly; but not so loud, please! What has possessed you to come home so early? Shipped?

Esther—How dare you—?

James—Then why are you here? You were not expected until tomorrow night.

Esther—Why are **you** here? You were not to get here until after we had arrived. Oh, you have ruined everything!

James—What? Does not Dad know that you are here?

Esther—No; we just came.

James—Ye Gods! Slipped in like we did, eh? How horrible! What can we do now? We were planning to surprise you and Dad.

Esther—That was our plan. The girls are here. (Seizing the lapels of his coat.) What are we to do, James? Quickly! I—I—cannot think.

James—How should I know? (Thinks a moment.) Have the girls retired yet? (She nods.) What? Esther, did you know that for a few moments we were planning to use your room tonight? Suppose we had gone up there!

Esther—My room? Why, James—

James—How quickly can you get those girls dressed and have them down here? Ten

minutes? Good! In exactly ten minutes come down, but not a moment before then. The boys and I will be here. (Indicates several points in the room where it is possible to hide.) And remember! Not a word to them about us. Give us boys a chance to surprise them.

Esther—But they may not want to come down. We are afraid that Dad will come any minute.

James—No, he will not get here until at least eleven o'clock, or later. Anyway, he will have to know now. I caught a glimpse of him up town and—

Esther—You did?

James—Yes, and he was with a group of his old cronies. Ha, the old top! He's still wound up tightly. Since mother will not get here till Tuesday, he is having his time.

Esther—That is dear of him for this one time. Now we can have a little impromptu party all of our own until he comes. Not too wild, but—(She leaves the room. James waits a moment, then brings his fist down into his hand with an "I-have-it" expression.)

James—Not too wild, but—! (Laughs.) I will not let the boys know. It will be a surprise for all. (Laughs again at his own ideas.)

(Curtain)

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ACT TWO

Time: Eight minutes later.

Scene 1: The same.

(James, Boyd and Arthur have just entered and seated themselves. Boyd sits on settee, James and Arthur in chairs. The room is brilliantly lighted.)

Arthur—Why are you acting so mysteriously, James? And for what purpose have you dragged us back in here?

Boyd—That is just what I want to know. Do you not think it unwise to sit in here when your father may come any moment?

James—I—I—cannot tell you exactly why I have come back in here. I must admit that I do not know what is going to happen tonight.

Boyd—Then why have you brought us back in here? I am in favor of sleeping at once.

Arthur—So am I.

James—Say, boys, suppose that I were to say I have a hunch, a hunch of trouble?

Boyd—A hunch of trouble?

James—Yes, a hunch that there are robbers in the house tonight, right now!

Arthur—I'd immediately say that you have a foolish hunch. Is that all you—

James—And would you believe that we are going to be robbed tonight?

Boyd—No, I would not. Are not we three able to prevent robbery right here in your own home? If we cannot, then there are the police.

Arthur—Personally, James, I believe that you are merely making fools of us. Tell me now: Why have you dragged us in here?

James—Did I not tell you that I do not know for sure? I'm perfectly serious in what I am saying. Something seems to tell me that right now there are forces at work in this house preparing to rob us, forces

stealthily making ready in a moment to swoop down on us, completely overwhelm us, and do with us as they choose.

Arthur—What in the world are you talking about? (Rising.) I demand an explanation, or we will search the house.

James—That is quite useless. I cannot explain what I do not wholly understand. You must take my word for this, and be prepared for the worst.

Boyd—This situation is becoming alarming—or extremely ludicrous; which, I am not able to decide.

Arthur—Alarming? No! Ludicrous? (Laughing.) That's it! I will not believe a thing until I have actual proof of these "thieves."

James—I wish that you would believe me, for in a very few minutes they will have us under their power.

Boyd—They? They? How many are there, a whole army? Are you wanting us to sit here like babies and let them come? (He has risen.) I will search the house!

James—You will stay where you are. (Rising.) Boys, in a moment they will be upon us—

Arthur—In a moment I'll not be here if you keep this up. Have you a gun? No? Then where is the phone? I'll get the police force.

James—No, no, no! Useless! The police force could do nothing but tangle things up for us, he is so stupid. Besides, you would likely find him in bed. Remember, this is just a town, not the city.

Boyd—Well, let us do something. This is foolish; we are acting like puppets—

James—Exactly! We are puppets, and behind the strings which move us is acting an irresistible force. It is useless to try to shun the course mapped out for us, or to offer any resistance to our outside motive forces. Let them come.

Arthur—They shall not rob me—not one penny shall they have, nor my watch—nothing!

Boyd—I'll put my valuables behind this picture. (Hides watch behind picture on piano, then begins frantically to dig in his pockets for coins.)

James—Hold! There is no good in that! Were they to find you without anything they would search the house. But, Boyd, it is not that kind of robbery that you may expect tonight. They will not be brutes, nor desperate gunmen. They will be, however, unshaven and fully armed. Their weapons will be the most modern of the day, and, at the same time, the most ancient in history, having been used against man from the beginning—

Boyd—I'll not stand this another moment! We need either the police or a nurse and a doctor for you.

James—Just wait, boys! In a moment you will see these weapons. (They glance toward doors and window.) You will know they are all I say.

Arthur—They'll have to fight to get anything from me. I'll not be a baby! If it comes to anything serious, I'll put in a hurry call for that police.

James—Oh, do not become so excited, Arthur! It is not all that bad. They will be robbers—yes, robbers, but at the most they will rob us only of a few hours of

sleep. You are going to find that it is a pleasant robbery.

Boyd—Pleasant robbery? Who ever heard of such? You are making fools of us—

James—Yes, it will be a pleasant robbery. Surely you do not have too great an aversion to being robbed of a little sleep. I'm telling you that about these robbers is something—oh, something intangible, that will bend you to their will at the first glance. The nearer you approach one, the less will you be able to exercise your own will.

Boyd—There are no such robbers. Men could not do that very easily.

James—I agree with part of what you say, but, Boyd, I wish that you would believe me. We are going to try a new method of subduing them tonight. Robbers of this type have never been entirely conquered. You know of that man who overcame that desperate criminal by merely patting him on the shoulder? Let's try that tonight—gentle, sweet words, soft glances that are full of meaning, a gentle touch—

Arthur—What! I'll use no such. I'll use curses, looks that would make a stone Buddha tremble, blows that would fell Dempsey. Let them come! Boyd, you and I do not have a streak of yellow.

James (looking at watch)—Very well, get ready for them, boys; they will be here in a few seconds. We will surprise them when they enter this room. Quickly, Boyd, hide behind this settee; Arthur, come over here back of this large chair. Now remember: You are not to make one move until I give the word, no matter what happens, or how the criminals look. Get the idea? We are going to take them unawares.

Boyd—All right, let them come. We will not move till you give the signal, regardless.

James—Good! Mask your face with your handkerchief. (He turns off the lights and conceals himself behind the corner of the piano, where he may be seen by the audience but not by the "thieves." A step is heard, the door opens, and the girls enter.)

Beatrice—What is the next move, my fairy queen? Now you must create the world of romance of which you spoke so ardently, and for which you hurried our dressing.

Esther—Oh, girls, that was just a horrible lie I told you, just to get you dressed. I did not want you excited. The truth is, I am afraid.

Beatrice—Afraid? Of what?

Esther—Of men. There are several in the house. Do not look so frightened!

Katherine (in frightened whisper)—How do you know there are any men in the house?

Esther—When I came downstairs a few minutes ago I caught a glimpse of one. I had to get you out of that room quietly, and bring you down here, where we will be safer if they come upon us.

Beatrice—Are you not just dreaming, Esther?

Esther (catching sight of James' masked face)—Not I. Oh, girls, this is so horrible. I feel that right now eyes are watching our every move, ears hear us, and strong, un-

relenting arms are waiting, will soon seize us. (Feigning fright.)

Katherine—Horrors! I will not stay in here a minute longer. Out, out into the open street where I will at least have a chance to run. (She does not leave, however; merely huddles closer.)

Esther (casting a quick glance at James, who extends hand with fingers outstretched as though to grasp something.)—Beatrice, dear, what shall we do? I do not know, cannot think. Hush! Was not that a step? It seems that hideous arms are held in waiting for us, sneering lips—(A low whistle is heard. The girls scream; at the same instant the boys come forth. Another scream.)

James (in deep voice)—Come on, men! These girls have put themselves in the way. We came to rob only the house. They must not leave to spread the news. Catch them. I'll take this one. (Points at Katherine, who screams as he advances, staggers, and is about to swoon. James catches her in his arms to prevent her falling.)

Esther—Stop! You are carrying this too far. (Snatches mask from James's face.) James Craig! What did you have to mask your face for?

Boyd (unmasking)—Beatrice!

Beatrice (in blank amazement)—Boyd! You brute! Why did you frighten us?

James—Look, Katherine, it is only I, James. (The color is returning to her face. James draws her to settee, still supporting her partly unnerved body.) Katherine, Katherine!

Katherine (sitting up)—James, oh James! (Buries her head in his arms. All talk excitedly for a moment while exchanging greetings.)

Esther—Come, Katherine, dear! (She and James help her to rise.) This is just a joke of the boys.

Katherine—Then you knew they were here? That they were coming tonight?

Esther—I knew nothing about their coming until I came down for that vanity. I saw James then, so he and I at once planned an impromptu party for tonight.

Arthur—And James did not let us know who you were—told us you were robbers, preparing to hold us up. (All laugh.) We did not know you were in the house until you came into the room just now.

Esther—Come, everybody! Let's forget that! What say you for a merry time until Dad comes?

All—Yes!

Esther—All right. Some one start something.

Boyd—Play for us, Beatrice. Something lively, peppy.

James—And you, Arthur, give us an exhibition of the Charleston. Then we will all join you. (The telephone is heard to ring off stage.) The phone! Go ahead; I'll answer it. (Exit.)

Arthur—Ready, Beatrice. (Beatrice plays. He Charlestons.)

James (rushing back into the room)—Esther! Boyd! Everybody, listen! (Music stops.) Mother is in town, at Mrs. Smith's, and will be on her way around here in about five minutes.

Esther—Did she know who you were?

James—No, she thought I was Dad. I imitated his tone of voice perfectly.

Katherine—What in the world are we to do now? She was not to get here till Tuesday.

Boyd (who has crossed to window)—Great heavens! Here comes a car now.

James—'Tis Dad! Listen: Let's give him the surprise of his life. He will have to put the car in the garage; that will give us about three minutes. Fix up the room. (They arrange chairs.) Now when father comes into the house we will fix him. And Mother—!

Esther—James, I know what we will do for her. After we break Dad in we will leave you, Katherine, in here with him, just as Mother enters the house. She does not know you.

Katherine—Nor does your father.

Esther—Oh, that's all right! (Laughing.) Mother will—will get her little surprise! (Exeunt.)

(Curtain)

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ACT TWO

Scene Two

Time: Four Minutes later.

(The stage is dark except for the low glow from the reading lamp. Mr. Craig—an elderly man whom life has served well—enters from right, and turns on other lights.)

Mr. Craig (laughing)—Well, well, I still have another day in which to be free before the children come. Ha, Minnie must never learn that I have been staying out playing checkers till so late an hour. (Laughs.) I am going to let Esther and James do just as they wish when they come! Let me see—Yes! This is the first time the old Alma Mater has ever given Spring Holidays to the boys, but Esther has had a week every year. I have always said that some day the faculty would wake up and give the students some holidays in the spring. It is so nice to have the children home for a few days, yet it has taken years to persuade the faculty of my old Alma Mater that it was worth while. They are beginning to show that they understand young men now. (Sitting in chair.) I wonder who those young people are that Esther and James are bringing with them. Other folks' sons and daughters, and—ye heavens! Six young people here for a week, and Minnie will not get home until Tuesday! Six of them—(laughing)—I would not wonder that they are going to use these holidays just to give Dan Cupid a fair chance! (Arthur enters from right, creeping upon him. His face is masked again, and in his hand is an old revolver.)

Arthur (roughly)—Stick 'em up, mister! Higher! Now that's better. (Mr. Craig, somewhat frightened, has risen and turned half around.)

Mr. Craig—Eh, eh—what?

Arthur—That will do for you! Not another word from you. Just speak or move, and you get it hot. We have you covered from all sides. Come, men, cover his eyes. Steady, sir! (Boyd advances and ties cloth over his eyes.)

Boyd—What shall we do with him, Bill?

Arthur—Dunno. (Motions for Esther, who

has entered with others.) Let's lecture to him first. (Turns to Mr. Craig.) Do you not know you should have stayed home tonight? What business have you always off just because your wife is gone?

Mr. Craig—I'll swear—

Arthur—That will do, I say! Keep quiet. What if it was just a game of checkers? Ha! You should have looked out for your house. Put up those hands! What's the matter, tiring?

James (hoarsely)—Let's search him, and let him lower his hands.

Boyd—Good! Keep that gun on him.

Arthur (to Esther)—Here, you, search him. (She makes hurried examinations of his pockets, then places her arms about his neck. At the same moment James removes cloth from his eyes.)

Esther—Dad, you old darling!

Mr. Craig—Esther! (They embrace.) James! Why children, what on earth does all this mean?

James—We just came a day early, Dad, that is all. Come, Katherine, Beatrice, and you, boys. (All are introduced.)

Mr. Craig—So these are the young people you wrote so much about! Nice trick you pulled on your old Dad. I really should seek satisfactory settlement for it by kissing all the girls. (Glances at Katherine and Beatrice.)

Boyd—Oh, no, no, Mr. Craig, we cannot permit that. But say, James, we must not forget ourselves.

James—Yes, Dad, (lying) we are preparing a little supper. You will excuse us, I hope.

Mr. Craig—Oh sure! I will help you.

Esther—No, really, we do not need you, Dad; we are getting on fine. Katherine, stay with Dad for a few minutes. Someone else will be with you presently. (Exeunt. Katherine and Mr. Craig are left standing in center of room.)

Katherine—You are a dear old man, Mr. Craig. Didn't get angry at all, did you?

Mr. Craig—Why no, Miss Holmes.

Katherine—Oh just call me Katherine. I do not like that "Miss."

Mr. Craig—Of course, my child, of course. (Laughs.) Which one of you thought up this little plan?

Katherine—I suppose the honor goes to James—and Esther. She, too, helped plan something interesting for you.

Mr. Craig—How nice of her, how like her! But she could not have planned it without you, I know. You look like such a wonderful girl.

Katherine (hearing step outside room)—You dear old thing! (Mrs. Craig enters, unnoticed by her husband. On her face is an expression of horror.) I could kiss you for that. (They are standing quite close together. Suddenly Katherine touches his hair, and leaves her hand on his shoulder.) You know you are not so old, though your hair is turning gray.

Mr. Craig (patting her hand)—No, I'm not so old, Katherine, not too old to recognize beauty in youth. And you are so beautiful, my dear child! You remind me of a girl I knew and loved in my college days—wonderful, enchanting, with eyes that were a dream. Your lips—Oh, pardon me. Do not let me rave too much—but your lips

are just like hers, so delicately curved, and almost heartbreaking in their freshness—

Mrs. Craig (advancing quickly)—Sam Craig! How dare you bring that—

Mr. Craig—Why, Minnie! What are you doing here? I thought you were not to return until Tuesday.

Mrs. Craig—Yes, you brute, you did. You, you—my husband—old, settled—alone here, dragging in such—(points at Katherine.)

Mr. Craig—Minnie! What do you mean? Don't you say a word about this girl. (Draws Katherine protectingly to him.)

Mrs. Craig—Yes, I will. I heard what you were saying, making—

Mr. Craig—Wife! Let me—

Mrs. Craig—Oh, how horrible! (She weeps.)

Katherine—Mrs. Craig—

Mrs. Craig—Don't speak to me.

(Esther enters.)

Esther—Mother!

Mrs. Craig—Esther, Esther! You here, too?

Esther—Yes, dear; why are you crying, Mother? Dad, what's wrong?

Mr. Craig—I do not know, except that—

Katherine—She believe that I—

Esther—Oh, I see! Mother, you have not met Katherine? Dad, why did not you—

Mr. Craig—She did not give me time, just went jumping at wrong conclusions.

Mrs. Craig—This then is your girl friend? Why dear,—where are the others?

James (entering)—Here, Mother. (Kisses her.) These are the boys and girls we wrote about. (Introduces them.)

Beatrice—Mrs. Craig, can you forgive us for this trick?

Mrs. Craig—Trick?

Esther—Yes, Mother; we planned it all. James answered the phone, then when Dad came he worked into our plan smoothly.

Mr. Craig—I should say I did! Why, Minnie, I knew no more than you did. They even held me up.

Mrs. Craig—Yes, but why did you do all this?

James—You see, Mother, we all arrived a day early, without knowing about the others' coming. We just had to do this to make the Spring Holidays worth while.

Mrs. Craig—Well, I think that you have succeeded. (Laughs.) I forgive you all. Spring Holidays for you six—! (Turning to her husband.) Sam, I feel like I am ten years younger. With James here—

Mr. Craig—Yes, they should have been giving the boy his holidays in the past years. Perhaps his coming would have kept my hair from turning so gray. (All laugh.)

James—Don't worry, Dad, the faculty understand us now, or they will right after the holidays.

Esther—Yes, Dad, everybody is in favor of Spring Holidays now.

All—You just bet they are!

(Curtain)

# TO LAKE OPATCHI

*By* Ed Gregg

As the canoe glided along we saw, stretching before us lazily in the golden twilight of late afternoon, the narrow, pellucid stream leading to Lake Opatchi. The leafy branches interlacing and intertwining overhead formed a natural archway draped with festoons of gray moss, and the slanting sunlight, tempered and filtered in its fall through the verdant foliage, imparted a soft effusion of subdued tints to the surface of the water, which lay before us like an avenue to fairyland, limpid and motionless as a sheet of glass except where the water, purling over a hidden stone, sparkled and twinkled in a stray sunbeam. The sharp prow of the canoe made a gentle, gurgling sound as it moved along, sending a thousand ripples across the shining surface in our wake. The wet blades of our paddles, raised for the stroke, occasionally flashed as the sunlight struck them through apertures in the foliage above.

We were on our way to Lake Opatchi, a beautiful little body of silvery water nestling among green, wooded hills, where we were accustomed to spend a few days every spring.

Red, an old hand with a paddle, sat in the stern as pilot, while I, a novice in the art of canoeing, was content to occupy the bow seat and give what assistance I could. The gunwales were almost level with the water, for Red had dexterously packed the little boat to its capacity with camping paraphernalia and a two-weeks' supply of food.

We were to camp on the quiet, secluded shores of the lake, where we might enjoy the companionship of Nature away from the man-made, artificial environment of the city. For we had heard the subtle luring call of romance and we longed for the quickening thrill of the great outdoors, where a person may fling from himself those conventional trivialities of civilized life, and laying bare the savage soul that is still inherent in mankind, live over again those hours of primitive man, reveling the senses in the natural beauty of the free elements and like a child wondering at the inscrutable mystery of it all. Nature, in her wild, unmolested state, provides sensations of sight and sound and smell that the science and art of man will never reproduce. Where is the painter who can imitate the marvels of color in a sunset sky? What musical instrument has man devised that will create the soothing, sedative effect of the wind soughing among the pines? Who is the dramatist that can portray the sullen mood of the rising storm and delineate the swift, terrible wrath of the darting flame? Only in her native haunts does Nature reveal herself, her pristine charms and beauty, her harmonies of sound and color, her pensive moods and swift, sudden passion.

Red Merrel, an ardent enthusiast of Nature, was delightful company on such an excursion as we had begun. Usually reserved, he seemed to discard his customary reticence in

this wonderland of natural beauty, and he frequently burst out in surprised admiration when some object or sound of unusual attractiveness impinged on his acute senses. Now he would direct my attention to the fleeting, prismatic colors reflected from the filaments of a spider's web caught in a sunbeam; again he would point out the creamy, cup-shaped flower of a water-lily floating inconspicuously among the reeds near the bank; or he would bid me listen to the rhapsodic, silvery trill of a mocking-bird, or the piercing cry of a hawk spiralling far away in the distance. Once he pointed his paddle to a log half buried in the shallow water, on which lay the sinuous, graceful form of a snake gorged with prey, and for my benefit he began a lengthy discourse upon the snake family, explaining the habitat, form and color, characteristics, method of securing food, and other distinguishing features of several individual species. Thus we passed from subject to subject in our conversation, while the canoe glided silently on its journey to Lake Opatchi.

Suddenly the narrow stream widened out, and we caught sight of the little lake, now flushed with the reflected glow of sunset, an iridescent jewel set in the darkening clasp of the surrounding forest. We crossed over to the western shore and beached our canoe on a stretch of white, glistening sand as the last vestige of day died from the sky.

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# I KNOW JUST WHAT AND WHY

*By* Bertrand P. Ramsay

What do the butterflies do when night comes
on?
Still do they flutter and fly,
Kiss the flowers as they go flitting by,
Or, with a grieving good-bye,
Do they lie down and die?

I think they upward soar so high
To kiss the stars when they come out;
But near the dawn, I know,
The butterflies come back again—
And that's just why
The stars come tumbling down
From out the sky.

# THE REORGANIZATION OF OLD GOVERNMENTS OF EUROPE

*By* E. C. Morgan

SINCE the World War, Europe has had a wholesale reorganization of old governments. Within this decade not only have the unsuccessful governments of the central powers, but also the governments of the victorious allies, fallen to pieces and have risen again with the outlook of remaining strong nations. Never before in history has victory like defeat brought such changes.

These reorganizations are very complicated, so that we can only note the post war developments in the most important old countries of Europe. France and England found themselves face to face with labor and financial problems which were very vital to their people; but compared with those of Germany, Hungary, Austria, Italy and Russia, the problems of the French and English were trivial. These two countries were confronted more with problems of readjustment than reorganization.

The people of Germany did not wait for their government to make peace with the allies. This empire was not the kind that was able to stand defeat. Built, as it were, upon victory, it was knocked to pieces by the first great wave of defeat. For a long time before the downfall of the German Empire in 1918, the Socialist and other similar parties had undermined the strength of the government. When William Hohenzollern was warned that his life was in danger, he fled. The empire, without a head, went to pieces.

An assembly was elected to make a new constitution for the German people. The primary motive of these delegates, who were elected on January 19, 1919, was to save the one great strength which was left to Germany—her unity. The suffrage which elected this body was the most democratic that has ever been known. The franchise was given to all men and women over twenty. The right to be elected to the assembly was likewise given to all.

The constitution made by this assembly shows very strongly the influence of both the Constitution of the United States and that of Switzerland. Under this constitution, called the Herman Constitution, from the name of the town where the assembly met, Germany became a federal state with a bi-annual legislature, very much like the one in the United States. The House, representing the people, which corresponds to our House of Representatives, is called the Reichstag. In this House all the power of the German Legislature is placed. It is the law-making body of Germany and by a bare majority may override the veto of the Upper House. The members of the Reichstag are elected for four years by the people. The President of Germany may dissolve this House, but only once for the same cause.

The power of the former German Empire rested in the Upper House, but today the Reichsrath exists only as a check and an

advisory. The Reichsrath corresponds to our Senate and represents the states or provinces of Germany. The members are elected from these provinces, every province having at least three delegates and none more than twelve.

The President of the Republic of Germany is elected by the people. He is elected for seven years and may run for re-election. The President may be recalled by a referendum, but if this goes in his favor it is considered a re-election.

With the defeat of the central powers staring her in the face, the empire of Austria-Hungary went to pieces. This dissolution was caused not by the allies, but by the internal weakness of the country itself. The old order was ended by the proclamation of the republic of Austria in November, 1918. The former ruling family of Hapsburg-Lorraine withdrew and much of its domain was confiscated.

From the once powerful nation, Austria shrunk into a small inland country. Her former 116,000 square miles have become 32,000. With the small population of six millions she has one great city with over two millions.

Under the constitution adopted in October, 1920, Austria became a federal republic with much power retained by the provinces. The constitution gives universal suffrage. The legislature is a bi-annual one. The popular branch called the assembly is elected for four years on the principle of proportional representation. The upper house or Federal Council is chosen by the Provincial Diets in proportion to the population of the provinces, the smallest province having in the Federal Council at least three members and the largest not more than twelve. The veto of the Federal Council may be overridden by a majority of the assembly.

The president of the republic of Austria is elected by the combined assembly and council. He is elected for a term of four years and may be re-elected for one more term. There is also a cabinet elected by the assembly.

The constitution sets up an elaborate system of courts. A very interesting court is one created to determine the constitutionality of both federal and provincial laws.

Austria is determined to set her house in order and take her place with the leading small countries of Europe.

Revolution in 1918 and counter-revolution in 1919 left Hungary with a communistic government. This government in turn was driven out in August, 1919. The treaty of peace with Hungary left her, like Austria, but a shadow of her former self. By 1920, the reaction against communism and socialism was so strong that the election went to the reactionary party. The assembly at once elected Admiral Horthy as regent and declared Hungary a monarchy. Charles IV, who had been forced to leave in the first revolution, made two unsuccessful attempts to regain his throne. The government refused both times to give him his former power, not because his return did not meet with popular approval, but because it feared the allies.

Hungary remains a danger spot in Europe,

for, unlike Austria, she is not content to remain the small country that she is today.

Despite the fact that Italy came out of the war on the side of the victorious, she was so exhausted that success in arms did not bring relief at home. The history of Italy in the last six or seven years has been one of struggle. For a long time it seemed that socialism would be the inevitable result. The socialist seized some of the factories and tried to run them according to their theories. The Italian government was either unable or afraid to put down these acts of violence.

From out of this chaos there came a leader in the person of Mussolini. To meet the violence of the socialist there was organized a band of soldiers and middle-class patriots, called the Fascisti. At first this band fought fire with fire. It carried out the old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Eventually, in 1922, the Fascisti executed a coup d'etat, overthrew the legal government by a show of force and, with the acquiescence of King Victor Emmanuel, installed in power a dictatorial ministry of their own, headed by their remarkable chieftain, the ex-socialist, Mussolini. So Italy remains today, a country swayed by the will of a dictator. His purpose in putting down socialism was in the eyes of many justifiable, but to hold Italy in a hand of iron is going further than many deem expedient.

From the present outlook, all feel that so far Russia has failed in her reorganization. However, the situation is far better today than it has been in many years. The close of the World War saw Russia swayed by revolution and counter-revolutions. These came in such rapid succession that it is hard today to realize all that Russia has gone through in the last ten years.

In March, 1917, the Czar of Russia was overthrown by a group of men who wished moderate reform. These men in turn were forced out by the swiftly moving people under the leadership of such men as Kerensky. By November he had become a back number and Lenin and Trotzky were leading the people.

In July, 1918, the national congress of soviets adopted a constitution for Russia. "This constitution promised freedom of conscience, of opinions, of press, and of meeting, and provided definite organization for dictatorship of the proletariat. The whole country was proclaimed a federal socialist republic of soviets of the delegates of workers, soldiers, and peasants; and all control and local authority was placed in these soviets." The franchise was granted to both men and women over eighteen who earned their living by productive labor. Under the soviet government all property was considered the state's. This led to untold suffering. Step by step the government was shown that its ideal, so wonderful in theory, would not work out in actual practice. "In 1922 the Bolshevist, with popular backing and governmental authority, reached a definite compromise between capitalism and socialism." Today some order is emerging from the former chaos in Russia. "The world has failed to overcome Bolshevist Russia, and Bolshevist Russia has failed to overcome the world."

# SOUTHWARD, HO!

(SKETCH)

*By* E. B. STEVENSON

*"And each one as before will chase his favorite phantom."* —WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I turned aside one day from the broad highway, blistering and fiery beneath the noontide heat of a sultry September day, to the inviting coolness and soothing quietness of a large tract of virgin pine forest whose shady purple wall stretched far over the surrounding countryside. I had been wandering aimlessly about since the first pearly-pink streaks of dawn had painted the east with their radiance, and I now felt fully fatigued. The inviting shade of the pines was a welcome sight to me, and marshaling the last ounces of my strength, I repaired thither over the stretch of sandy road leading from the highway. During those last aching steps I began to review my itinerary of the morning.

The journey from my large white colonial home with its shade of steady, venerable oaks and wide verandas decked with garlands of curious, climbing roses and honeysuckle, which, in the spring, permeated the air with their fragrance and themselves throbbed with the lazy hum of bees and warbling birds, had led me past billowy cottonfields—cottonfields rich with the yearly yield of their yawning bolls, which were now shedding long, opulent tears of white fibre into the hands of darkies. Both negro men and women—the former in their proverbial uniforms of faded overalls and ragged hats tipped jauntily on the side of kinky heads, the latter arranged in bright turbans with squalling babies clinging to their calico waists—gathered there for work e'er the sun had struck the misty, dew-clustered fields. Then I went past large plantation homes and rude, dinky negro cabins where pickaninnies were playing and where, in the glories of a moonlight night, the soft strumming of banjos and rhythmic chorus of negro spirituals could be heard. I had tramped, too, over open stretches of woods, and broom-straw fields, where, through the long sunny days, deer are wont to hide; over a long wooden bridge spanning a fringe of oozy swampland, and the stream beyond which ploughed its way lazily to the sea. I watched later, negro men sweating and cursing at the mules with which some carted logs from the adjoining woods, while others rolled the timber onto railroad cars to be drawn to "de big mill." Farther on was their camp—two rows of dingy, white cabins on either side of the logging tramway. A rectangular stack of cross-ties and a pile of rusty rails lay near the blacksmith shop. This temporary shelter harbored a brawny, leather-aproned negro, a sundry collection of wagon wheels and hoops, steel hammers and divers other equipment. Beyond the camp stretched the swamp, shimmering beneath the early morning sun—fresh, mysterious, alluring, its once virgin expanse pierced by the steam and steel of man. The temporary tramway girded it with iron bands and drove its way straight into its shady depths, and still defiantly across the fields beyond until

it faded into the purple distance. My tramp of the morning had led me past all these and over the fields bordering the highway on which I had spied my present retreat.

It was the work of a moment to find a comfortable seat against the bole of one of the friendly pines—there to rest and inhale the spicy fragrance of the air. I stretched my aching limbs over the mat of soft needles and abandoned myself to the luxury of a well-earned rest.

The scene about me was one of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Around me stretched a carpet of thickly matted pine needles, checkered here and there with the rays of sunlight which feebly fought their way through the tops of the lordly pines. The scarcity of sunlight and lack of proper nourishment had practically cleared the woods of any underbrush. A few young pines and brush, bearing festoons of rambling yellow jasmines in spring, grew at random among that columnade of brown tree trunks; and here and there lay one of the giant monarchs, a victim of lightning and rushing winds. Some yards away a brook trickled seaward in a subdued, uncomplaining cadence and with a droning hum that harmonized perfectly with the sighing breeze in the trees above me. Behind and on either side the pine forest stretched in one unbroken wave. Only in front, where the highway ran like a silver ribbon over field and woods, did there appear the vandal marks of civilization. All was quiet here, save the gentle swish of the brook and sighing of the wind. Even the sunlight seemed to lave the tree trunks with a stealthy, shy caress and to cast a beaming halo about their lordly heads. A blue haze permeated the woods and streaked the fields beyond until they mixed and faded into the endless blue rim of the horizon. Ah, the beauty, the grandeur, the opiate calmness of those virgin, sunlit woods. There, a surging, ever restless, billowy sea of music seemed to rise, to swell, then sink into a silvery, soothing melody. The warm peace of it all entered my soul; and a winged seraph seemed to come and bear my weary spirit up and out across those bright fields into the blue haze beyond.

A harsh, alien rumbling awoke me and I rose in time to see a dusty baggage-saddled car stop at the edge of the woods and a man, clad in a khaki suit, get out. He stretched himself, dusted his goggles and then busied himself about the car. A door was finally opened and he pulled from its inner lining a mirror, in which he surveyed his well-tanned countenance. He must have concluded that water was necessary, for he soon secured a tin bucket and approached the brook near where I was resting.

My hearty "hello" rather disconcerted him and he hesitated over the water that he was about to dip before answering me. In that interval I noticed that he had strong brown hands, a large mouth, a forceful chin and eyes worldly wise, but still kind, with tiny seams radiating from the brow. There was only a moment needed to recover his surprise, then he said:

"Hey, didn't expect to find anyone else here." He drank feverishly from the tin bucket, then returned to his car.

Fifteen minutes later he came for another bucket of water, and after eyeing me closely, invited me to share the bacon and eggs which were sizzling over a fire on the edge of the woods. I accepted his invitation, more to satisfy my curiosity than my appetite, and soon found myself beside him on the running board of his car, a plate on my knee.

"Where do you live?" I ventured, between bites.

"Virginia," came from the vicinity of a coffee cup. Then, after clearing his throat, he asked:

"You live 'round here?"

"Yes, in the large, white house, some miles down the road."

We were silent during the remainder of the meal, and not until we were putting away the dishes did he speak:

"Nice country 'round here. Too flat, though. Know Mrs. Woodside that lives on the old Warwick place? Yes, well she's my aunt. Stopped over to see her. In a hurry though, not much time."

Seeing the Florida automobile license at the rear, I asked: "Going to Florida?"

He nodded, head bowed over a utensil kit. That done, he filled the car radiator with water from the brook and between trips he chatted enthusiastically:

"Heard it's a great place down there. Fine land, people, and plenty of ways to make cheap money. What's the use of a fellow working all the time in a stuffy old bank, making just a coupl'a thousand per, for a wife and four children to live on? There's a place down there by the sea where an option of a thousand an acre is sure, they say, to bring $30,000 clean profit." The bucket splashed in the creek. Silence—then, "Why, I couldn't clear that much back in Virginia in a lifetime. Some business that is."

Then eyeing me askance as if he feared having told too much, he fell silent.

While he was screwing on the radiator cap I ventured:

"But that boom won't last always. The tide's bound to turn and somebody will be stranded. Why, man, some of those big towns down there were only forests when I was there in 1922."

"Yes, but it will last several years yet and I want to grab while the grabbin's good. Why, you don't even have to buy the land. An option for a few weeks, sell it and you make the thousands. Then when I've mopped up I can go back and put the kids through school and have a neat sum to live on in my old days."

"But, sir," I protested, "you are going to Florida with only selfish motives and with no desire to stabilize and build up the state. Then suppose you lose your few, hard-earned thousands. Think of your family then."

There was silence for a moment as he studied reflectively the end of his briar pipe. "Huh; well, others can do that building up. I got as much right to that money as the other guy. I will rush in what I've saved so far. Win or lose, I go. I've just got the money fever and can't get it off. Say, better come down and get in the game! I feel like I know you, you being so good a neighbor to my aunt and all."

I declined his gracious invitation and helped him patch and replace a leaking tire. That done, he glanced at his ponderous wrist watch and jumped to the steering wheel. A slight wave of the hand and he was gone, the Florida license plate creaking and swinging on the rear. Out on the highway a grey cloud of dust arose, a wildcat siren split the air, a motor thundered and droned until swallowed up by the distance. He was away. Aye, aye, my lads, southward, ho!

I soon followed him and as I gained the highway turned for a final look at the towering pines. Only a few tin cans and flying sheets of paper showed man's visit to that virgin grot. There the mighty monarchs of the forest stood tinted by the last rays of the sunset—still mysterious, still alluring, still keeping vigil over the scene below.

And there they stand today, by the side of the road, and watch defiantly the race of men go by.

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## LIFE

*By* Ed Gregg

Whence the mystic flame
Called life?
What constitutes its sustenance?
It burns for one brief space,
Furiously, precariously,
Like a candle in a wind-swept hall,
And then—
Puff! It is gone,
Leaving behind only a memory
In the minds of those who knew.

# THE ROMANCE OF BEING A MAN

WHEN we stop to think how many men are in the world today that are not real men we are perplexed. We stop and wonder what it is all about and what the underlying cause is. We all realize that there are certain vital forces which tend to draw men to greater heights and nobler ideals. But at the saime time there are other vital forces that try to drag men down to lower levels and crush their ideals. Any one can drift along through life, but it takes a real man to stem the tide.

When we discover the elements that make a real man, we are sure to find character as the preeminent and predominating one. If a man fails in the point of character he is sure to fail all along the line, and just how men live in society is chiefly determined by the bent of their characters. Character is the supreme thing in men's lives. We all realize that character comes through environment to a large extent, and the more mental and spiritual the environment the more potent it will be. To acquire a good character we have to guard against the bad surrounding and live a life of prayer.

A man cannot be stopped if he tries to be a real man. If he lives up to the best he knows, and strives for higher ideals, he will, without doubt, become a real man. We need more real men today. A real man respects womanhood and it is very true that no civilization has ever risen higher than its womanhood. The promotion of our civilization is depending, to a large extent, on the real man of today. A real man will guard others' virtues in the same way as his own, and is always loyal to his friends, home, and country.

When a man is carrying his own burden and at the same time helping others to carry theirs, we may rest assured that here is a real man; or we man accredit with sterling character the man who accepts defeat when he has failed and his opponent has succeeded.

If we are to be real men we must keep sedulously at work and never take our eyes off the glory of the cross until we have acquired that character through the true Divine Spirit, that brings us face to face with our God.

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# THE DULLARD

*By* Ed Gregg

I pity him, the sluggish mind,
Not a fool, and yet so near
A fool's estate does he appear
That—to say would be unkind.

# JOSEPH CONRAD, THE ARTIST

*By* Ed Gregg

PERHAPS no creative genius of modern times has a better claim to a place among the great literary masters of the English language than has Joseph Conrad. A Pole by accident of birth, he became an English novelist by deliberate choice, and gave to English literature a contribution of prose works that have the stamp of lasting greatness.

Like the epitaph to Lord Jim, Conrad "passed away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart." The creator of Lord Jim and Mr. Kurtz, of Faulk and Nostromo, is as baffling to Western analysis as those strange characters of his novels. We should do well to realize, in our study of Conrad, the fact that there is an obvious unlikeness between thought and language. Although he chose English as his medium of expression, his ideas are Polish and his vision of life is essentially Eastern. Throughout the pages of his works rings that harsh, sinister, pessimistic Polish note; and the world is reflected, as it were, through a glass darkly tinted by an exotic philosophy.

Perhaps Conrad's conception of life is contained in the words of the unusual Mr. Kurtz as he lay upon his deathbed: "Droll thing life is, that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets." We must understand clearly that Conrad was dominated by such strange, dark moods if we are to understand his genius. We Americans have a way of always taking life lightly and easily, observing only the brighter side of things, and our modern stories that receive highest popularity are those sparkling with wit and humor or conducive to the feelings of a happy end. Perhaps this is the reason that we fail to appreciate Conrad as we should. We don't dare face the realities of life! Existence is too full of pathetic despair; hence we are somewhat prejudiced against those of a pessimistic philosophy. But again, Conrad brings us face to face with reality in one lightning stroke. The hour of approaching death is probably the sanest and most unbiased for reflection over the course of a lifetime, for then we see the good and bad in their true light. Conrad recognizes the fact: ". . . perhaps all the wisdom, and all truth, and all sincerity are just compressed in that inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible."

Conrad's purpose was not to console, to cheer, to encourage, but it was "by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before everything to make you **see.** That, and no more, and it is everything." As a portrayer of the sea, Conrad is unsurpassed. To him it was barbaric, brooding, capricious, dominating over all on its bosom. "It is," says Mr. Wells, "the most fitting symbol that Conrad could have employed for expressing his strange,

mysterious, exotic vision of life." The artist utilizes the vast gulfs of sea and sky simply as a background against which he may graphically delineate man and depict man's reaction to the elements in his appalling loneliness. Here, Conrad is indisputably the master. He reaches down into the moods and motives of men under the stress of unusual circumstances, and his psychological revelations are startling. The capricious mood of the sea he employs to establish the very atmosphere through which the human soul, as he sees it, may best be observed. His keen, analytic mind probes deep, and his facile pen reveals, in a style of strength and beauty, the observations he has made. "With the sweep of dark waters beating out the rhythm to his prose, he felt that he could best show how cause and effect are intricately commingled, so intricately and inextricably commingled that who shall separate motive from consequence or consequence from motive?"

Conrad's characters are not hollow beings; they are live personages motivated by human emotions and instincts and desires, although generally the genius in Conrad prompts him to portray those deeper and subtler aspects of human nature. We feel ourselves in the presence of a man actually dying, as we listen to the faint heart-beats of the unique Mr. Kurtz, whose last breath is a bitter arraignment of life with its merciless logic and laws. All of the tales bear the stamp of experience and reality. We always have the feeling that Conrad has introduced into the plot of his tales those unusual individuals whom he came actually in contact with during his adventurous life on the sea. Hence, in this respect, our author may be classed as a realist.

Conrad's style is remarkably vivid, both in dynamic movement and action and in pictorial description. There is a sweep and a rhythm to his measured prose that often raises it to the verge of pure poetry. Especially is he careful in creating an appropriate and effective background for delineating human character, and in this respect his stories would have been highly pleasing to Poe, since the novelist always introduces an atmosphere admirably suited for the tale he has to narrate. We may best examine and analyze the author's style by means of characteristic passages. Consider for a moment Conrad's description of the chanting of jungle savages as the sound strikes the ears of a white man in the early dawn: "A steady droning sound of men chanting each to himself some weird incantation, came out from the black, flat wall of the woods as the humming of bees comes out of the hive, and had a half-narcotic effect upon my half-awakened senses." Here the artist sets into bold relief the soft, luring spell of the jungle, haunting and fascinating, with its terrible power to charm and destroy. We are caught up into the very mood of the tale and we quiver with expectancy as the savage heart of the jungle draws us into its mysterious bosom. Or let us take the scene of the departure of Mr. Kurtz from the natives of interior Africa. The man is emaciated and gaunt, the victim of the deadly tropical fever. He faces the savages, whom he has dominated for months by sheer personality and strength of mind,

and bids them farewell. He stands unsteadily, supporting himself against a stretcher held by two Englishmen: "It was as though an animated image carved of old ivory had been shaking its hands with menaces at a motionless crowd of men made of dark and glittering bronze." In these passages we have examples indicative of Conrad's remarkable power of description, and we see clearly the unique, subtle efficacy of his gifted style.

Perhaps "Youth" is the greatest product of his pen—certainly the greatest in its conception. Himself well into the forties, he interprets and depicts in bold strokes the spirit and vigor of youth, regretful only that for him youth is dead. He revels in the matching of youthful brawn and wit against the toil and hazards on the fickle seas. The note of pessimism rings out clearly in "Youth," and the story is shadowed by a consciousness that life must end—that it ends even before death in the loss of youth: "And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment—a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth! A flick of sunshine upon a foreign shore, the time to remember, the time to sigh, and —good-bye! Night—good-bye!" Such a passage strikes the world in the face. Indeed, that passage is pure poetry, as much of Conrad's writing is, for it affects us indescribably. It wakens responding chords within us, so that the young man exults in his youth and the old man laments its loss. It reveals a mind that knows and feels and weighs the years of human experience. In "Youth," Conrad has set forth clearly the general theme or note of all his works: the grandeur of heroic struggle against circumstance, certainly a theme of pure greatness, deserving a strong, vigorous treatment.

The English tongue is not Conrad's native medium of expression; he was well advanced in years before he knew a word of English. But one morning, as a Polish sailor, he watched the dawn brightening into day over the blue Mediterranean, and he heard the drawl, the soft, rhythmic drawl of the English speech. He had heard it before during his years on board French cruisers, but on this particular morning it affected him tremendously, so much that he swore he would master the language and make it his own. Before long he was in the employ of the British mercantile service, as a master mariner under the red ensign of England. Then began his career as a wanderer and adventurer. This life on the sea, which lasted almost to his forties, was replete with unique experiences among strange peoples, stranger individuals, and out-of-the-way places; and the sailor-philosopher's mind was restless and eager to search into the hidden souls of men, to discover the vague relations of cause and effect, and especially to explore the far, mysterious East, that East "perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave." And during these years he had been gradually acquiring a command over the language that was one day to become his own. It is truly remarkable with what felicity he has used the English phraseology, showing a complete mastery over its idiomatic complexity. Of course, in his earlier attempts, during the formative period of his literary career, there are constructions which no careful English

writer would permit. But genius urged, and Conrad responded, determined to give his muse expression through the English tongue. Toward the end of his life, in his later works, his sentences are a beautiful, rhythmic outpouring of excellent prose. An intimate friend of Conrad compared him to the great French Flaubert. In speaking of his admirer's comparison, Conrad said: "There is one point in which I resemble that great man; it is in the desperate, heart-breaking toil and effort of writing: the days of struggling as with a dumb devil for every line of my creation."

Here is the opinion of one who knew Conrad quite well: "A man of the world," James Huneker calls him, "neither sailor nor novelist, just a simple-minded old gentleman, whose welcome was sincere, whose glance was veiled, at times far away, whose ways were French, Polish, anything but 'literary,' bluff, or English. He is not so tall as he seems. He is restless. He paces an imiginary quarter-deck, and occasionally peers through the windows as if searching the horizon for news of the weather."

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## REQUIESCAT

*By* Ed Gregg

Poor fellow! When he's dead and gone,
Let's place a slab above his head,
And on this slab all men may read:
"He played the game, but never won."

# OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

*By* F. S. James

THE Rocky Mountain National Park is a marvelous grouping of grandeur and beauty; the unwritten poem of the poets; the wordless song still unsung. It is a mass of gentleness and pleasure: snow-covered forests shine like gems in the rays of the sun, and crags and canyons, all shining and glittering in their robes of purest white. Lakes and streams, with their frozen surfaces, look like the walks of the gods. There stands the tall pine, with its cap of snow, greeting all the new comers.

But what does this beauty turn to when the summer sun beams down upon this wildness of nature. We would still see the grandeur, the beauty, the gentleness. We would see the rounded lakes of crystal clearness, with their shores of overhanging fern, resting in peace in the purple forest. Flowers of every color and silken meadows of finest weave. Still, the ice-sculptured, snow-peaked mountains would stand supreme. From these snow-piled peaks there would dash and leap sparkling streams, rushing down in white cascades through the cliffs and crags.

The mountain ram would pose like a statue on the nature-sculptured cliffs; the beaver would build his dam and live untroubled; the shrill and laughing voice of the coyotes would echo and re-echo through the star-springled nights, when the golden rays of the sun have set and there comes peeping over the lofty peaks the bright and silvery moon, spreading its beauty over every hill and dale. In this beauty the laughing streams would sparkle like the gems and jewels of a king, while onward they go to the wide and open sea. The birds would give their songs and never grow old; the chipmunk would frolick and never think of the passing days. Here the world would be and is always young.

Nature is universal, and here, under the banners of snow or through the purple forests and the magnificent hanging gardens, one may become an intimate acquaintance. Here the beauty is for all; here there is no prejudice. The east and west come together, understand and become friends. Here is health, hope, and joy. Here is where the west begins.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
  That's where the west begins.
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
  That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
  That's where the west begins.
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing.
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
  That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the west begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the west begins.

—*Arthur Chapman.*

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## TO POE

*By* Ed Gregg

Spirit of mystery, thy songs,
Like the moaning of a distant sea
That flings against the purple cliffs,
Are full of sad, sweet melody.
They are the music of a soul,
A wandering voice in the night,
Melancholy and alone.
Ah! It cannot, it must not be,
That those immortal harmonies
In verse should ever cease to charm
The careful eye and ear.

# RAGS

## II

*By* V. D. Padula

MR. LANE, Mrs. Lane, and their daughter, Ruth, were grouped around the breakfast table early the next morning.

"Did you call the boys?" asked Mr. Lane.

"I did—a few moments ago," answered his wife, as she gazed tenderly from beneath her spectacles at her husband. "But, Ruth," and she turned to her, "you better call them again. Joe has the tendency to roll over after he answers, and Charlie ignores the summons."

Ruth nodded and arose. She was the princess of the district, a sweet young maiden of eighteen summers. The beauty and attractiveness of her features, the fascinating twinkle in her flashy blue eyes, that seemed like priceless jewels, and the auburn, chestnut-tinted hair, streaming like silken waves over her graceful shoulders, enhanced her loveliness.

"Joseph!" she called sharply, when she reached the staircase in the hall.

She listened a moment.

"Joseph!" she repeated, louder than before.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It's breakfast time. You better hurry downstairs."

Ten minutes slipped by.

"Joseph!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you dressing?"

"Sure I am. Can't you hear me put on my shoe?"

Another ten minutes dragged on leaden feet.

"Joseph!"

Silence, then a loud grumble.

"Joseph!"

"Oh, heck! Yes, ma'am; I'm coming."

"Aren't you dressed yet?"

"Sure I am. I'm trying to wake Charlie." (Muffled sounds.)

"Well, hurry."

"Aw, dry up and jump in a river. Can't you shut up for a while?"

"Joseph!"

"F'heaven's sake, shut yer trap; yer a pain in the neck. I'm coming, ain't I?"

"Please don't lie, Joe. Dress up immediately."

"Don't you call me a liar. I'm puttin' on my pants, ain't I?"

"Joseph, we have waffles for breakfast."

The welcomed statement was sufficient cause for rapid movement. A few seconds later Joe and Charlie were sliding down the banister—then a crash—a sudden snort of pain, followed by, "Can't you wait till I get down?"—and they made their appearance, Joe's shirt flying, and Charlie's shoes in hand.

" 'Lo, pa! 'Lo, ma! 'Lo, sis!" greeted Joe as he sprang into a chair and reached for a plate. Charlie duplicated the performance, and in his excitement placed the

shoes on the table besides his plate senselessly; then, when he saw the protesting and angry scowl on his father's features, he realized his mistake and flung the footwear under the table, hitting the cat which reposed comfortably thereunder, and causing a painful "meow" accompanied by a graceful somersault and flip out in the open, which ended with a natural high dive through an open window. Joe smiled, for he instantly foresaw the interest that this acrobatical talent would stimulate in his show.

"You can't eat until you have washed," said Ruth, determinedly, as she drew the plates from them. "And until you've dressed properly."

"Aw, why don't you min' yer own business; why don't you tell yer beau to wash his neck—you ole—ole—trouble cat."

"Joseph!" (This was from Mr. Lane.)

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want to hear that tone again," warned the senior. "The next time I hear you speak that way to your sister, I shall use the strap."

"Yes, sir." (However, this meek acknowledgment was merely for courtesy. The strap lay buried in the back yard, where it had lain since its last encounter with flesh.)

"Now go and wash!"

A grumbling protest was the result of this command, but, nevertheless, compliance followed. Charlie accompanied his brother out of the parlor silently.

Tranquility reigned supreme only a brief period; then came the sound of splashing water, a sudden "Ouch!" and a few idioms of exclamatory emotions unimportant to record.

"R-Ruth!" came a broken cry.

"What is it?" she answered.

"Where in heck is that ole towel? You never leave nothin' where I cin find it," whined Joe.

Ruth, fearing lest her father might give vent to rage at the acrimonious and grouchy voice of her brother, left the parlor quickly, and walked into the bath room. There she found Joe, his face covered with a thick coating of lather, his eyes closed tightly, and his arms outstretched — groping for the towel; while Charlie, who had the required article in his possession, chuckled and giggled with delight, and scooped up water, which he splattered on his desperate brother. Ruth gave the lad a long scolding, while Joe yelled for attention.

"F'heaven's sake, gimme a towel," he shouted, clutching the atmosphere angrily.

She did not answer, but took him by the arm instead, and pulled him to the wash bowl, where she sank his face into a pool of clean, sparkling water, while Charlie stood close by, nervously awaiting his turn. She used the hand brush to the best advantage, reaching far under the water line on her victim's neck, and attacked unconquered territory. He struggled frantically, snorted, bleated, yelled in agony, and pleaded for leniency, but to no avail. Ruth was determined to present him at the breakfast table without his usual mask of dirt.

"F'heaven's sake, watch what yer doin'," he cried, almost sobbing with anger. "I ain't no horse!"

This did not relieve his drenched sufferings, however, or even cause Ruth to lessen her stiff rubbing. Instead, she applied soap and brush more freely, bringing to light a darkened streak under his right ear, which otherwise would have been undiscovered. Then she operated in it, digging with her fingers in a circular movement, while Charlie, who had now become extremely frightened with the thought that the same feat would be executed on his anatomy, was unable to enjoy the sight.

"There," she said, after she had proclaimed him purified. "Don't you feel better? You're a little gentleman, Joe dear."

"Aw, take a walk an' chuck yer beau in a sewer!" retorted Joe, acrimoniously. Then his eyes fell on his intimidated brother and he chuckled, "Yer turn, Charlie. Scrub him good, Ruth," he laughed, catching his brother by the arm.

Charlie offered little resistance, tolerating his punishment like a dauntless warrior. His face and neck did not require much invasion—Mrs. Lane having humbled the lad to a good scrubbing only a few days before, the due compensation for a rebellion from purity and all things clean. Nevertheless, Joe "hee-hawed" and laughed, endeavoring to derive the utmost pleasure from the occasion, and whenever his sister seemed to bear less heavily on the brush, he would voluntarily lend a helping hand and try to encourage her to severity.

Time has its limits—and so has every task on this earth, whether large or small. Eventually, Ruth announced them sufficiently cleansed for presentation, and led the humiliated and confused sufferers into the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Lane had departed for the office a few moments before, and this left Ruth to conduct table manners, after the boys had dressed.

She began by presenting a warmed waffle to Charlie, then a second to Joe, and a sudden dispute filled the atmosphere. Joe professed that his allotment was microscopic in comparison with Charlie's and upheld his end of the argument by stating that according to personal philosophy the eldest deserved the most; and Charlie grumbled, claiming his was moldy, cold, and "unfit fer evin a dorg." Ruth sighed and restored peace; then a controversy arose over who should get the syrup first, and she settled wisely by pouring a quantity of the thick liquid into a second container. A few seconds later, when Charlie turned to offer his apologies to the nearby, misused cat, Joe poured salt on his brother's waffle, was detected in the act by his watchful senior, and underwent anguish and restlessness during a serious lecture, while Charlie snickered and grinned. As a result maledictions came from his older head, and the commonly used expression, "I'll get you yet." A mild anger gripped Ruth, and the repast was discontinued by special order while she delivered a long lecture, vivified with her own emotions, and it so touched the heart-strings of the young antagonists that they burst into tears before she was half through. She explained manhood and honor, painting her imaginations with a mastered vocabulary and occasional pathetic facial expressions; then she narrated the tale of the "Prodigal Son." She declared

that the Lord helps all those who pray for assistance. This statement so impressed Charlie that he slipped into the bed-room, where he prayed for a "millyun dollirs to gi' to my good sister." But, when the requested sum failed to descend after moments of anxious waiting, he concluded that the Lord was still "sore." As a finale he asked that he might be given the necessary strength to "lick" Joe some day, and returned to the breakfast table.

The boys were pleasant after that. They even took the dishes out of Ruth's hands and attempted to play the benevolent and courteout knights whom she had so accurately portrayed. But this impersonation failed. Inexperience looms forth even in darkness. Joe collided with his brother, and the sound of crashing crockery drew Ruth into the kitchen before hostilities could be excited by the piercing eye-to-eye scowls which were wont to follow. She threw her arms upward in despair and ordered them out of the house.

"It's yer own fault," muttered Charlie as they descended the back stairs.

"It's yer fault."

" 'Tisn't."

" 'Tis."

"Aw, dry up an' eat rabbits, you ole copy cat—will you?"

"Dry up yer own self."

"Make me!"

"I don't wanna."

"Aw, drop in a sewer, 'fore I crown you."

"Then I'll tell pa you smoke."

The threat was sufficient; intense silence followed during the rest of the journey.

Gilmore was already on the street waiting for them. The new friendship he had formed was a luring fascination in his life. Restraint had kindled that flame of desire to associate with these boys if such an association could be formed, and now that it had occurred, he dared chance a "licking" to fraternize with them. His dog was beside him.

"Hello, Charlie! Hello, Joe!" he greeted.

" 'Lo, Gilmore!" came a welcoming response. "Whatcha doin'?"

"Nothin'. Just waitin' for you, that's all."

"That yer dog?" asked Joe.

"Sure."

"Golly, that's a good bull-dorg!" ejaculated Charlie.

"That ain't no bull dog," Gilmore reproved. "That's an Airedale."

"An Airedale? What kine o' dorg is them?"

"I don't know. He's jus' a dog, that's all."

"Kin he do tricks?"

"Kin he do tricks?" repeated Gilmore, amused at Charlie's ignorance. " 'Course he kin. C'mere, Prince!" he called sharply to the shabby looking canine, in all appearances past the age of activity. "Stand up!" The dog grovelled sleepily to his master, then performed the feat.

"See," remarked the youth. "What'd I tell you?"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Joe. "Kin he do anything else?"

"Sure."

Gilmore picked up a stone and flung it several feet away. The dog raced after it,

seized it between his teeth, and deposited it at the feet of his commander.

"Gee, whiz! Kin he fight?"

"Kin he fight? They ain't a dog on this street who can lick him."

"Let's use him in our show," suggested Joe, brightening.

Gilmore consented, although he confessed that such an intelligent and learned animal surely rated to be a stellar attraction, claiming that a million dollars had been offered for the actor once.

Then they retreated to the back yard, and immediately set to teaching Prince new tricks. Wistfully the dog obeyed, but when they tried to make him stand on his head he preferred to turn a somersault, which pleased the young trainers far better. When repetition was attempted, the canine rolled on his back instead.

A vagrant shepherd dog entered the yard and joyful shouts burst from the boys.

"Sic him, Prince!" yelled three voices as if one.

The stranger cocked his ear and listened. Prince barked once or twice and bounded toward the trespasser. The stray cur, understanding this to be a challenge, faced the foe and snarled, exhibiting a sharp pair of tusks. Prince arrested his advance, retreated a few steps, and then whimpered and yelped cowardly. But somehow a strange sound like that of rolling thunder, issuing from the adjoining yard, frightened the intruder and he turned tail and fled, while Prince gained courage and pursued him to the yard's boundary. Then the Airedale returned to the boys, looked appealingly at them for laurels, and when they eventually patted him, he licked their hands gratefully.

"He's some dorg," admitted Joe.

"Sure. Didn't I tell you?" said Gilmore. "He was jus' waitin' to see if the other dog was gonna stay 'round. Prince ain't 'fraid of no dogs, even if they are bigger'n him like that one. Prince don't try to hurt no other dogs who don't mean no harm." Association with these boys had meant an attempt to imitate their colloquy in speaking, and Gilmore was succeeding.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle!"

The lads turned their eyes to the street. A wagon, drawn by an old, bony horse, was rolling along. The driver, a grizzly-bearded old man, was shouting his wants.

"Kesh ped for rex!" he announced in a tone, loud and lusty.

The boys hearkened to his voice again, and Prince barked.

"Highes' prices ped for rex!" heralded the driver once more.

"He's a rag-picker!" exclaimed Joe. His tone showed gathering thought. "Let's sell 'im some junk," he proposed, "an' make nuff money to go to the circis when it comes in next week."

Nothing else could have pleased his companions more.

"Hey!" called Joe as he raced to the street, with the others at his heels. "Wait a minit! Wait a minit!"

The junk dealer tightened reins and brought his horse to an abrupt stop.

"Wanter buy junk?" asked Joe.

"Sure."

"How much do you pay?"

"Vell, show me vat you haff, first."

"We don't know what we kin get yet," explained Joe, "but you come back in an hour an' we'll have a lot o' junk for you, will you?"

"Sure," consented the Jew. "I pay vun centa pound fer rex," he added to impress them. "Giddap, Moses!" (This to the horse.)

The first region for invasion was the old, dilapidated barn. They canvassed the loft, discovering great quantities of metals, mostly sawed-off pipe joints and lead nuggets, which had belonged to the previous inhabitants of the home. Prince unearthed an old scythe, but this was considered invaluable as far as financial proceeds were concerned. On the ground floor they found a number of rotted potato bags and other articles, cloth or metallic, too numerous to mention. Joe set to sorting them out, while his comrades hunted for more plunder and spoils. The structure did not net them enough according to Joe's opinion, and the barn was next. A blanket, with which Mr. Lane covered the automobile motor, attracted their attention, and this also joined other unnecessaries. Yet, with one form of robbery comes another, and it was not long before they were dismantling the old Ford. Every available piece of metal or cloth was carried to the fast growing heaps. Joe inspected the booty with delight, but concluded the due proceeds meagre to divide among three pirates.

"This ain't nuff," he said. "We gotta get more'n 'is if we wanna go to the circis. We need more'n a dollar each."

"Where we gonna get it?" asked Gilmore. Yet, to show his sincerity, he threw in his necktie, a flashy-colored bit of ribbon.

Joe shrugged his shoulders and a hopeless look ran down his features. Charlie scratched his head and almost instantaneously (something unusual) uttered an exclamation with driving thought.

"I have it!" he cried.

"What?"

"Let's go in the house an' 'hook' some clo'es. Ma'll never know where they went," he answered.

Joe considered this suggestion seriously. It presented two great problems—one, that of conscience battling against piratical ambitions; and the other, the never-failing switch which wrought havoc and pain in the homes of the neighborhood. But temptation was powerful. He had witnessed last year's circus performance and understood the hazards that accompany while "sneaking" under the tent, he having been a victim. Then, too, there were "hot-dogs," peanuts, pop-corn, side-shows, and many other attractions which required great consideration and capital. And to add further agony to his contemplations, Willie Martin, the conceited and aristocratic boy of the community, the pride and love of his relations, cared for as if he were a golden donation from heaven (although he was a "pain in the neck" to the gang), would be conspicuously present, and undoubtedly accompanying Marjie Loven, premier debutante of the juvenile class, and more so of the gang. Joe loved her and would have died for her—yea, verily; although during the last meeting her dog so

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 289)

# THE IDEAL SCHOOL

*By* T. M. Nelson

THE popular condemnation today is the one against the younger generation, which feels no social duty, no moral obligagations, no spiritual upheavals which prompt to duty. How much truth there is in this statement is a debatable question, but it is perfectly obvious that there is something lacking in the lives of the present generation which hinders it from taking full advantage of its opportunities. Growing from this condition is the accusation that the home is failing in its duty, and certainly this is partly true. The people of America are in such haste in living that they have not time to make a real home, but leave to the public and Sunday schools the duty of rearing and training the children. Since the Sunday school is limited, there falls upon the public schools the responsibility of training the child to adjust himself to the many sides of American life.

People the world over have recognized the great truth that "Education is the panacea for all ills," and, in addition, that Christian education is a remedy and guide for the world's affairs. Since education we must have, it is best that we have the best type possible.

Man is composed of three elements—body, mind, and soul. To develop the first two, leaves the most important to grow and mature at random and in an aimless manner. Without the equal development of each part, a man necessarily becomes unbalanced, and it is for the development of these three requisites which compose man's character, personality, and life that a school should exist. To define an ideal school would require more than words and definitions; so, for this reason, I shall take the three compository elements of man separately and give a possible pathway for an ideal school.

Let us first examine the body in an effort to understand the first requirement of an ideal school. To say that this is the least purpose of education is erroneous, for without a sound, vigorous, healthy body, no man can do his best in any field of endeavor. For this reason, if no other, games and athletics should be advocated. By athletics I do not mean the participation of a small part of a student-body as representative of the school, but the playing of the entire personnel of the school for the purpose of physical development. This does not mean that school teams should be abolished, nor inter-school contests should be discontinued; indeed, they should serve as the goal for which everyone is working. But I do think that athletics are not warranted when only a small group gets the benefit of them.

Neither is any school complete without the instruction in the care of the body in a hygenic way. Personal cleanliness should be the first purpose of every parent and teacher in the proper rearing and training of the child. In early years detrimental habits are formed which influences the child's life for

evil, and no child is master of himself to the extent that he can resist temptation without proper training and care in this field. To start a child in a way which goes to proper caretaking and cleanliness of his body is to begin a habit which is usually the beginning of a straight, moral man. "The body is the temple of the soul," and any neglect or injury to the body will certainly injure one's soul.

It is easy for the negligent teacher to place no emphasis on the condition of the pupil's body, for one continually falls back upon that statement, "boys will be boys," and when they grow up they can learn better. But this is not the case; habits formed in youth are likely to shape one's destiny. Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the care of one's body, not only for cleanliness and prevention of disease, but for development. Since one's service to society depends upon the condition of his body, it necessarily follows that a sin or injury to the body is of as much consequence as a moral sin, or more so, for "God forgives, but Nature cannot." So, the training and development of the body should be the first essential in the curriculum of the ideal school.

The development of the mind and mental processes should next occupy the attention of the true educator. In this field exist the greatest problems. Just how is one to train himself mentally? What studies should the pupil take as a mind trainer? Some authorities say that the purpose of a school is to develop character; others say that its purpose is intellectual development. But the ideal school should have the combination as an aim in its studies. The idea that studying certain authors will teach one to think is not reason enough to warrant men spending the length of time they do in school if there was nothing more to be gained from school than this. Practical experience teaches one more in a single year than theoretical knowledge can in ten years. No, it is the applicable truths to life which one gets, together with his ability to think along this line, that makes the knowledge side of education worth while. The mind is a complexity, only partly understood by anyone, but, as it is, it holds the key to one's happiness. What richness in life the developed mind finds! Its ability to understand a great literary masterpiece; its appreciation of the working of the Creator when He covers the world with a halo of beauty in the springtime; its ability to have faith in the face of real problems; all this makes life worth living, and warrants the developing of the mind through books.

But this is not all. Books of vocational training should be studied supplementary with the recognized classical books of learning. An education which leaves one with applicable knowledge is not complete, for everyone must earn a living. Too many people think that these two types of training cannot go together; i. e., the liberal arts and vocational training. But should not the true purpose of education be to make one best able to serve society? A vocational training does not insult the spirit of scholarship. One does not necessarily have to give up the classical studies in order to specialize in one vocation; indeed, it would be better to take both together. Knowledge should be wide

in order to be able to supply a great store of information for a special field. Therefore, let the type of study be that which broadens one's knowledge; yet, let it be focused in a way so that one may be able to lend aid to society immediately upon completion of training.

But will study alone make the kind of citizen of whom a country would boast? Classical education does not motivate one's living, and neither does a vocational training promise happiness to the one who possesses it. There must be something additional in instruction in order that education may be complete and well-rounded. There must be a spiritual accompaniment to the development of the mind and body. One's soul must be nurtured as well as one's body. The grossest evil in the public school system today is the omission of the teaching of the Bible. How can education cure the ills of the world if the most important side of a man's life is not trained? Why let petty denominational strife prevent the feeding of hungry hearts with spiritual food? It is said that an educated criminal is the most dangerous type, and does not a man have a fair chance to develop into a criminal if his spiritual side is not trained? So, without religious instruction, are not our schools training in the wrong direction?

Without a doubt there is an instinct of religion, and an inexplicable inward determinant of conduct which manifests Divine presence. This complex instinct must either be developed, modified, or perverted. The proper guidance in this field determines the kind of life one will lead, and to train in this field should be the greatest purpose of education. Intellectual pursuit will not have as its by-product, character; but only a direct appeal and an early start will result in the desired kind of life.

So, the ideal school should discard denominational strife; encourage Bible teaching and religious instruction, for "it is better to be taught by a Catholic than not to be taught at all." Make the school the center of the community activities; let it take the lead in every form of campaign, develop body, mind and soul, and it will be an ideal school.

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## EDITORIALS

### Reading for Culture

There is a tendency among college students today to consider the reading of good literature as a non-essential of their development. Whether this attitude springs from a definite notion that reading is unimportant in the practical affairs of the world or whether it springs from sheer, unadulterated ignorance, some individuals may debate; but we are prone to accept the latter proposition, admitting no argument in the matter. Possibly college students do realize the benefits and importance of wide reading. Then, according to the amount of time they parsimoniously spare for reading, there is little doubt but that laziness is the disease.

Now we don't believe in a mawkish sapience derived from wormish burrowing in musty volumes. That is out of the question; but we do advocate the wide reading of vigorous, helpful literature, not the hair-


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raising, breath-taking stories of dangerous "two-gun" men, or the insipid, sentimental parlor stuff of the "Love and Romance" variety. It would be quite laughable, if it were not pathetic, to see a person who pretends culture with his head buried attentively between the covers of a swashbuckler romance magazine or a hashy, "hot-dog" periodical of risque love affairs. Reading in this sense is as foolish as the eternal burrowing of the bookworm. The former may be compared to accumulating "fizz-water," the latter to storing away great harvests of chaff and grain so that the chaff buries the grain in valueless bulk. Here we have the two extremes of extensive reading, neither of which we consider worth the snapping of one's thumbs.

Now the careful reader selects his material with an eye for true values, considering only those books and magazines that will "boost his stock" in cultural development. Nor does he acquire a morbid relish for an exclusive author, for that would result in a lop-sided view. Those seeking refined culture, a discriminating literary taste, a store of intelligent ideas, will do well to read widely and openly the literature of select and helpful quality.

It is our belief that the average student will agree to all of this. But this tacit agreement is about as valuable as the trembling of a leaf in the ever-playing zephyrs of vernal springtime.

The point is: **read,** but read at least with some intelligent idea of what you are reading for.

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### Goodbye

This is the last issue of the "Journal" under the supervision of the present staff. We make no apologies for our mistakes; we realized our inefficiencies, and forsooth our handicaps, from the beginning. We have simply done our best to cull, with an eye for merit, the material submitted, and to publish that which we considered of most literary value.

We wish to express our appreciation and thanks to those who have found means amid the many activities and attractions of the campus to devote some of their time to literary effort; for, without their cooperation, the "Journal" would not have been.

To those who have taken an interest in the "Journal" we simply say, "goodbye."

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Acknowledgments: "The William and Mary Magazine," "The Concept," "The Criterion," "The Carolinian," "The Aurora," "The Carolina Magazine," "The Canisius Monthly."

## RAGS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282)

frightened the cavalier that he left without bidding her a good-bye.

Straws were drawn then and there, and Charlie was elected the marauder who should visit the house. Gilmore was dispatched to his rendezvous, with Prince at his heels, while Joe remained to guard the booty already collected.

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The first raid netted Charlie nothing less than one of Ruth's autumn coats. At first Joe refused to include this, but when he weighed the article in his hands, he deemed it a profitable raid indeed. Gilmore returned a few moments later, not with costly robes, but yet with sufficient spoils. His mother would not let him in the house, and he had stripped the clothes-line. Charlie dared perils once more to invade the home, and reported back emptyhanded, but bright.

"Sh-sh!" he whispered, a smile on his features. "Ruth is speakin' to her beau on the phone. We kin all sneak in an' 'hook' some clo'es."

Cautiously the courageous characters crawled up the stairs and entered. Ruth's voice could be heard distinctly in the adjoining room. Gilmore fell back a step in fright, but encouragement came from his companions. They dashed into Ruth's bed-room and set to plunder. Charlie led the way into the closet, and the others gazed within in ecstacy. There hung dresses and coats of all colors and descriptions, a complete wardrobe, fit for a princess. Three sets of hands touched the silken and satin goods, letting the fascinating clothes glide through delighted fingers. Kleptomaniacy infested the boys. Before long, the hangers were stripped, and three overburdened figures stole quietly into the barn.

"Tinkle—tinkle—tinkle." The rag-picker held good to his promise.

"C'mere," shouted Joe. "We gotta lot o' junk for you."

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**ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED** for overworked students and athletes engaged in extra curriculum activities and for average and honor students who are working for high scholastic achievement.

## *Some of the Topics covered*

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**etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.**

## *Why You Need This Guide*

"It is safe to say that failure to guide and direct study is the weak point in the whole educational machine." Prof. G. M. Whipple, U. of Michigan.

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"Misdirected labor, though honest and well intentioned, may lead to naught. Among the most important things for the student to learn is how to study. Without a knowledge of this his labor may be largely in vain." Prof. G. F. Swain, M. I. T.

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"Academic psychology, with its highly productive resources, gladly owes to these (students) the obligation of giving all it can to make this learning process easier, more pleasant, and in all ways more productive." G. V. N. Dearborn.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me a copy of "How to Study," for which I enclose $1.00 cash; $1.10 check.

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The dealer threw several empty sacks over his shoulder and approached the barn-door where the pirates met him and led the way to the heaps. He stared at the beautiful collection of wearing apparel, ignoring the piles of metals entirely in his delight.

"How much yer gonna pay us for rags like them?" asked Joe.

"Vell," and the Jew shrugged his shoulders with a weak smile. "I don't puy an' pey py de qvality. I pey joost fer rex."

"Aw, shucks!" snorted Joe. "They's the bes' stuff what yer kin get anywheres. We want more'n a cent a pound."

"Vell, joost pecus I promise to puy frum you, I vill giff you vun cent an' a haff u pound."

"No, sir," grumbled the juvenile bargainer. "We want two cents a pound. We got all 'at iyrn an' brass an' lead. Look at this," and he picked up a crepe de chine dress to impress the peddler. "Ain't them worth more'n just rags?"

"Vell, I told you I on'y pey fer rex. I vill giff you two centsa pound joost pecus you iss nice lil poys, put I vill loose money," sighed the peddler as he stooped to fill his sacks.

"Joseph! Charlie!"

A gripping silence seized the pirates as Ruth made her appearance on the porch. The calamitous moment had arrived.

"Joseph!" she called sharply again, an accent of extreme excitement in her voice.

Joseph, cadaverous and trembling, exposed himself to view.

" 'Lo, sis!" he greeted softly. "What yer want?" His tone was broken and shaken.

"Have you seen anyone come in the house?" she cried. "Some one has ramsacked my clothes closet. Oh, dear me, what shall I do?"

"I—I ain't—ain't seen no one go in the house," lied the pilferer. "I—I—when did you find out, sis? Did they take all yer clo'es?"

The junk dealer walked slowly out of the barn, staggering under a heavy load. Joe's


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face turned like a cornered rabbit's when he saw Ruth looking suspiciously at the innocent purchaser of unnecessaries.

"Who is that man? What is he taking with him?" she asked, a look of distrust in her eye.

"N—n—nothin'."

She knew better than to believe the answer. The cloud had lifted and shrieks followed.

"Wait a moment! Wait a moment! Wait! Stop!" she screamed as she dashed down the stairs and towards the puzzled Jew. He dropped his sacks and turned toward her.

"What have you there?" she asked.

"Nothin', on'y some rex vat I pought from some nice lil poys. I vill pey three dollars fer the whole puziness."

While Ruth fumbled excitedly through the sacks, two small figures stole quietly to the rear of the barn and dived through the window and into the bordering fields. The third figure was too frightened at the moment to move, and shook while he stood near an agitated sister and a speechless junk dealer.

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Ruth angrily. "My very clothes. Joseph! Joseph, where are you?" she called as she turned around.

But the culprit had fled.

# A GEM OF PUREST RAY

*Found among the papers of Thomas Van Alsyne, Electric Engineer for the Westinghouse Co. Died at Hanley, Canada, October, 1913.*

TO RESPECT my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and square with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future use.

To believe in my proposition. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts, and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge, or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation, and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weakness, and endeavor to grow in strength, a gentleman, a Christian.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God, a fragrance in the path I tread.

*In sharing with you the foregoing wonderful guiding thoughts I feel that I am doing a real service which gives me great pleasure.*

O. B. McCLINTOCK.

For the above reason we are also sowing the good seed. Water them.

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